

HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

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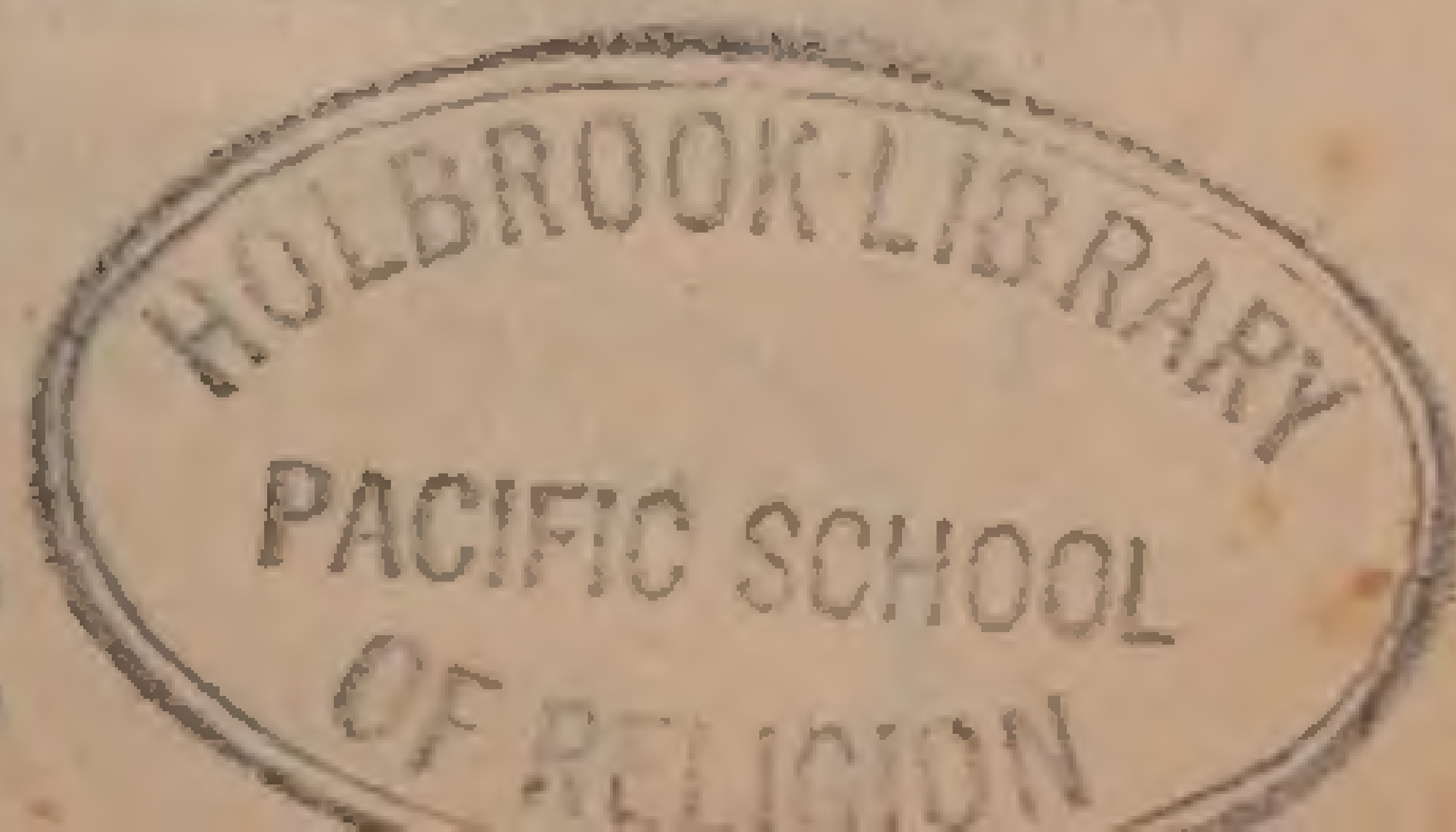
FOURTH EDITION.

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HYMNS.

INTRODUCTORY TO WORSHIP.

1

General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

- 5 He speaks,—and, listening to His voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice :
 The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

2

The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.

C. M.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

3

Jesus reigns. L. M.

COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
 And raise to Christ our joyful strain ;
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,
 Who reigns, and shall for ever reign.

2 His sov'reign power our bodies made ;
 Our souls are His immortal breath ;
 And when His creatures sinn'd, He bled,
 To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love ;
 Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy ;
 And saints on earth, with saints above,
 Your voices in His praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
 Ascend for Him our cheerful strain ;
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,
 Who reigns, and shall for ever reign.

4

The creation invited to praise God. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue,

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

- 4 In every land begin the song ;
 To every land the strains belong :
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

5

Saints and angels ever praising God. 4 lines 7's

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

6

Living bread; we give Thee praise.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
 Prepare us to receive Thy word;
 Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
 With sov'reign power and energy;
 And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
 Teach us to know and do Thy will:
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

7

*The heavenly Pattern.**Lord's day of rest P.M. 10 to 11.*

APPOINTED by Thee, we meet in Thy
 name,
 And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
 To trace Thy example, the world to disdain,
 And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above:
 The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness give,
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.

O Jesus ! appear ; no longer delay
 To sanctify here, and bear us away ;
 The end of our meeting on earth let us see—
 Triumphantly sitting in glory with Thee.

8

*For a general blessing.**4 lines 7's.*

L ORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
 O do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let Thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
 Let the time of joy return :
 Those that are cast down lift up ;
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a gracious God and kind ;
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

9

A blessing from God's presence.

C. M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
 Thy presence now display ;
 We kneel within Thy house of prayer ;
 O give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
 In pity, Lord, remove ;
 Dispose our minds to hear aright
 The message of Thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
 To kneel before Thy face ;
 O make us creatures of Thy power,
 The children of Thy grace.

10

The promised blessing.

C. M.

SEE, Jesus, Thy disciples see ;
 The promised blessing give :
 Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
 Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in Thy name are join'd ;
 We wait according to Thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here,
 But oh, Thyself reveal ;
 Son of the living God, appear !
 Let us Thy presence feel.

- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
 And these dry bones shall live ;
 Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
 The Holy Ghost receive.

11

Heavenly joy anticipated. P. M. 8 7 4.

I N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, Thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
 Speak, and let Thy servants hear :
 Hear with meekness,—
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee :
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory
 Without cloud in heaven we see.

- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All Thy people shall adore ;
 Sharing then in rapture greater
 Than they could conceive before :
 Full enjoyment,—
 Full and pure, for evermore.

12

A blessing on the word. C. M.

O NCE more we come before our God ;
 Once more His blessing ask :
 O may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task.

- 2 Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek Thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each Thy blessings suit;
And let the seed Thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.



THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.



13

God seen in His works. L. M.

- THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and
skies;
See—from the clouds His glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
Bow down before Him, and adore.

14

Omniscience.

C. M.

L ORD, all I am is known to Thee ;
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, or to flee
The notice of Thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge ! deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

15

All His works praise Him.

C. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of Thy almighty power;
 The birds, that rise on quiv'ring wing,
 Proclaim their Maker's praise,
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To Thee an anthem raise.

- 2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone,
 'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
 Breathe forth Thy holy name?
 All nature's debt is small to mine;
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me.

16

Glory, mercy, grace. C. M.

FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines,
 How high Thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power;
 Their motions speak Thy skill:
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read Thy patience still.
- 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands,
 On all Thy creatures writ;

They show the labour of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.

4 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

17

Immutability.

P. M. 8 lines, 8's

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

18

The Trinity.

C. M.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom one in three we know;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess :
 Thee, holy Son, adore ;
 And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
 And worship evermore.

4 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Our heavenly song shall be ;
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In co-ëternal Three.

19 *Such knowledge is too wonderful for us.* C. M.

S HALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
 Beyond the angels go,—
 The great Almighty God explain,
 Or to perfection know ?

2 His attributes divinely soar
 Above the creature's sight,
 And prostrate seraphim adore
 The glorious Infinite.

3 The brightness of His glory leaves
 Description far below ;
 Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives
 How deep His mercies flow.

4 His grace is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above ;
 They gaze, but cannot count or tell
 The treasures of His love.

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

20

The star in the East. — The Magi's and IC's
Song, Luke ii. 1-20.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of
the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on His cradle, the dew-drops are
shining ;

Low lies His bed with the beasts of the
stall ;

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine ?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;

Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;

Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

21

Worship the new-born Saviour.

P. M. 8 74

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant light:

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations;
 Ye have seen His natal star:

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,—
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains:

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

22

The glory of His kingdom.

P.M. 7 6.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity:

2 He comes, with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,—
 Their darkness turn to light,—
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth;
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is Love.

23

Prophet, Priest, and King.

L. M.

TO us a Child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given ;
Th' Invisible appears on earth,—
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise ;
He comes, His people to redeem,
With all His plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Fill'd with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold ;
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits His throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

24

His amazing love.

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all our harps of gold :
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

25

He died for thee.

C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

26

Glorying only in the cross.

I. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

27

It is finished.

8th P. M. 8 7 4

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :
It is finish'd !
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished ! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
It is finish'd !
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name :
It is finish'd !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

28

Godly sorrow at the cross.

C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears:
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS PRIESTHOOD AND INTERCESSION.

29

King of kings and Lord of lords.

C. M.

THE head that once was crown'd with
thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given ;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their everlasting joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.

30

Fulness and sufficiency of the Atonement.

L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,—
 Who died for me, e'en me, to atone,—
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,—
 Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,—
 For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.

31

Crown Him Lord of all.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

32

An Advocate with the Father. L. M.

- JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there,—
- 2 If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine.
 - 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

- 4 Save me from death ; from hell set free ;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee :
My life, my only heaven, Thou art ;
O might I feel Thee in my heart !

33

Our ever-present Guide.

C. M.

- JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die ;
And now He reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, He still is near,
To lead, console, defend ;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From His high throne in bliss, He deigns
Our every prayer to heed ;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.
- 4 And from His love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.
- 5 O Jesus, there is none like Thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord ;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obey'd, adored.
-

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

34

Dying, rising, reigning.

L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids His rise;)
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save:
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

35

Christ, the firstfruits. P. M. 6's.

SING praise ! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay ;
 Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
 Our darkness turn'd to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more ;
 Friends, be of joyful cheer ;
 Our Star moves on before,
 Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who so patiently
 The crown of thorns did wear,—
 He hath gone up on high ;
 Our hope is with Him there.

4 Now is His truth reveal'd,
 His majesty and might ;
 The grave has been unseal'd ;
 Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep,
 Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
 Firstfruits of them that sleep,—
 Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroy'd
 The shafts that once could slay :
 Sing praise ! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay.

36

Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed ;
 The grave hath lost its prey ;
 With Him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
 He lives, to die no more ;
 He lives, His people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed ;
 Attending angels, hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear :

4 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord :
 Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

37

Because He liveth, I shall live also.

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;
 He lives, my everlasting Head !

2 He lives, to bless me with His love ;
 He lives, to plead for me above ;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
 He lives, to help in time of need.

- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his Name ;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same ;
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

38

Our Paschal Lamb.

P. M. 8 7.

- HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, Thou Galilean King !
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour !
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 By Thy merits we find favour ;
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid :
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side :

There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare:
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

39

The promised Comforter.

L. M.

- L**ORD, we believe to us and ours
 The apostolic promise given;
 We wait the pentecostal powers,
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 2 Assembled here with one accord,
 Calmly we wait the promised grace,
 The purchase of our dying Lord;
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 3 If every one that asks may find,
 If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
 Come as a mighty rushing wind;
 Great grace be now upon us all.
- 4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
 Or long for Thy return to pine;
 Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
 And fix in us the Guest divine.

40

Earnest of eternal rest.

P. M. 4 lines 7's.

GRACIOUS Spirit—love divine !
 Let Thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove ;
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me ;
 Set the burden'd sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
 Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Breathe Thyself into my breast,—
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray ;
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

41

Imploring His guidance.

S. M.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
 Thy grace is unconfined ;
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
 The truth Thy words reveal ;
 Cause us to run the heavenly way,
 Delighting in Thy will.

- 3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of Thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.
- 4 While through this maze we stray,
O spread Thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

42

The Source of consolation. P. M. 8 7.

- HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, Thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
- 2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of Thy grace.
- 3 Author of our new creation,
May we all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
- 4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe Thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul Thy grace bestow!

43

Rejoicing in the fulfilment of the promise.

P. M.

SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
 The Saviour to receive ;
 Jesus Himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live :
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
 And gives the Comforter,
 His Spirit, to reside
 In all His members here ;
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
 And Satan's work destroy,
 He brings His kingdom in,—
 Peace, righteousness, and joy:
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven He shall once more
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all His saints restore
 To joys that never end ;
 Then, then, when all our joys are given,
 Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL

THE MINISTRY.

44

The Minister.

L. M.

- G**O, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord.—
If all the whole world my grace receive,
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemn'd who won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known:
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend.

45

The People.

A. M.

- L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give:
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 1 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might all the angels meet,
And all'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;
 For souls which must for ever live
 In raptures or in woe.
- 4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for Thee.

46

Prepare ye the way of the Lord. L. M.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord ;
 O lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the Gospel word.

- 2 Go into every nation, go ;
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
 Glad tidings unto all we show ;
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls, Prepare ;
 Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
 And waits to make His entrance there.
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;
 Sinners, repent, the call obey :
 Open your hearts to make Him room ;
 Ye desert souls, prepare the way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear His way through all ;
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;

The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view;
And what His mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

47

Sow beside all waters.

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

48

The minister's only business.

C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given;
 It scatters all their guilty fear;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;
 Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace!
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim:
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, Behold the Lamb!
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His name;
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb!

 THE CHURCH.

49

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.

L. M.

A WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,—
 No longer in thy sins lie down:
 The garment of salvation take;
 Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free,
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, His word embrace,
Nor bear His hallow'd name in vain.

50

Her enemies confounded.

P. M. 8 7 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion, — how blest is thy lot
What a favour'd lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,

But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in His sight :
 God is with thee,—
 God, thine everlasting light.

51

Glorious and spotless.

L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great Builder of Thy Church below ;
 If now Thy Spirit move my breast,
 Hear, and fulfil Thine own request.

2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
 And wait Thy sanctifying word,
 And Thee their utmost Saviour own,—
 Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all Thy mind express,
 Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses ;
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
 How Christians lived in days of old ;
 Mighty their envious foes to move,—
 A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into Thy wondrous light,
 Worthy to walk with Thee in white :
 Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show
 Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

52

Continued—Witnesses for Jesus. L. M.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these,
 The least of Jesus' witnesses!
 O that my Lord would count me meet
 To wash His dear disciples' feet!

2 This only thing do I require:
 Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The servant of Thy Church to live:

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
 And wait upon Thy saints below;
 Enjoy the grace to angels given,
 And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now Thy drawings feel,
 And ask according to Thy will,
 Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
 And speak the answer to my heart.

5 Tell me, or Thou shalt never go,—
 Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:
 The word hath passed Thy lips, and I
 Shall with Thy people live and die.

53

God is in the midst of her. P. M. 8 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd Thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let Him hear the loud Hosanna
 Rising to His throne on high.

 THE SABBATH.

54

The joys of the Sabbath.

L. M

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
 sing;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part:
 And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wish'd below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise:
 Welcome to his reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes!

- 2 The King Himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
 Where Thou, my God, art seen,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

56

The day improved. T. H. B. 1801. C. M.

THIS day the Lord hath call'd His own;
Let us His praise declare,
Fix our desires on Him alone,
And seek His face with prayer.

- 2 Lord, in Thy love we would rejoice,
Which sets the sinner free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these hours to Thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
Toward heaven's unfailing joy.
- 4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for our rest.

57

Pledge of endless rest. T. H. B. 1801. L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
Another six days' work is done.
Another Sabbath is begun.

- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

58

Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath. PSALM L. M.

- L ORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy servants rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

59

In the sanctuary. L. M.

- FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-
 gone,
 Let my religious hours alone ;
 Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire :
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !
 How sweet Thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In Thee Thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

60

Love for Zion.

S. M.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,—
 The house of Thine abode,—
 The Church our blest Redcemer saved
 With His own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

61

Joyful homage.

6 lines 7's.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us each a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day,
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

- 3 Here we come, Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 May the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

BAPTISM.

62

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

P. M.

BAPTIZED into Thy name,
 Mysterious One in Three,
 Our souls and bodies claim,
 A sacrifice to Thee;
 And let us live our faith to prove,
 The faith that works by humble love.

- 2 O that our light may shine,
 And all our lives express
 The character divine,
 The real holiness!
 And then receive us up to adore
 The Triune God for evermore.

63

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

C. M.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms.

- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to Thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

64

The invitation.

C. M.

THE King of heaven His table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life, are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

65

Its design.

C. M.

THAT doleful night before His death,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Did, almost with His dying breath,
 This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
 And to remember Thee ;
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
 For me He died, for me !

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings :
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler things !

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants for Thee,
 To sing,—Hosanna to the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died for me !

66

Obeying the command.

S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in Thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way Thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

67

For a parting blessing. P. M. 7 6, 7 6, 7 8, 7 6.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:

Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember Calvary.
 And bid us go in peace !

THE SINNER.

1828

DEPRAVITY.

68

Original and actual sin.

L. M.

L ORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.

- 3 Behold, we fall before Thy face ;
 Our only refuge is Thy grace :
 No outward forms can make us clean ;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, Thy blood, Thy blood alone,
 Hath power sufficient to atone ;
 Thy blood can make us white as snow ;
 No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
 Lord, let us hear Thy pard'ning voice,
 And make these broken hearts rejoice.

69

Dead in trespasses and sins.

S. M.

HOW helpless nature lies,
 Unconscious of her load !
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

- 2 Can aught but power divine
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine
 To form the heart anew ;
- 3 The passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise ;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.

- 4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

70

The healing power of Christ. L. M.

- THOUGH eighteen hundred years are
past
Since Christ did in the flesh appear,
His tender mercies ever last,
And still His healing power is here.
- 2 Would He the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul He loves much more,
And surely He will make it whole.
- 3 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 4 That token of Thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

71

Lord, help my unbelief. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word:
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
 O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my guilty soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into Thine arms I fall;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

72

The inbred leprosy. L. M.

- JESUS, a word, a look from Thee,
 Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
 Purge out the inbred leprosy,
 And save me from my bosom sin.
- 2 Lord, if Thou wilt; I do believe
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,
 I know Thou canst this moment cleanse;
 The deepest stains of sin efface;
 And drive the evil spirit hence,

- 4 Be it according to Thy word;
 Accomplish now Thy work in me;
 And let my soul, to health restored,
 Devote its deathless powers to thee.
-

AWAKENING.

73

Our debt paid upon the cross. S. M.

- WHAT majesty and grace
 Through all the Gospel shine!
 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
 The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from His throne on high
 The mighty Saviour comes;
 Lays His bright robes of glory by,
 And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The debt that sinners owed,
 Upon the cross He pays:
 Then through the clouds ascends to God,
 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There our High Priest appears
 Before His Father's throne,
 Mingles His merits with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great Sov'reign, we adore
 Thy justice and Thy grace,
 And on Thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependence place.

74

Warnings from the grave.

C. M.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
 Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,—
 Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And fate descend in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly to the tomb;
 And shall earth still our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given:
 The dead who underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell or heaven.

75

Sin kills beyond the tomb.

C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
 Repent, thine end is nigh;

Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

76

To-day the accepted time.

S. M

NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time;
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

77

The precious name. S. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

78

All-sufficient grace. S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ; ...
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

79

The joyful sound.

C. M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb !
To Thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

80

Love which passeth knowledge.

L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

- 2 Ask but His grace, and, lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins He blush'd in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

81

Behold the Lamb.

C. M.

LOOK unto Christ, ye nations; own
 Your God, ye fallen race;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

- 2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
 The Lamb of God was slain;
 His soul was once an off'ring made
 For every soul of man.
- 3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
 And Christ shall give you light;
 Cast all your sins into the deep,
 And wash the Ethiop white.

- 4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
 Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
 Anticipate your heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

82

The horrors of the second death. S. M.

○ WHERE shall rest be found,—
 Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,
 For evermore undone.

83

*The danger of delay.**4 lines 7's.*

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

84

*Sufficiency and freeness.**C. M.*

O WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the Gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds ;

Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

85

Christ, the only source of salvation.

B. M.

GOD'S holy law transgress'd,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood :
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 This is salvation's source ;
And all our hopes arise

From Him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

86

He waiteth to be gracious.

C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

INVITING.

87

The jubilee trumpet.

P. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners,

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

88

The accepted time.

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

- LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

- 4 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

90

The Gospel feast.

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 5 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

91

Why will ye die?

8 lines 7's.

SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands :
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

92

He justifieth the ungodly.

C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
 For you He suffer'd pain ;
 For you the Saviour spilt His blood :
 And shall He bleed in vain ?

- 2 Sinners, His life for you He paid ;
 Your basest crimes He bore ;
 Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
 That you might sin no more.
- 3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
 That you might come to heaven ;
 Believe, believe, in Jesus' name,
 And all your sin's forgiven.
- 4 Believe in Him who died for thee ;
 And, sure as He hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.

93

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.

S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands,
 How kind His precepts are !
 Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
 And trust His constant care.

- 2 His bounty will provide ;
 His saints securely dwell :
 The Hand that holds creation up
 Will guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this heavy load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 O trust your heavenly Father's love,
 And peace and comfort find.

PENITENTIAL.

94

To whom should we go? S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corner shine,
 And take the veil away.
- 3 I now believe in Thee
 Compassion reigns alone;
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done!
 In me is all the bar,
 Which Thou wouldst fain remove:
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

95

Only by faith.

L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
 I see my sin, but cannot feel;

- I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give ;
Thy gifts I only can receive :
Here, then, to Thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—are Thine.
- 3 With simple faith on Thee I call,—
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart ;

96

I would be Thine.

C. M.

- I** WOULD be Thine ; O take my heart,
And fill' it with Thy love ;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.
- 2 I would be Thine ; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be Thine ; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within :
Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

- 4 I would be Thine ; I would embrace
 The Saviour, and adore :
 Inspire with faith, infuse Thy grace,
 And now my soul restore.

97. *The stubborn heart.* L. M.

- FOR a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn heart away ;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine !
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
 O Lord, an adamant would melt :
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
 Amazing thought !—unmoved I hear ;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed ;
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need :
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

98

The Redeemer's tears. S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see;
 Be Thou astonish'd, O my soul;
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear:
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

99

Help, or I perish.

6 lines 7's.

BY Thy birth, and by Thy tears;
 By Thy human griefs and fears;
 By Thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
 By the bitter tears that flow'd
 Over Salem's lost abode;—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer;
 By Thy fearful conflict there;
 By Thy cross and dying cries;
 By Thy one great sacrifice,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By Thy power the lost to save;
 By Thy high, majestic throne;
 By the empire all Thine own,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

100

The only plea.

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
 Open Thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
 Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
 And lost, I am, till Thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for Thee:
 Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
 Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What shall I say Thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:
 I give up every plea beside;
 Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died.

101

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

L. M.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done Thee such despite;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears,
 And vex'd, and urged Thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years :

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er Thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved :

4 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
 To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

102

The sacrifice of a broken heart.

L. M.

THOUGH I have grieved Thy Spirit,
 Lord,
 Thy help and comfort still afford ;
 And let a wretch come near Thy throne
 To plead the merits of Thy Son.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
 Thou God of grace, wilt Thou despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice ?

- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

103

Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

S. M.

- AND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, Thee I take,
And cleave to Thee as mine.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

104

Saved by grace.

P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

LET the world their virtue boast,—
Their works of righteousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace.

Other title I disclaim ;
 This, only this, is all my plea,—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
 Like Jordan's swelling stream ;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to Him.
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see :
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
 And Thou in me wilt live :
 I shall feel Thy death applied ;
 I shall Thy life receive :
 Yet, when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

105

*Determined to know nothing but Jesus, and Him
 crucified. P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.*

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good :
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood :
 All thy pleasures I forego ;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atoning Victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever in His faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 4 O that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove ;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

JESUS Christ, who stands between
 Angry heaven and guilty men,
 Undertakes to buy our peace ;
 Gives the covenant of grace ;

Ratifies and makes it good ;
Signs and seals it with His blood.

- 2 Life His healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled in our peaceful hearts:
Abel's blood for vengeance cried ;
Jesus' speaks us justified ;
Speaks and calls for better things ;
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings.

107

Salvation only by grace through faith.

L. M.

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead ;
We only can be saved by grace ;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

- 2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,—
A faith Thou must Thyself impart ;
A faith that would by works be shown ;
A faith that purifies the heart :
- 3 A faith that doth the mountains move ;
A faith that shows our sins forgiven ;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

108

The realising light of faith.

L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same :—

- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save ;
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou :)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have ;
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in Thy name believes,
Eternal life with Thee is given ;
Into Himself He all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

109

No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.
P. M.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died He for me, who caused His pain ?
For me, who Him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?

- 2 'Tis myst'ry all—the Immortal dies !
 Who can explore His strange design ?
 In vain the firstborn seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine :
 'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore ;
 Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite His grace !)
 Bereft Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me !
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light :
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,—
 Jesus, with all in Him, is mine ;
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my
 own.

110

The blood of sprinkling.

C. M.

MY God, my God, to Thee I cry ;
 Thee only would I know ;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.

- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
 Purge my iniquity :
 Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
 I have no part in Thee.
- 3 But art Thou not already mine ?
 Answer, if mine Thou art ;
 Whisper within, Thou love divine,
 And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,—
 His wounds are open wide ;
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
 And speaks me justified.

ADOPTION AND ASSURANCE.

111

Knowledge of forgiveness. S. M.

- H**OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
 With confidence we tell ;
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That He for us hath died,
 We all His unknown peace receive,
 And feel His blood applied.

- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburden'd of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven who dwell in love.

112

The bliss of assurance.

L. M.

- L ORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and
 sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love:
 And soft and silent as the shades
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away:
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow!

And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

113

"Abba, Father."

P. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;

He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 5 My God is reconciled ;
 His pard'ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for His child ;
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

114

Filial confidence and joy.

L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
 Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose Thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am Thine by sacred ties,—
 Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise :
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And fill the remnant of my days.

115

The inward witness.

P. M:

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days ;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the future grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee,
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself Thy child ?

5 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art ;
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

SANCTIFICATION.

116

The hope of our high calling.

C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

- 2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,—
Shall life and power impart;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall in me take place,
The chief of sinners,—me.
- 4 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! He saith, I quickly come
To fill and rule thy heart.
- 5 Be it according to Thy word;
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

117

The new creation.

P. M. 87.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,—
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,—
 For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My risen Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

119

A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

C. M.

○ FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me :

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
 Thy new, best name of Love.

120

Perfect peace. 4 lines 7's.

- PRINCE of peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubting cease,—
 Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Open'd wide the gate to God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
 May Thy will and mine be one:
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour! at Thy feet I fall;
 Thou my life, my God, my all!
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee!

121

Purity of heart.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is His abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Selects the pure in heart.

122

The perfect law of love.

S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do ;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew :

- 2 My soul shall then, like Thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.
- 3 That blessed law of Thine,
Jesus, to me impart ;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart !
- 4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

123

The good pleasure of His will.

C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me :
A token of His love He gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head ;
 He brings salvation near ;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be !
 What can withstand His will ?
 The counsel of His grace in me
 He surely shall fulfil.

124

Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

C. M.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone ;
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive ;
 Fulfil our heart's desire ;
 And let us to Thy glory live,
 And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render Thee
 Our all,—no longer ours, but Thine
 To all eternity.

MEANS OF GRACE.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

125

Design of prayer.

L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give :
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;
 They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
 In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak :
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak ;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him—thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known :
 Fear not ; His merits must prevail :
 Ask but in faith—it shall be done.

126

What is prayer ?

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

127

The mercy-seat.

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wing we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

128

For a tender conscience.

C. M.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near :
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

129

The spirit of prayer.

S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe !
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath,
 Call off my peaceful heart;
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
 Thine own this moment seize;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace:
 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

130

For power over temptation.

P. M. 886.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by
 Throughout the evil day;
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm;
 In each approach of sin, alarm,
 And show the danger near:
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy
 And sanctifying fear.

- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see Thy gath'ring frown,
 And feel Thy warning eye;
 And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,—
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
 O save me, or I die.
- 4 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me, like Thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace;
 Ready prepared and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, to appear
 Before Thy glorious face.

131

For the Saviour's guidance.

P. M. 664, 666 4.

- MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary;
 Saviour Divine,
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me, from this day,
 Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;

Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

132

*Encouragements to pray.**4 lines 75.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

- 2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

133

My help cometh from the Lord. P. M.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels.
 Will He not His help afford?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given:
 God comes down, the God and Lord
 Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
 And still in God confide;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide.
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;
 Rest in Him, securely rest;
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Thy Keeper can surprise;
 Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On His all-seeing eyes.
 He is Israel's sure defence;
 Israel all His care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful Providence
 And ever-waking Love.

134

For diligence and watchfulness.

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

135

*For reviving grace.**8 lines 7's*

LIGHT of life,—seraphic fire,—
 Love divine,—Thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in every drooping heart:
 Every mourning sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom:
 Son of God, appear! appear!
 To Thy human temples come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with Thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less;
 Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

136

Morning: Sacrifice of praise and prayer.

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

137

Sunday morning: Preparing for public worship. C. M.

L ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye:

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

138

Morning: Adoration.

L. M.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends thee one day more.

- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly passing hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

139

Morning: The Day-star from on high.

S. M.

WE lift our hearts to Thee,
O Day-star from on high!

The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let Thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day!
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past!
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

140

The Light of life.

6 lines 7's.

O DISCLOSE Thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;

Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see :
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

141

Evening : Trusting in God.

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

- 5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
 The bliss of Thy paternal care :
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

142

Evening : Numberless mercies.

C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
 Let warmest thanks arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
 Our keeper and our guide ;
 His care was on our weakness shown,
 His mercies multiplied.

- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they,

- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
 Do a new song require :
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

143

Evening : Memorials of His grace.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home :
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

144

No success without God's blessing.

L. M.

EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success ;
Except His guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,
Early to rise, and late to sleep,
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.
- 3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to Thee ;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in Thy strength our work pursue.

THE CLOSET.

145

Habitual devotion.

C. M.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
 To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferr'd by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thought shall fill;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on Thee.

146

For constant devotedness.

L. M.

L ORD, fill me with an humble fear ;
 My utter helplessness reveal ;
 Satan and sin are always near,—
 Thee may I always nearer feel.

- 2 O that to Thee my constant mind
 Might with an even flame aspire ;
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire !
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
 The first abhorr'd approach of ill !
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 4 Till Thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray ;
 Humbly and confidently wait,
 And long to see the perfect day.

147

For victorious faith.

C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ;

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod ;
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God :

- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
 frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

148

Consolation in sickness.

C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away ;

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His love ;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above ;

- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suff'ring paid;
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from Thee!

THE SCRIPTURES.

149

Light and glory of the sacred page.

C. M.

- WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be Thine
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
 The steps of Him we love,
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above.

150

Preciousness of the Bible.

C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 And life, and light, and joy imparts,
 And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

151

Light upon the narrow path.

C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild, benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.

- 2 But, lo ! the Scriptures' clearer light
 Now points to His abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our God.
- 3 O let us tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given ;
 And thus escape the coming wrath,
 And reign with Him in heaven.

152

The word of God quick and powerful.

S. M.

THY word, almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
 To slay the man of sin.

- 2 Thy word is power and life ;
 It bids confusion cease,
 And changes envy, hatred, strife,
 To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
 The Gospel's glorious sound ;
 And all its fruits, from day to day,
 Be in us and abound.

153

The Spirit's enlightening influences.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
 Let us Thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost ; for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke :
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God through Himself we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

154

Love the test of discipleship.

C. M.

OUR God is love ; and all His saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

- 2 None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity ;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same,
 With bonds of love our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
 See how true Christians love;
 And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

155

And so fulfil the law of Christ.

C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear:
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

156

Safety in union.

C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To Thee for help we fly :
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For oh ! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay ;
 He seizes every straggling soul
 As his own lawful prey.

3 Us unto Thy protection take,
 And gather with Thine arm ;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side ;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree ;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in Thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die ;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

157

Of one heart and of one mind.

4 lines 7's.

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee ;
 Let us in Thy name agree ;

- Show Thyself the Prince of peace ;
 Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By Thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling-block remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear ;
 Come, and spread Thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 To Thy Church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Show how true believers die.

AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face ?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For His redeeming grace.

Preserved by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in His sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we pass'd,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last !
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by His love ;
 And still He doth His help afford,
 And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
 Of His redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more :
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain ;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

LOVE-FEAST.

159

Perfect harmony and joy unspeakable.

C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by His grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek His face.

- 2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gather'd into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which He on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove ;
 The grace through every vessel flows
 In purest streams of love.
- 4 And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know
 When round His throne we meet !

160

Sympathy and mutual love.

S. M.

- BLEST be the tie that binds :
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;

But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

161

Rejoicing in hope.

C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King,
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for His sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

162

Witnesses for Jesus. 8 lines 7's.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands and hearts and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

THE WARFARE.

163

The panoply of truth.

L. M.

- BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armour of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod.
- 2 In a panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;
- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
- 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown,

164

Perseverance.

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

165

The standard of the cross.

S. M.

- HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound:
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war.
- 2 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearers now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

All power to Him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

166

Faith sees the final triumph.

C. M.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

167

No cause for fear. P. M.

GOD is my strong salvation :
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

168

Tribulation to be expected.

S. M.

AS strangers here below,
 With various woes oppress'd,
 We must through tribulation go
 To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
 Ascended to His throne :
 Why should His servants fear to tread
 The way their Lord has gone ?

3 The path to glory lies
 Through conflict and distress ;
 But joyful we at length shall rise,
 The kingdom to possess.

169

The Lord will provide.

10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us,—The Lord will
 provide.

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will pro-
 vide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
 He cannot take from us (though oft he has
 tried)
 The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will
 provide.

He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
 But when such suggestions our graces have
 tried,
 This answers all questions,—The Lord will
 provide.

No strength of our own, nor goodness, we
 claim
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power,—The Lord will pro-
 vide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of His grace shall comfort us
 through:
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
 side,
 We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will
 provide.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

171

At evening-time it shall be light.

C. M.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

3 Though earth-born shadows now may
shroud
Thy thorny path a while,

God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith, and not by sight,
And thou shalt own His word fulfill'd,—
At eve it shall be light.

172

The only solace in sorrow.

C. M.

○ THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But Christ can heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

- 4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

173

He ruleth all things well.

S. M.

- GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care begone.
What though thou rulest not ?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand !

Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

174

Radiant hope.

C. M.

O WHO, in such a world as this,
 Could bear his lot of pain,
 Did not one radiant hope of bliss
 Unclouded yet remain?
 That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
 Who reigns above the skies;
 Hope that unites the soul to heaven
 By faith's endearing ties.

2 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love
 To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
 And speed its flight above.
 And every pang that wrings the breast,
 And every joy that dies,
 Tell us to seek a purer rest,
 And trust to holier ties.

175

The world hath lost its charms.

C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me:
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
 Nor happiness afford:

Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

176

Self-dedication to the Lord.

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

177

Living to serve the cause of Christ.

L. M.

MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,

- And own it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, His glorious power.

○ EYES that are weary,
And hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus,
And sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven,
There need be no night.

2 Looking off unto Jesus
 My spirit is blest,
 In the world I have turmoil,
 In Him I have rest.
 The sea of my life
 All about me may roar;
 When I look unto Jesus,
 I hear it no more.

3 Looking off unto Jesus
 My heart cannot fear;
 Its trembling is still
 When I see Jesus near.
 I know that His power
 My safeguard will be,
 For "why are ye troubled?"
 He saith unto me.

179

*Strength promised.**4 lines 7's.*

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord;
 To His gracious promise flee;
 Laying hold upon this word,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace,—
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This be still thy sweet relief,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 4 Rock of ages—I'm secure,
 With Thy promise full and free;
 Faithful, positive, and sure,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

180

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

C. M.

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord
 Or to defend His cause;
 Maintain the honour of His word,
 The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know His name;
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

181

The race for glory.

C. M.

A WAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis He whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

182

The pilgrim's guide and guardian.

P. M. 874.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

Bear me through the swelling current :
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

183 *Gratitude evinced by living to God's glory.* P. M. 8 8 6.

BE it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude :
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given :
 And let me through Thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

HUMILIATION.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

184 *Inconstancy lamented.* E. M.

WHEN, O my Saviour, shall it be,
 That I no more shall break with
 Thee ?

When will this war of passion cease,
 And I enjoy a lasting peace ?

2 Now I repent, now sin again,
 Now I revive, and now am slain,
 Slain with the same malignant dart
 Which, oh ! too often wounds Thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That I shall find my all in Thee,—
 The fulness of Thy promise prove,
 And feast on Thine eternal love ?

185

The vanity of mere formality.

C. M.

L ONG have I seem'd to serve Thee,
 Lord,

With unavailing pain ;
 Fasted, and pray'd, and read Thy word,
 And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near Thy altar drew :
 A form of godliness was mine,—
 The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design :
 The length and breadth, I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.

4 To please Thee, thus at length I see,
 Vainly I hoped and strove ;
 For what are outward things to Thee,
 Unless they spring from love ?

5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts ;

Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made :
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to Thee, my soul looks up :
'Tis Thou must make it new.

186

Faint, yet pursuing. C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

BACKSLIDINGS LAMENTED.

187

Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest:
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

188

Mourning departed joys.

C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul Thy care:
I know Thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.



REJOICING IN DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.



189

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

S. M.

○ BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy name.

- 2 The Lord forgives thy sins,—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
- 4 Then bless His holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

190

Grateful acknowledgment.

C. M.

- I** LOVE the Lord: He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: He bow'd His ear,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

191

Steadfast reliance upon the promises.

S. M.

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine;

A ray of heavenly light appears,—
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,—
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay His head.

- 3 But, lo! a place He hath prepared
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, He Himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
 What can the Rock of Ages move?
 Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
 Thine everlasting arms of love.

REJOICING IN COMMUNION
 WITH GOD.

193

Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

P. M.

- REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,—
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;

The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

194

Glory begun below.

S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known :
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround His throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas ;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;
 He will send down His heavenly powers,
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in :
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

195

Hallelujah. P. M. 8 7 4.

- THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise Thee :
 Where shall I Thy praise begin ?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour ;
 He hath brought salvation near,
 Manifests His pard'ning favour ;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall His glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM,
 I with them will still be vying—
 Glory ! glory to the Lamb !
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng,

Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song ;
 Hallelujah !
 Love and praise to Christ belong !

196

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

P. M. 87.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

2 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

REJOICING IN PROSPECT OF
 HEAVEN.

197

Bliss-inspiring hope.

P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel :

Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

198

The heavenly Canaan.

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

199

HEAVEN. P. M. 76.

JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest:
 I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene,
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

200

The kingdoms are but one.

C. M.

- HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise ;
For he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

201

The prospect joyous.

C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 3 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to appear,
 And worship at Thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

202

The reward.

P. M. 7 6.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

- 2 O glorious fruition!
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.
- 4 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows pass away;
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.
- 5 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 We shall behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

203

Our abiding city.

L. M.

- W**E'VE no abiding city here:"
 This may distress the worldly mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here:"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here:"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us rest from all below.

- 4 “We’ve no abiding city here :”
 We seek a city out of sight ;
 Zion its name, the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

ERECTION OF CHURCHES.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

204

Jesus Christ the corner-stone. 4 lines ;

- ON this stone, now laid in prayer,
 Let Thy church rise, strong and fair :
 Ever, Lord, Thy name be known
 Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 2 Let Thy holy Child, who came
 Man from error to reclaim,
 And for sinners to atone,
 Bless with Thee this corner-stone.
- 3 May Thy Spirit here give rest
 To the heart by sin oppress’d,
 And the seeds of truth be sown
 Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 4 Open wide, O God, Thy door
 For the outcast and the poor,
 Who can call no house their own,
 Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 5 By wise master-builders squared,
 Here be living stones prepared
 For the temple near Thy throne,
 Jesus Christ its corner-stone.

205

Goa's guardian presence.

L. M.

THIS stone to Thee, in faith, we lay;
 This temple, Lord, to Thee we raise:
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
 And holy love and concord dwell;
 Here give the burden'd conscience ease,
 And here the wounded spirit heal.

3 But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let Thy glory hence depart:
 Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
 Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

DEDICATION.

206

The tokens of His grace.

L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish His abode?
 And will He, from His radiant throne,
 Accept our temples for His own?

2 These walls we to Thy honour raise,
 Long may they echo with Thy praise:
 And Thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

207

An humble offering to Jehovah.

L. M.

- THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God ;
His fiat laid the corner-stone ;
He spake, and, lo ! the work was done.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtain'd it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky ; and all was good ;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for Thee ;
But in Thy sight our off'ring stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.
-

MISSIONARY.

208

The universal anthem.

P. M. 7 6.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

209

The word glorified.

8 lines 7's.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

- 2 When He first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was His day;
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way;
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
 Lo! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of His love.

210

Let there be light. P. M. 6 6 4, 6 6 6 4.

THOU, whose Almighty word
 'Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

- 2 Thou who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O now to all mankind
 Let there be light.

211

*Christ's universal reign.**4 lines 7's.*

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the Gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
 Heathen tribes His name adore ;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more,

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banish'd grief and pain ;
 Righteousness and joy and peace,
 Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise His glorious name ;
 All His mighty acts record,
 All His wondrous love proclaim.

212

The earth renewed in righteousness.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
 A world by sin destroy'd ;
 Creating Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word ; that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
 Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
 When nature rose to view,

What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came !

5 Lo ! every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sov'reign love alone.

213

The glorious predictions.

L. M.

THE law and prophets all foretold
That Christ should die, and leave the
grave,

Gather the world into His fold,
The Church of Jews and Gentiles save.

2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
The nations still are wrapt in night :
They never heard the joyful sound,
They never saw the Gospel light.

3 Light of the world, again appear
In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
And claim our whole apostate race.

214

Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;

- His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

215.

The time to favour Zion. L. M.

- SOV'REIGN of worlds ! display Thy
power ;
Be this Thy Zion's favour'd hour :
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice ;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

WATCH NIGHT.

216

Man frail—God eternal.

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home!

217

On beginning a new year.

S. M.

OUR few revolving years,
 How swift they glide away!
 How short the term of life appears
 When past—but as a day!

- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
 Clouded by grief and sin;
 A host of enemies without,
 Distressing fears within.

- 3 Lord, through another year
 If Thou permit our stay,
 With diligence may we pursue
 The true and living way.

218

A midnight song.

C. M.

JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
 The holy joy prolong,
 And shout to the Redeemer's praise
 A solemn midnight song.

- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
 Be to our Jesus given,
 Who turns our darkness into light,
 Who turns our hell to heaven.

- 3 Thither our faithful souls He leads;
 Thither He bids us rise,

With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

219

Renewing the covenant.

C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord;
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

NEW YEAR.

220

Renewed fidelity and zeal.

P. M.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming,
may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give
me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the
glad word,
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, Let it still alone :
The Father mild inclines His ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space ;
Thou didst on our behalf appear,
And, lo ! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root ;
Break up our fallow ground ;
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound :
O let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

222

A peaceful death expected and prayed for.

L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die—my fathers' God to meet.

- 2 Number'd among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see;
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!
- 3 O that, without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that Thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into Thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheer
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in His face appears.

223

Death gain to the faithful.

C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own,

And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown ?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
God has recall'd His own ;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say, Thy will be done.

224

The end of that man is peace.

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around—
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell.
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

225

Victory over the fears of death.

C. M.

- O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave ?
And where, O Death, thy sting ?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death has no sting beside :
The law gives sin its damning power ;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

226

Disembodied saints.

L. M.

THE saints who die of Christ possess'd,
Enter into immediate rest ;

For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

227

Let me die the death of the righteous.

S. M.

○ FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

228

Friends separated for a season. P. M. 66, 86, 88.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 : Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affection transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone :
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day :
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

229

Awaking from the dust with shouts of praise. C. M.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's
 Amid the deep'ning gloom, [path,
 We, followers of our suff'ring Lord,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of earth may beat.
- 4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
 The vital spark shall lie ;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.

230

Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.

S. M.

- AND must this body die—
 A This well-wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.

- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to Thy dying love :
 O may we bless Thy grace below,
 And sing Thy grace above !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

231

Secrets of the heart made known.

C. M.

- AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
 With what religious fear,
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow ;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,—
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now Thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel Thee near,
 And make my peace with God before
 I at Thy bar appear.

232

The dreadful sentence.

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, Thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear Thy voice
 Pronounce the word, Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 And death for ever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste His love!

233

Behold, He cometh!

P. M. 8 7 4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of His passion
 Still His dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransom'd worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee;
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make Thy righteous sentence known:
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

234

*For a general blessing.**4 lines 7's.*

NOW may He who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in His sight;
 Make us perfect in His will,
 And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
 Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

235

For the Spirit's influences.

P. M. 8 7 4.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the Gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
 Which Thy word's design'd to give;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive,
 And for ever
 To Thy praise and glory live.

236

Tribute of praise at parting.

4 lines 7's.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
 Every voice and every heart
 Join, and to our Father raise
 One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
 Yet there is a brighter shore;
 There, released from toil and pain,
 There we all may meet again.

3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
 Be eternal glory given;
 Grateful for Thy love divine,
 May our hearts be ever Thine.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

P. M. 87.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

Dismission. P. M. 8 7.

L ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

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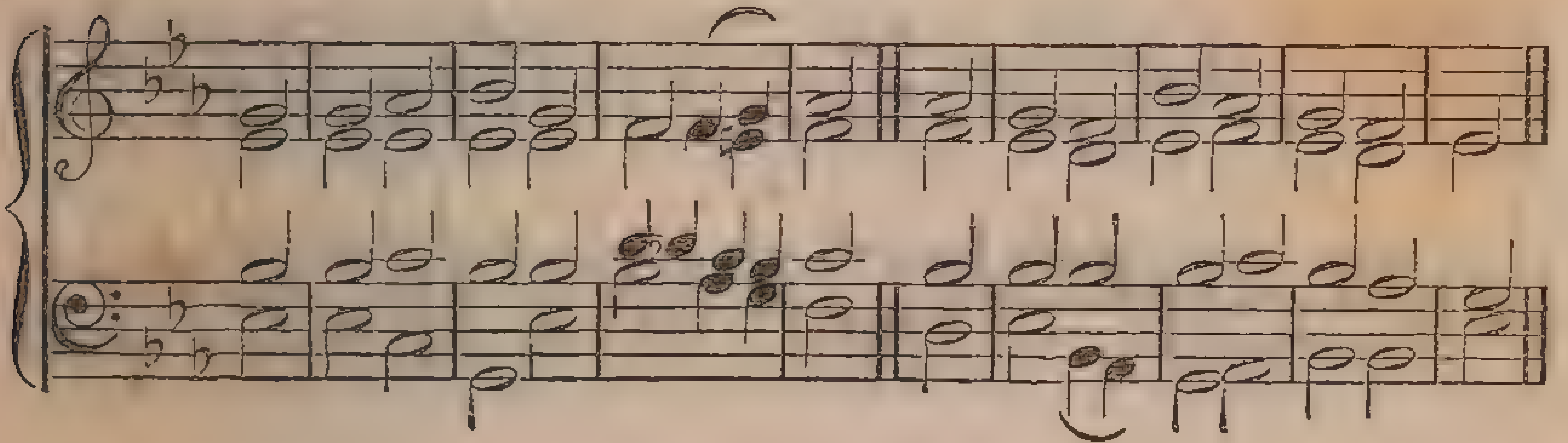
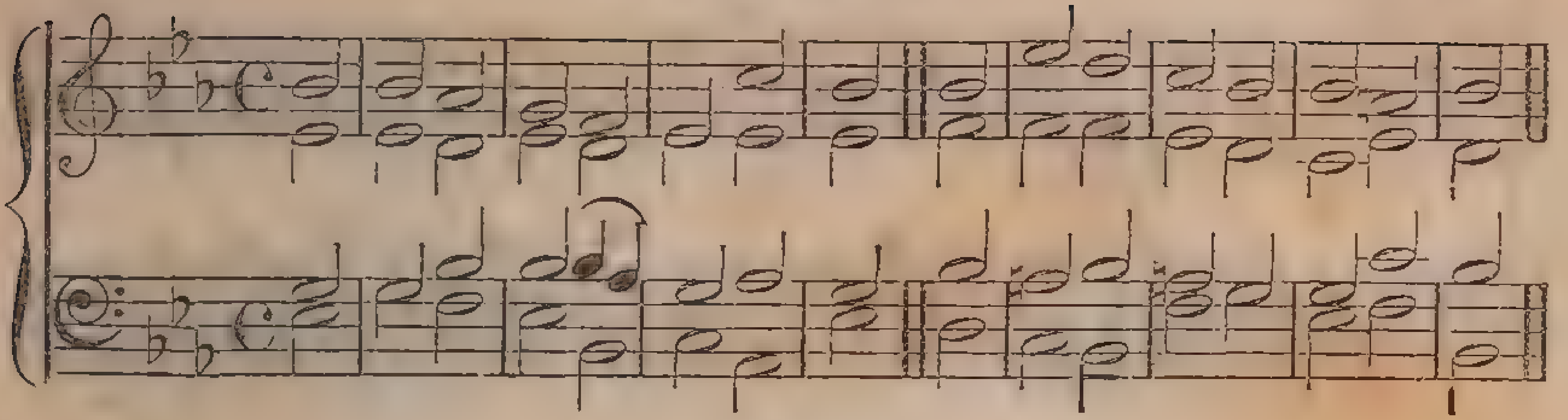
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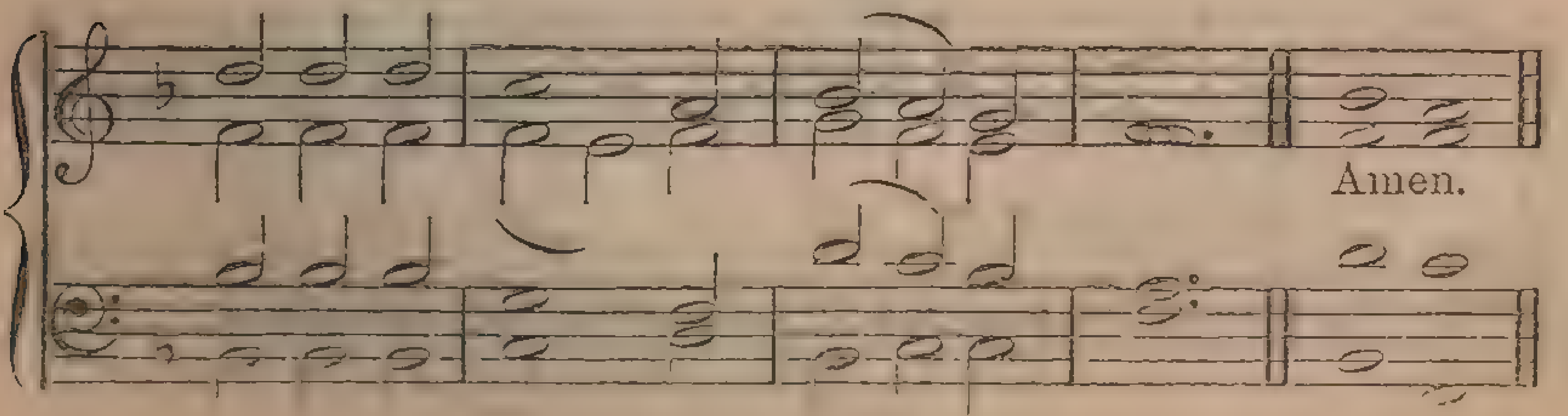
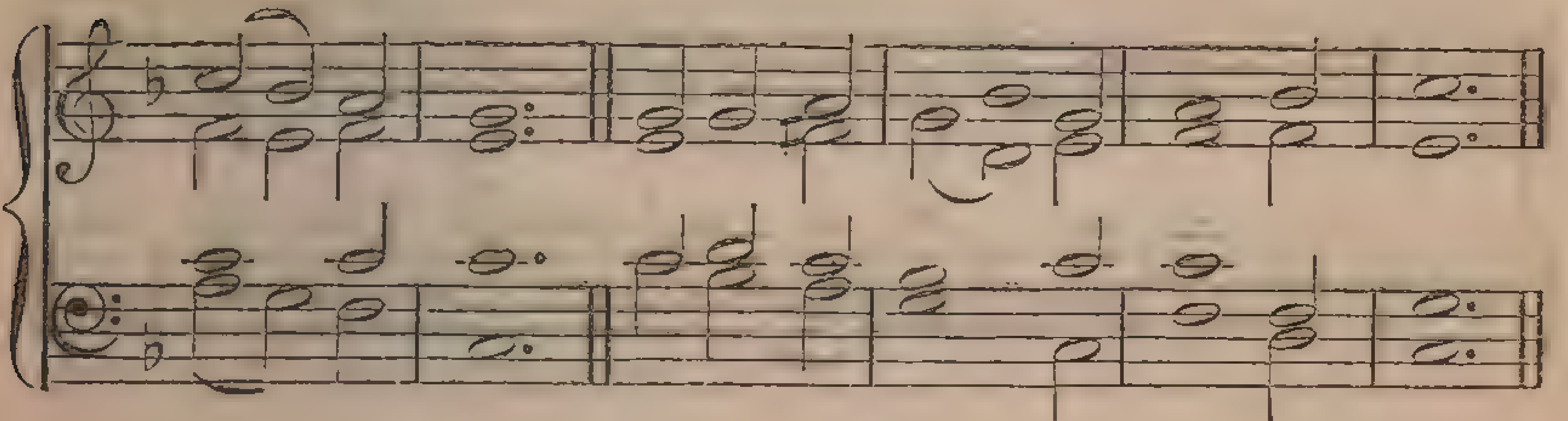
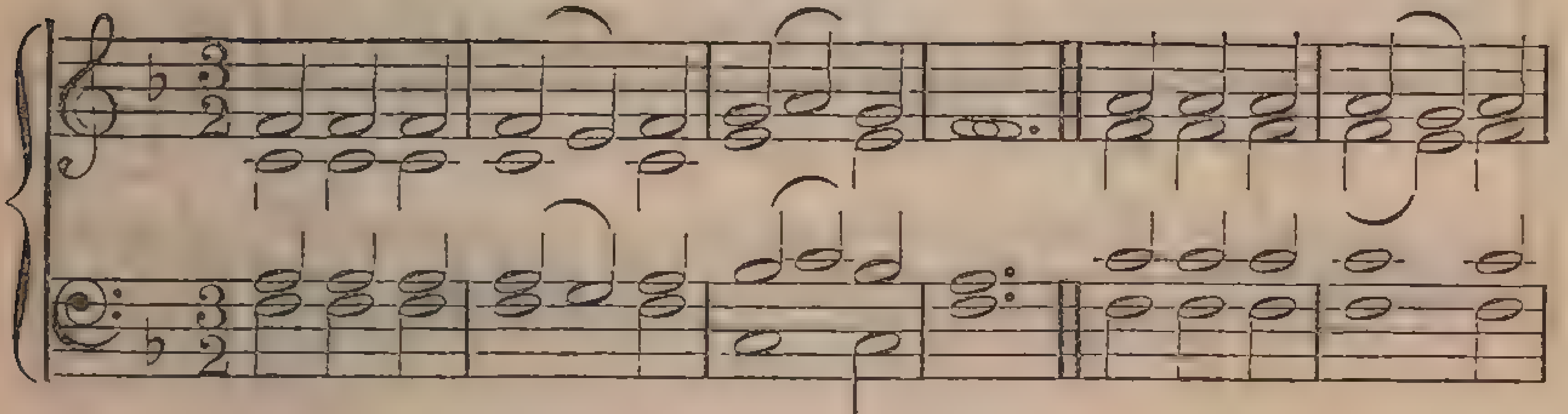
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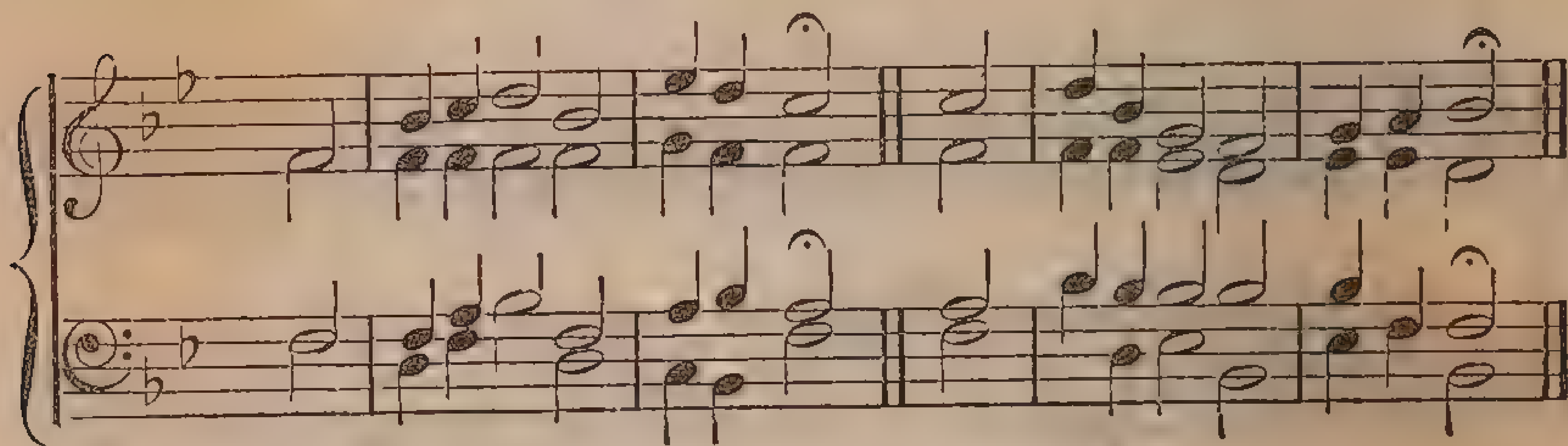
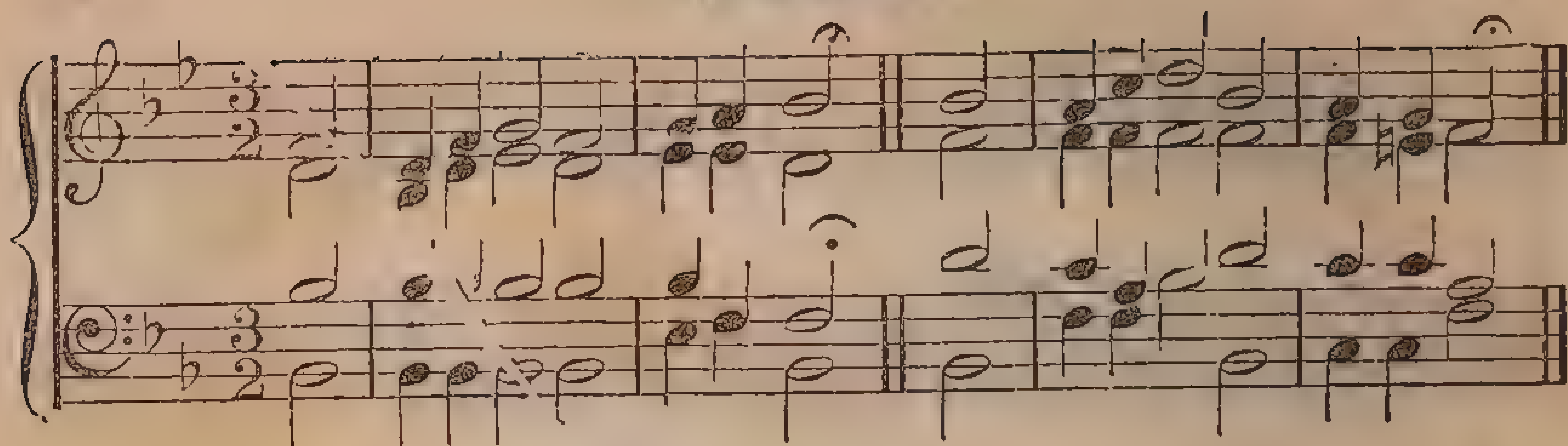
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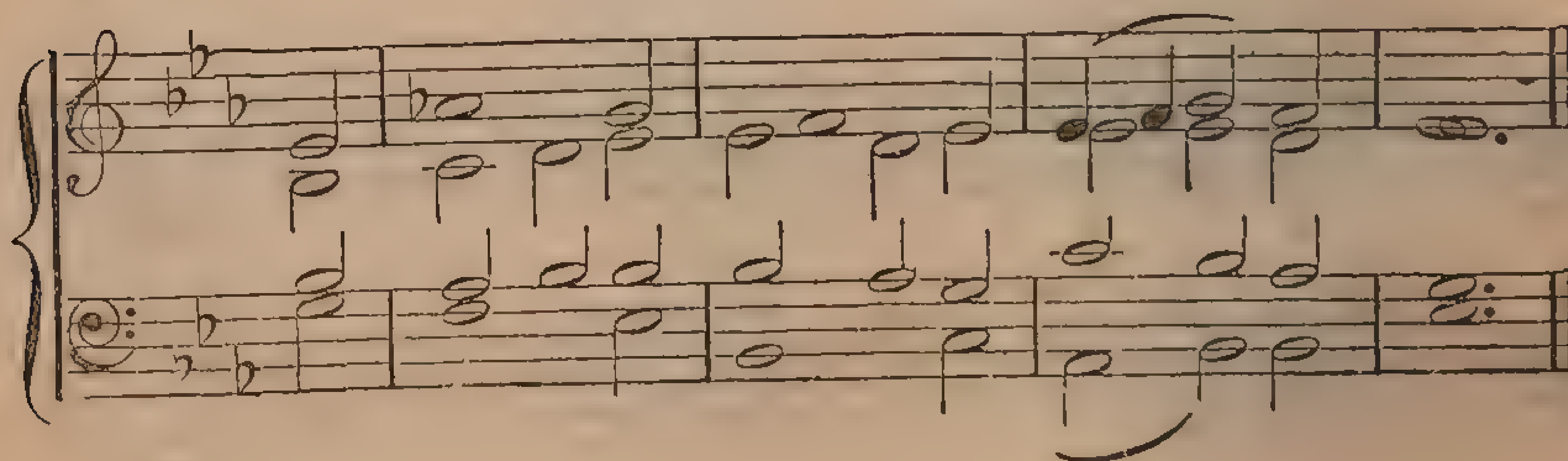
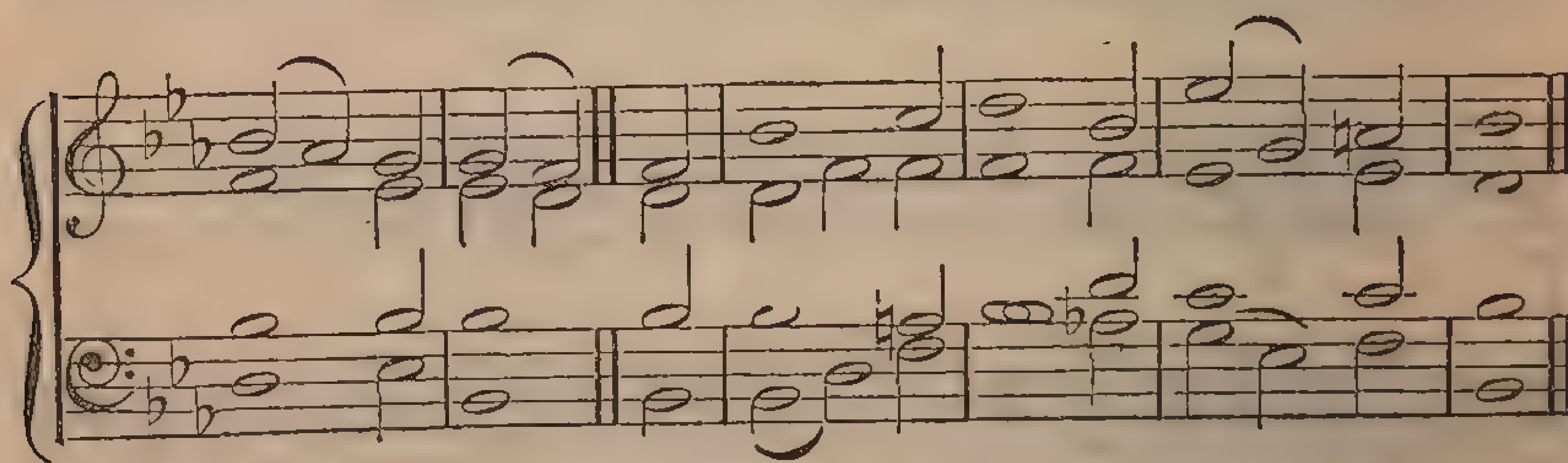
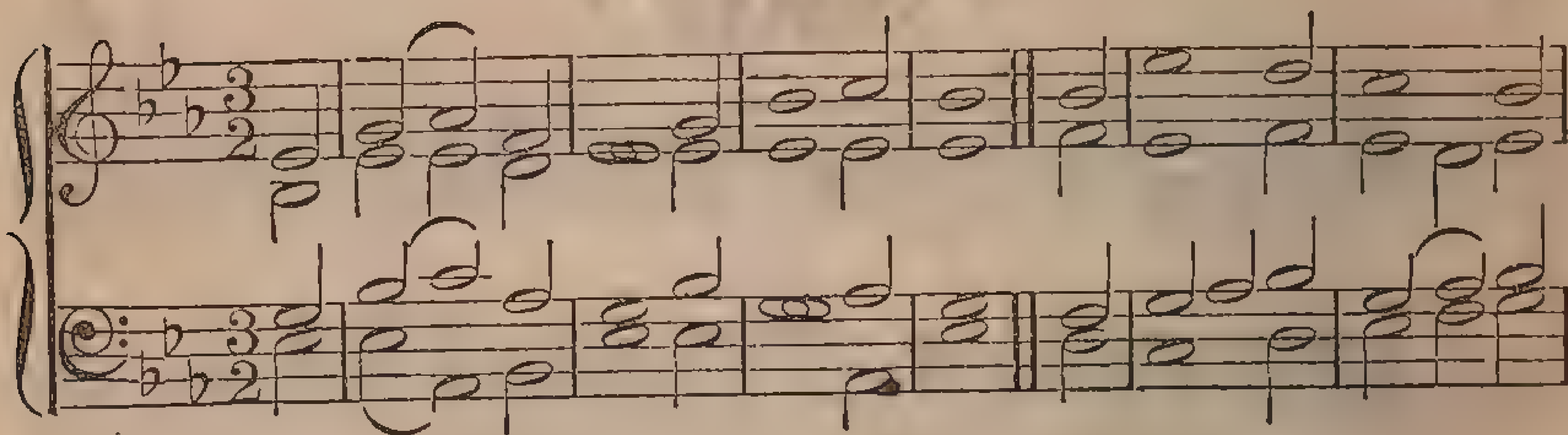
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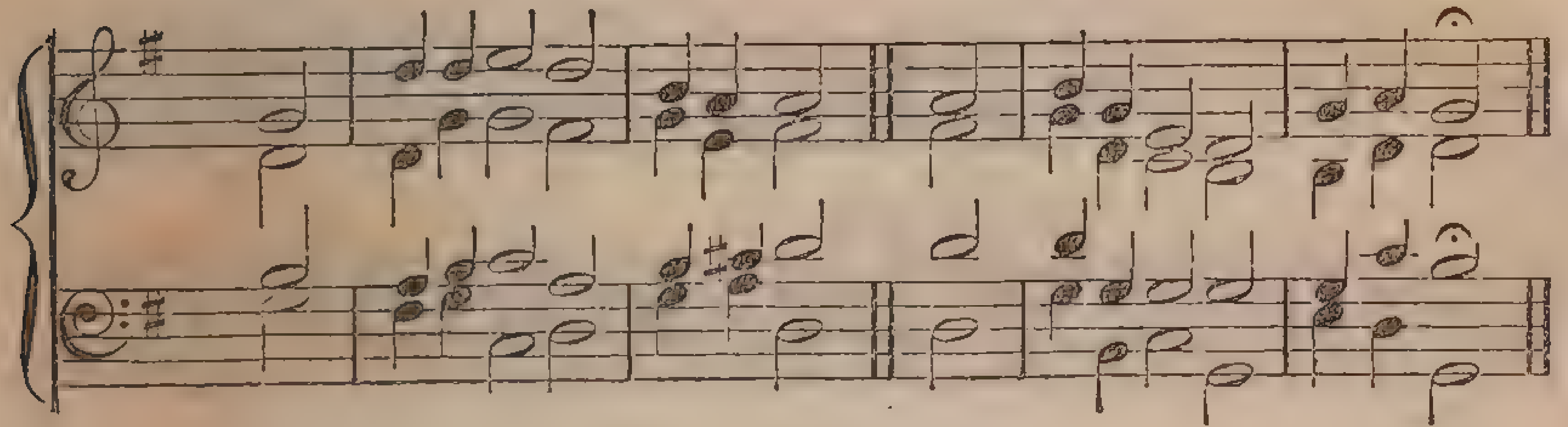
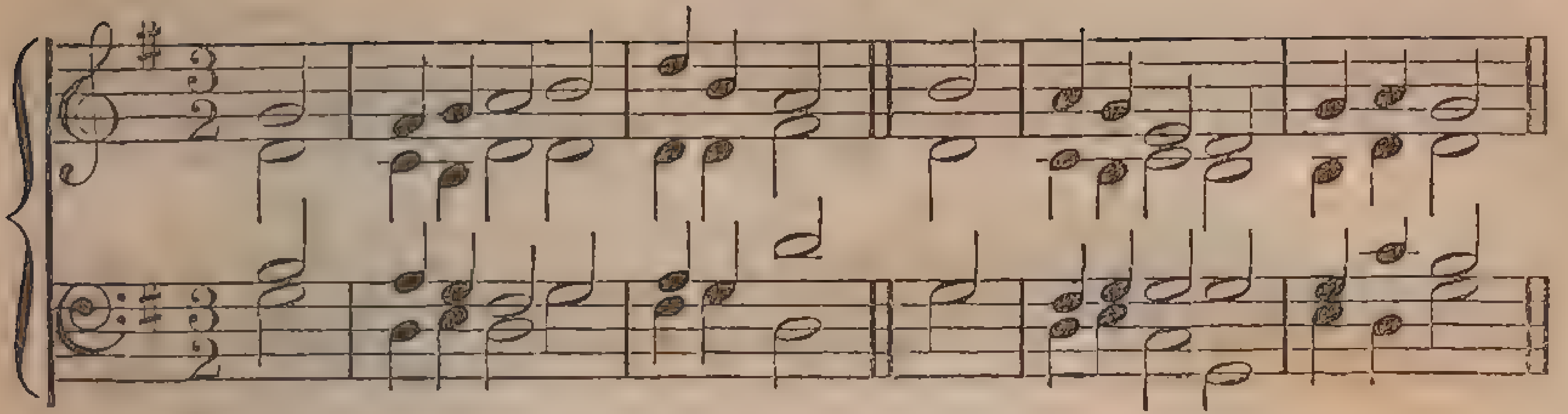
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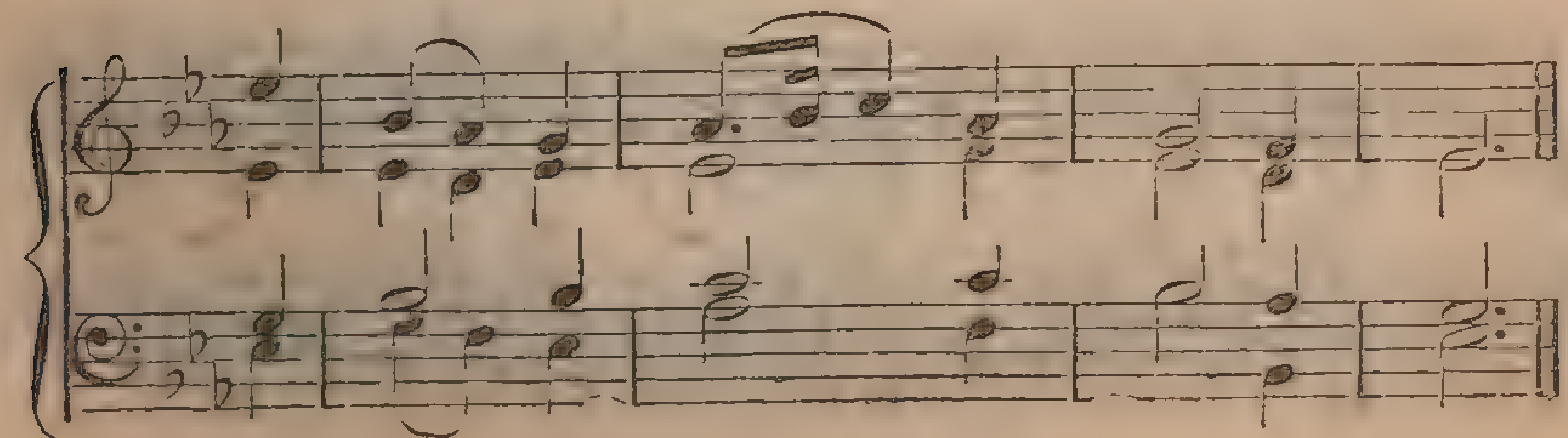
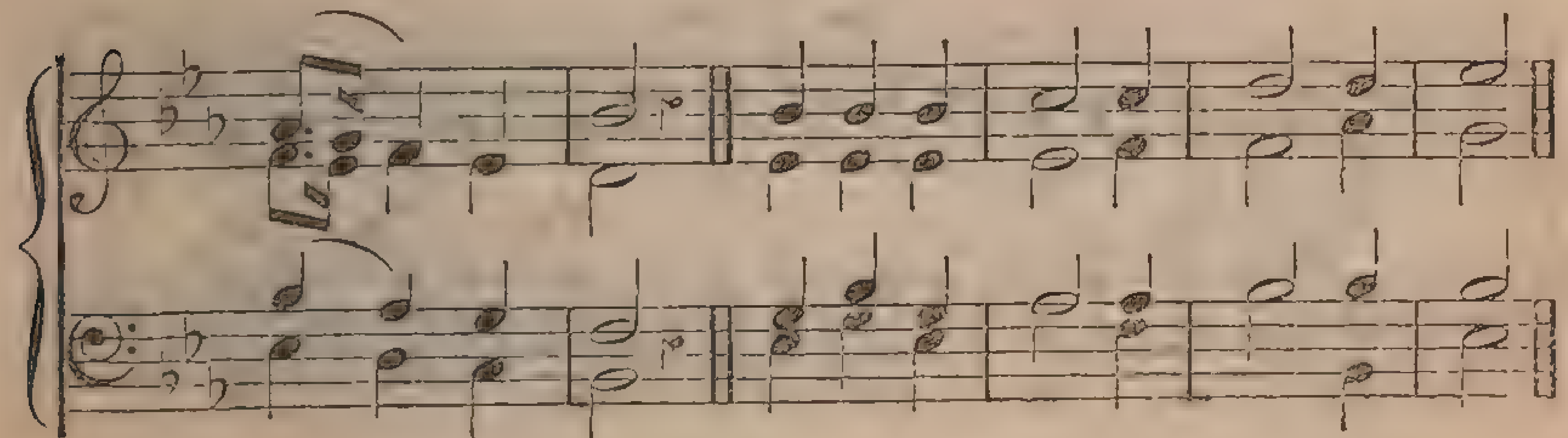
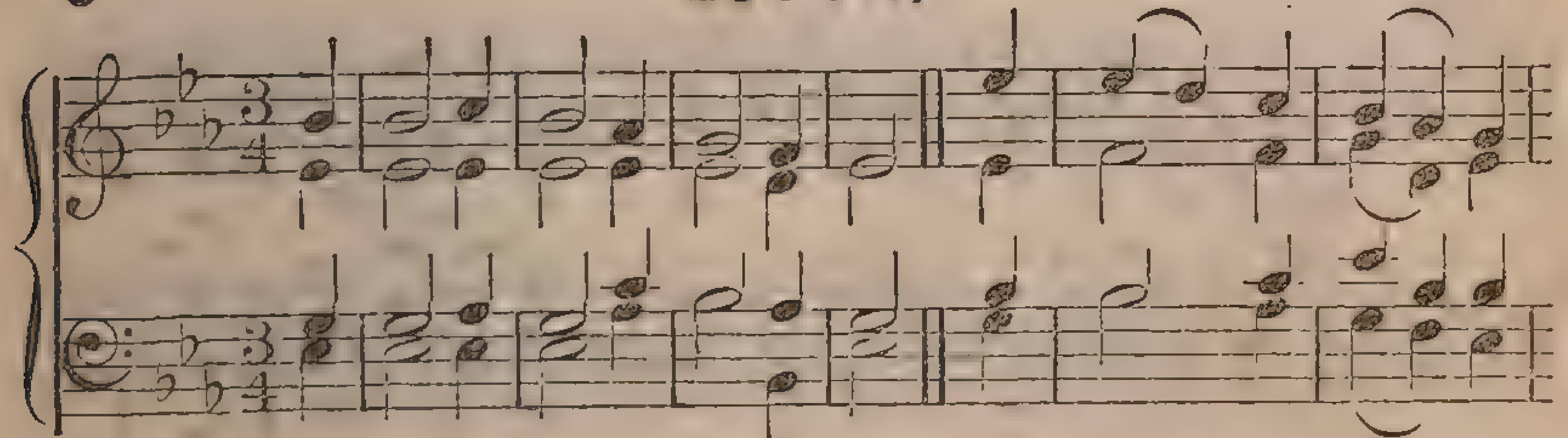
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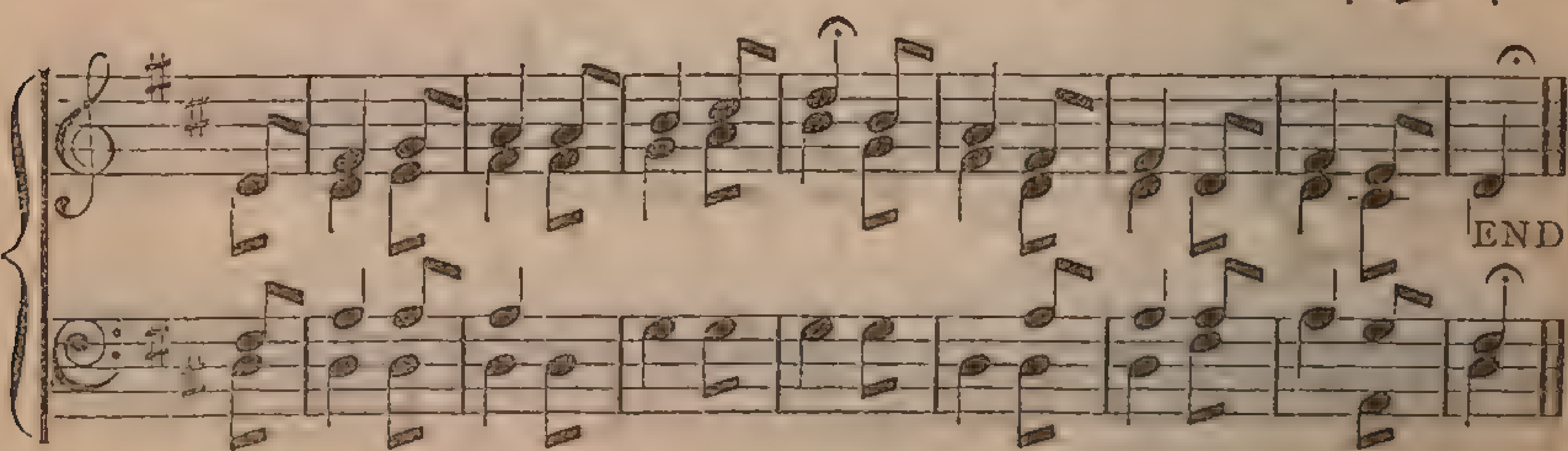
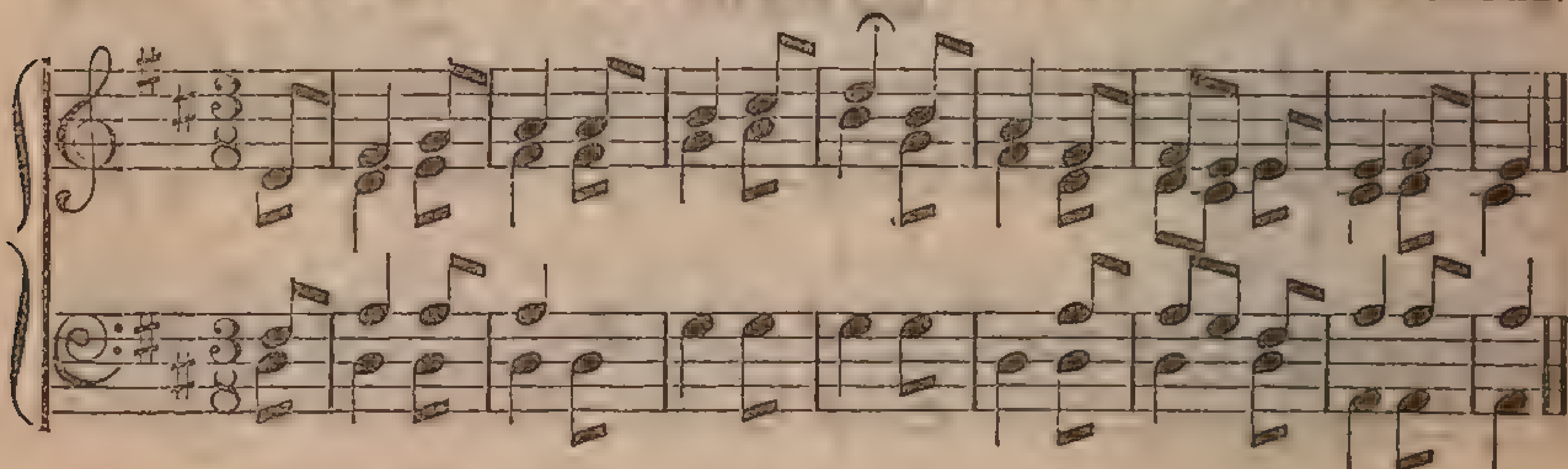
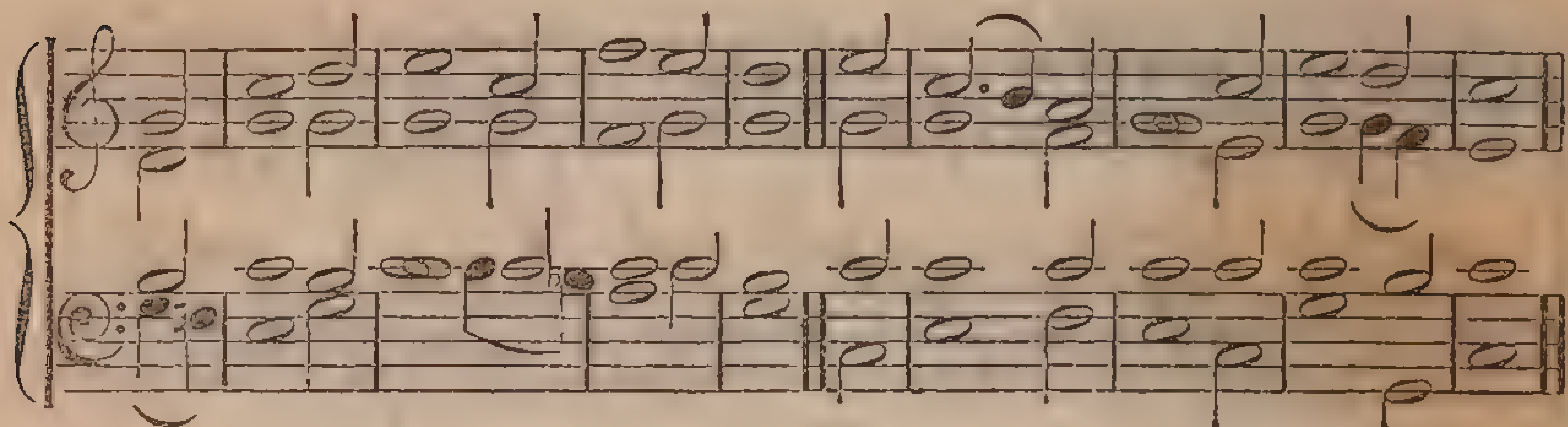
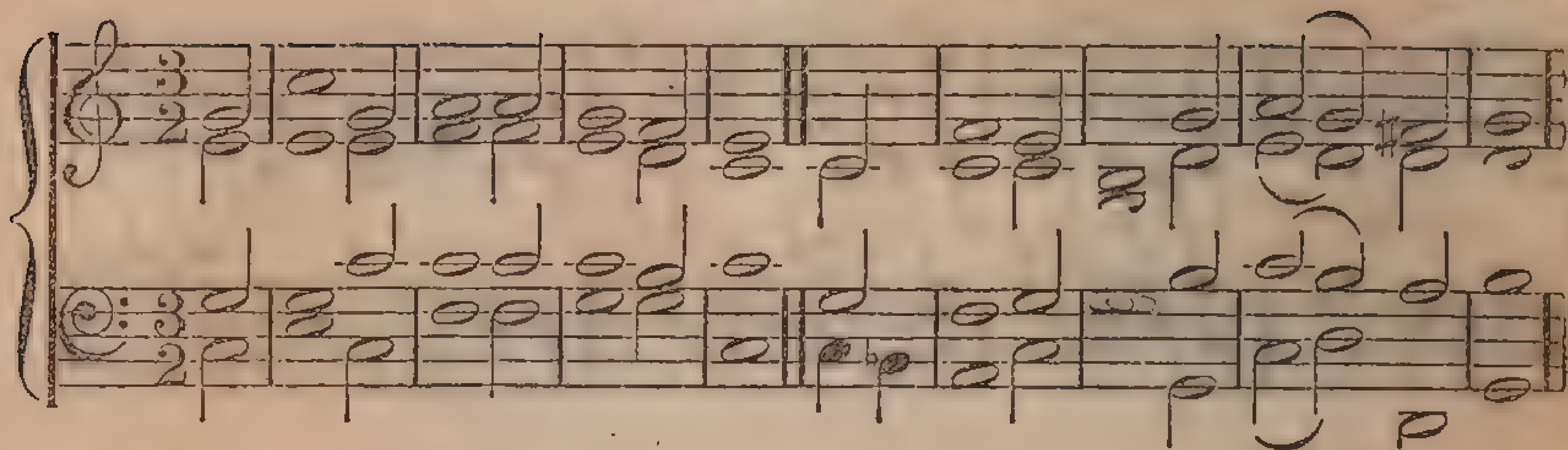


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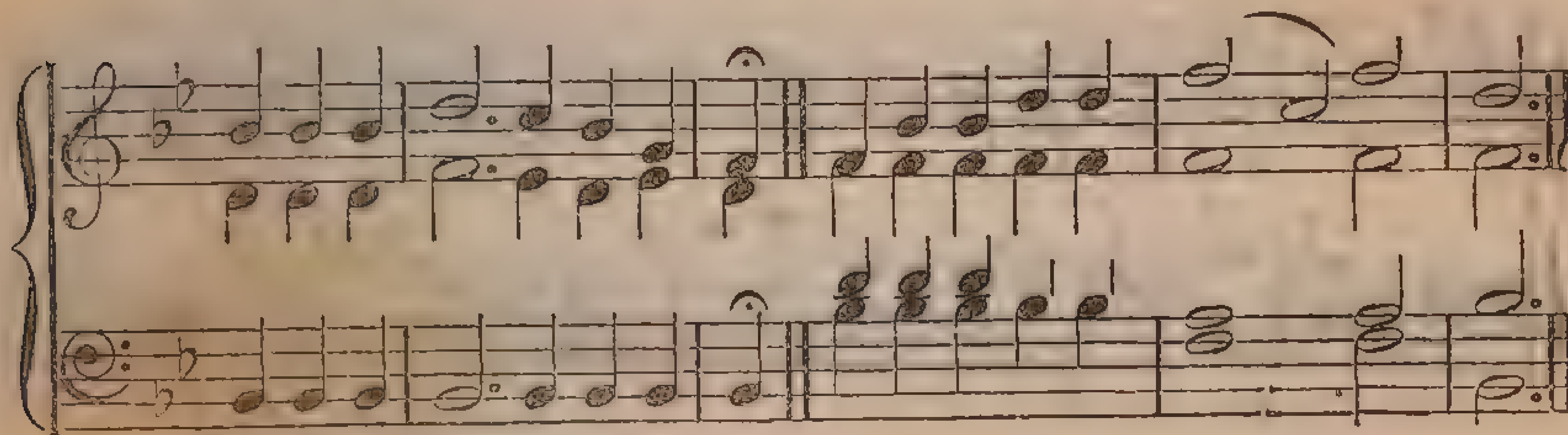
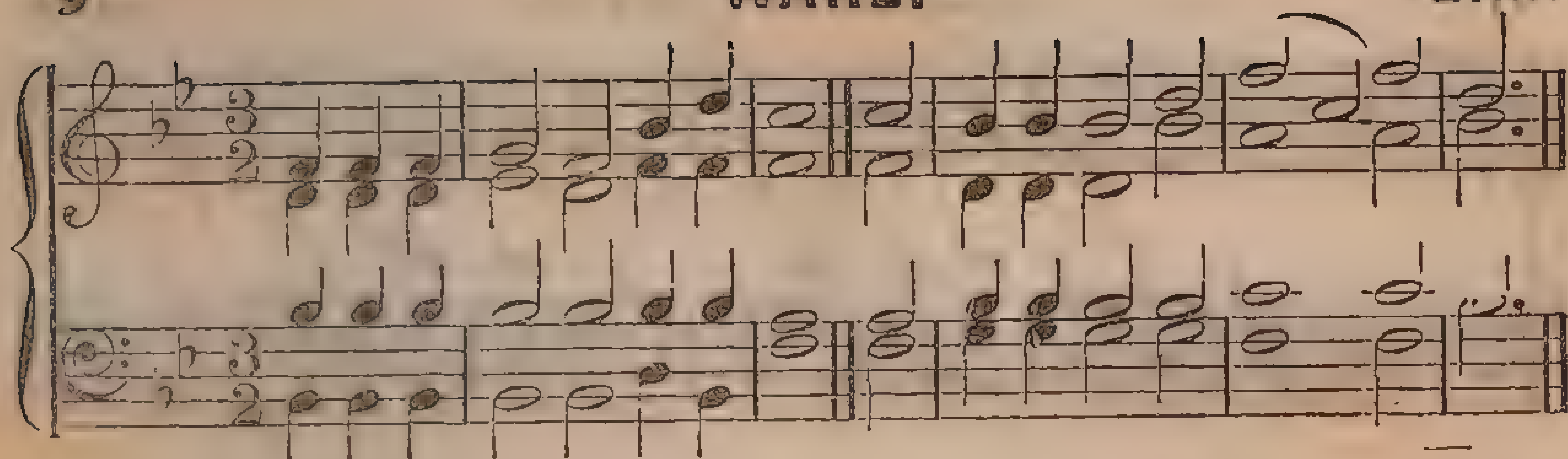




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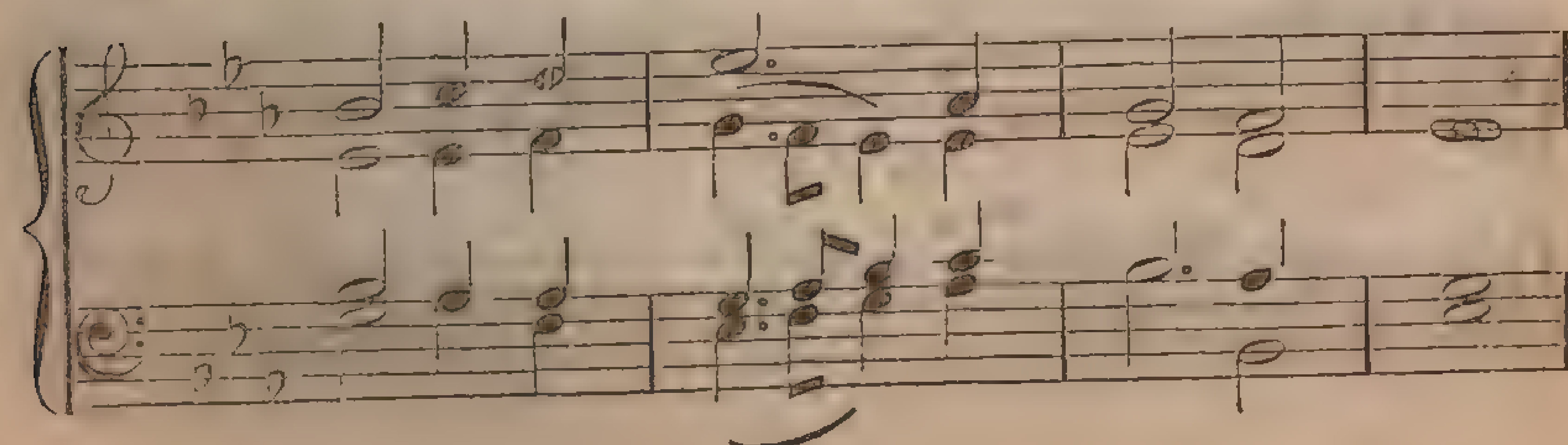
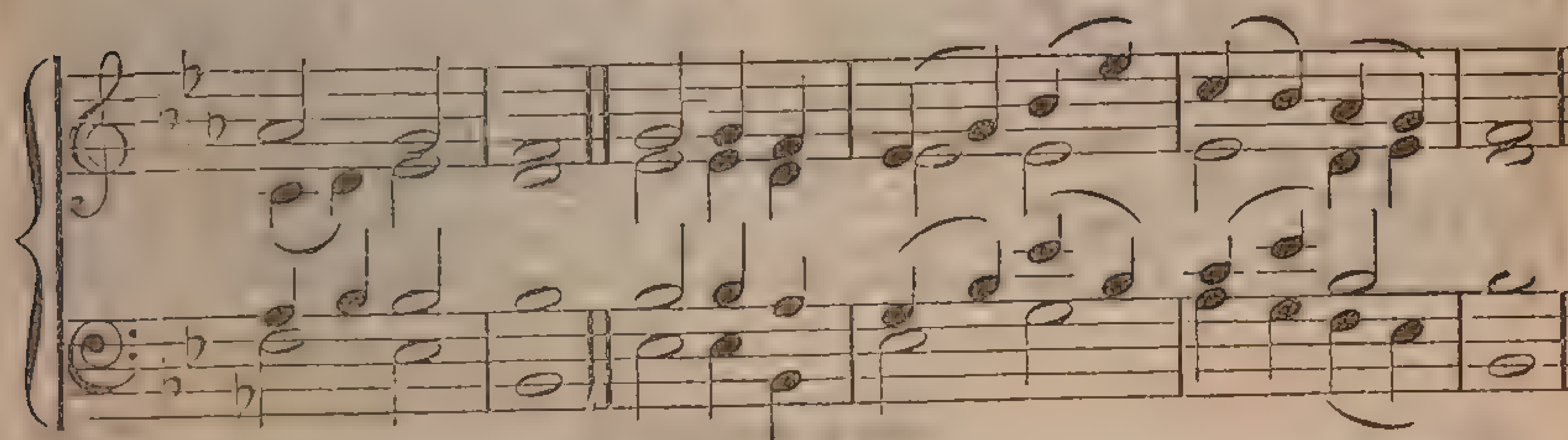
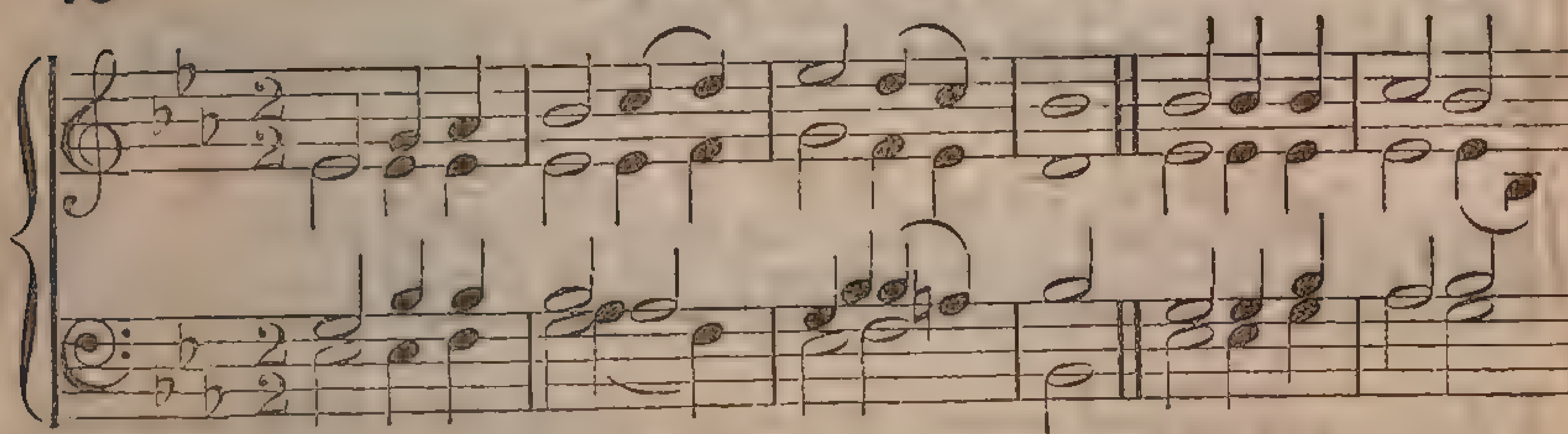
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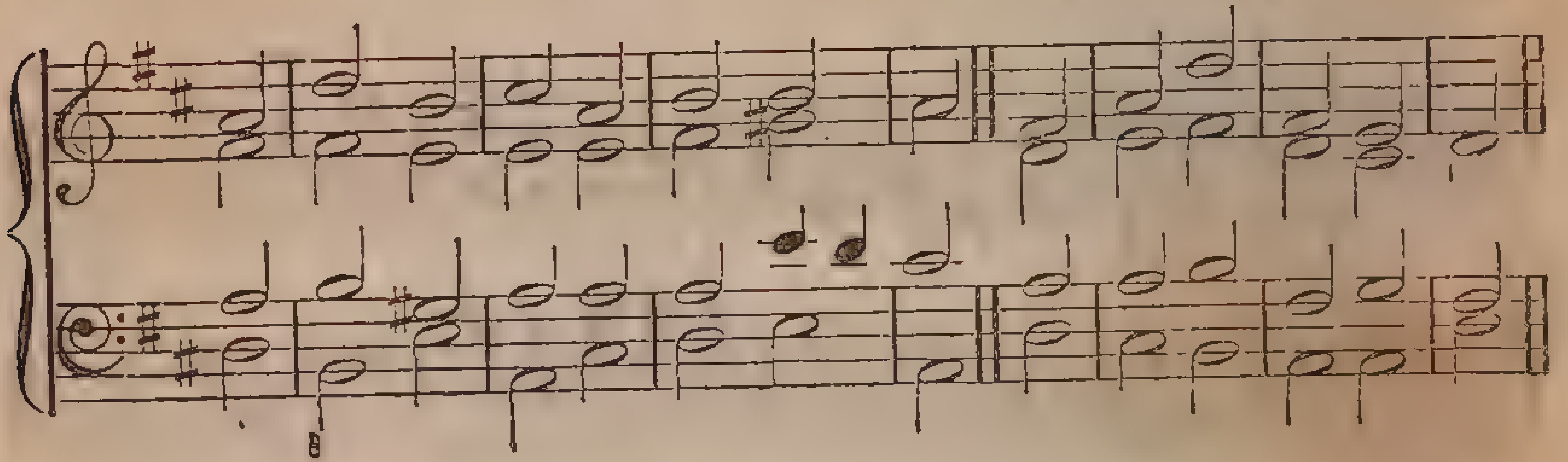
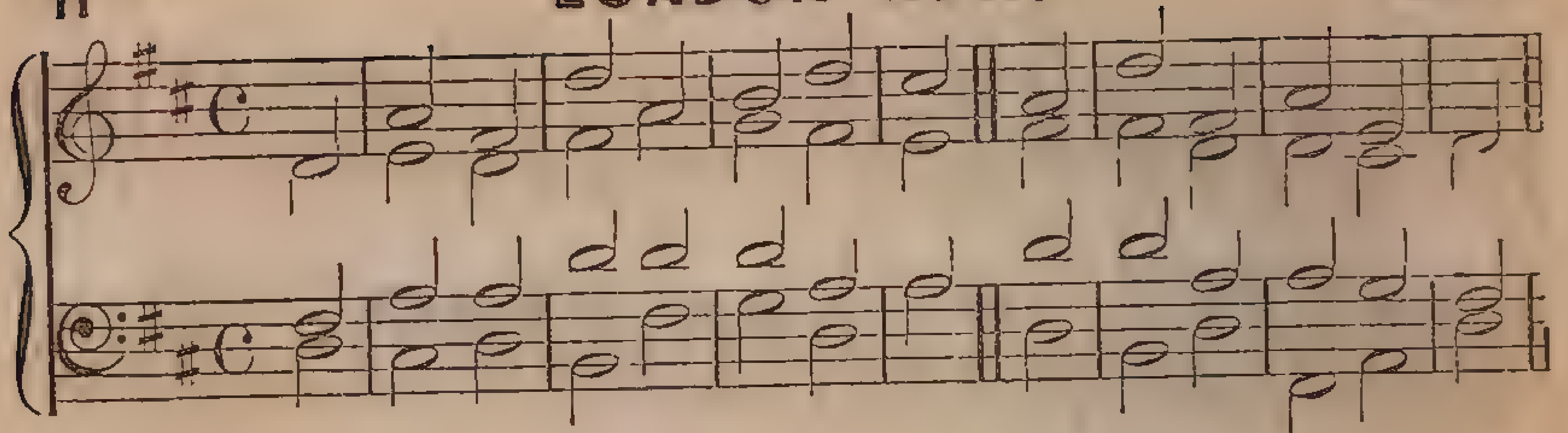
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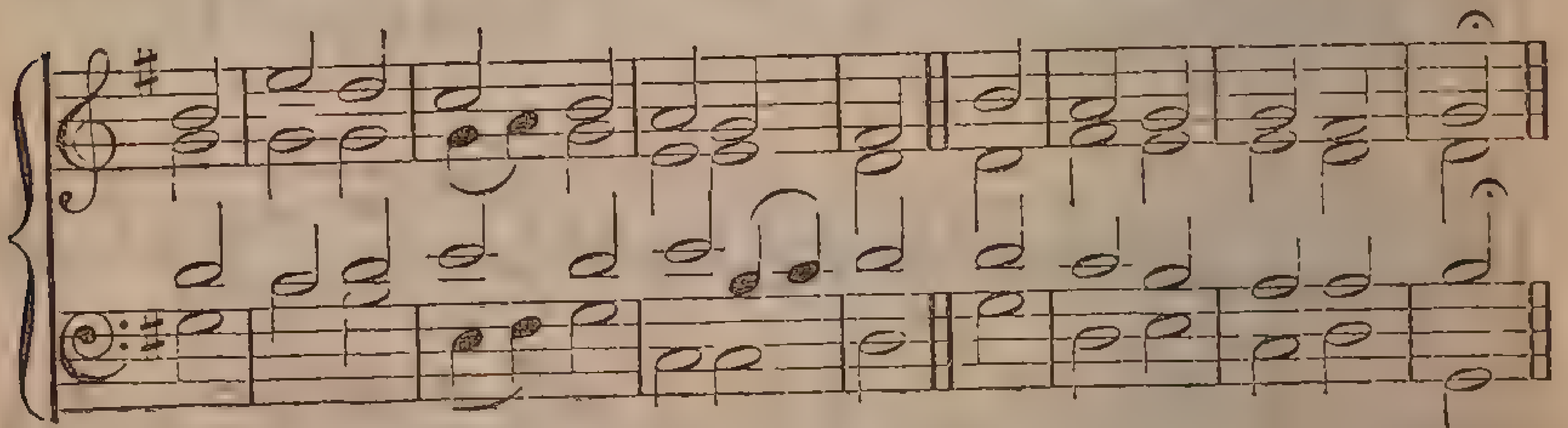
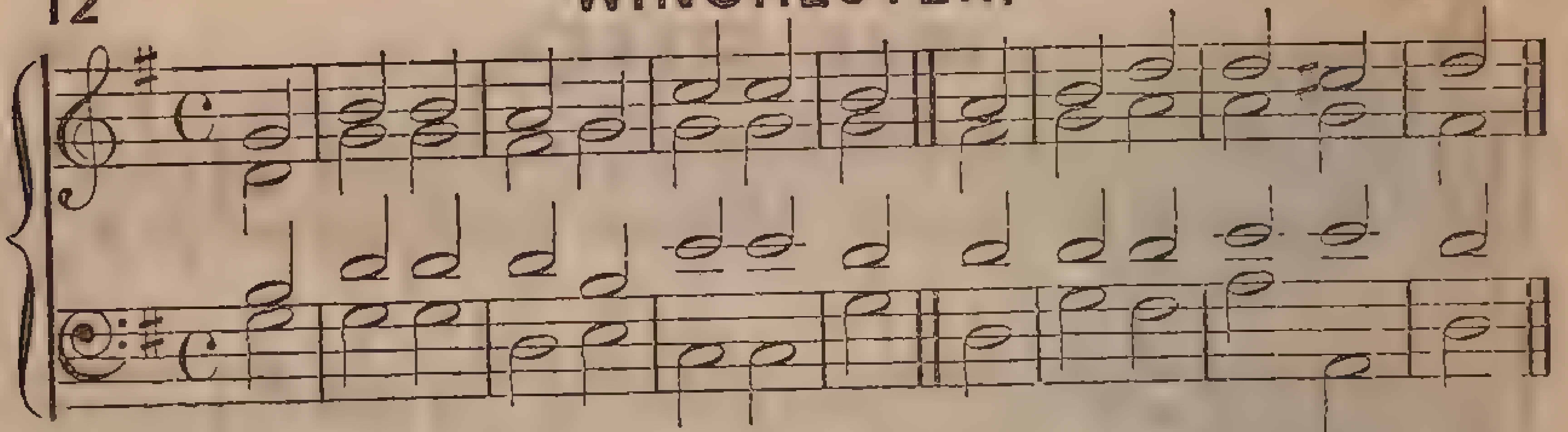
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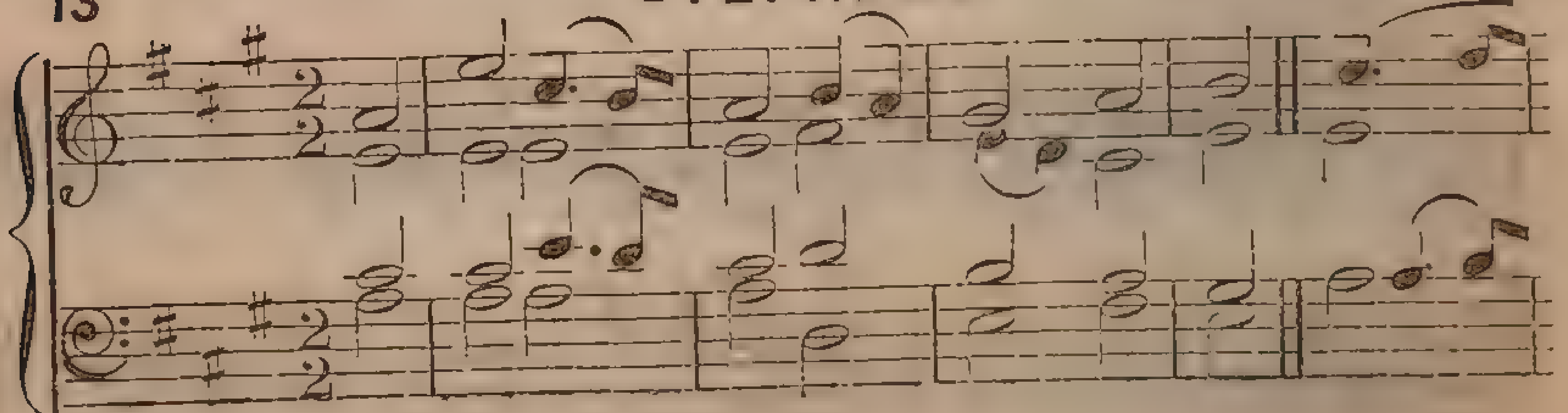
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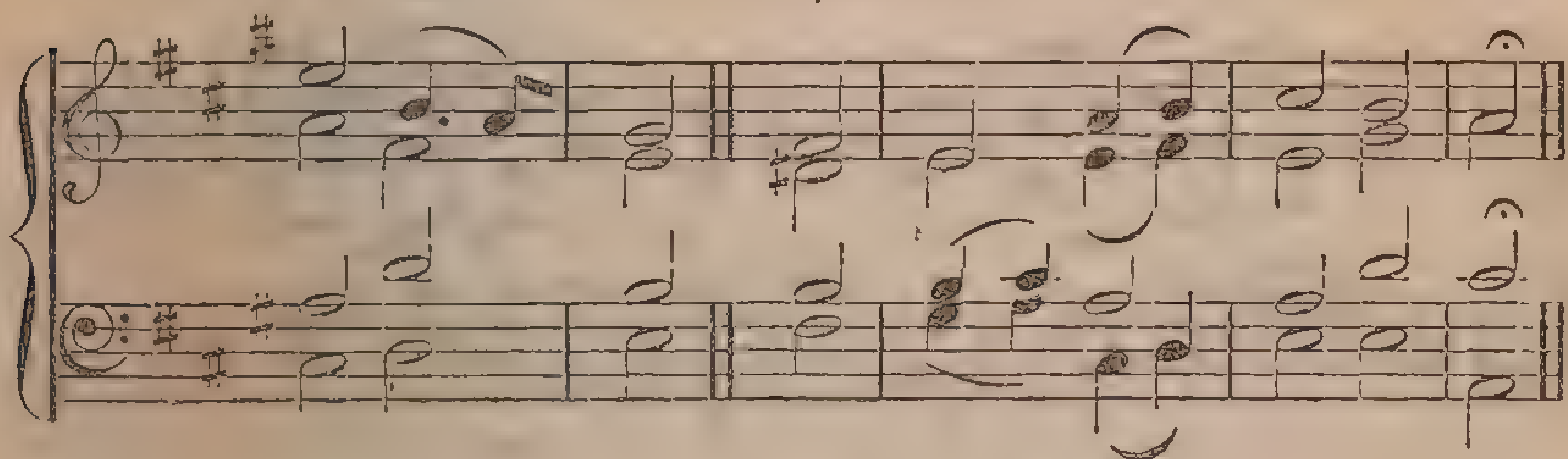
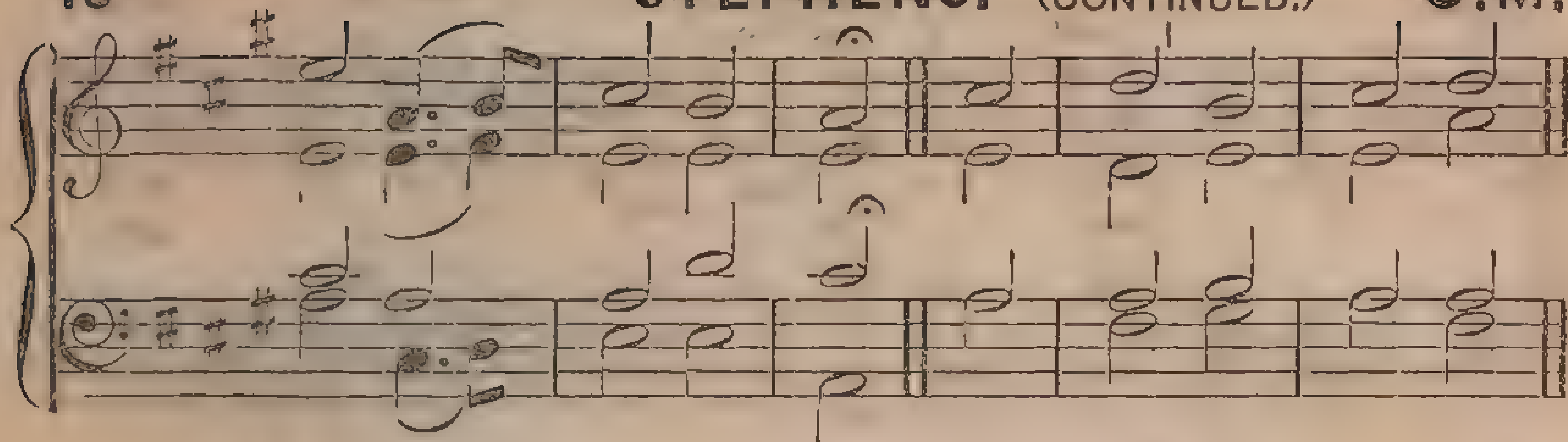
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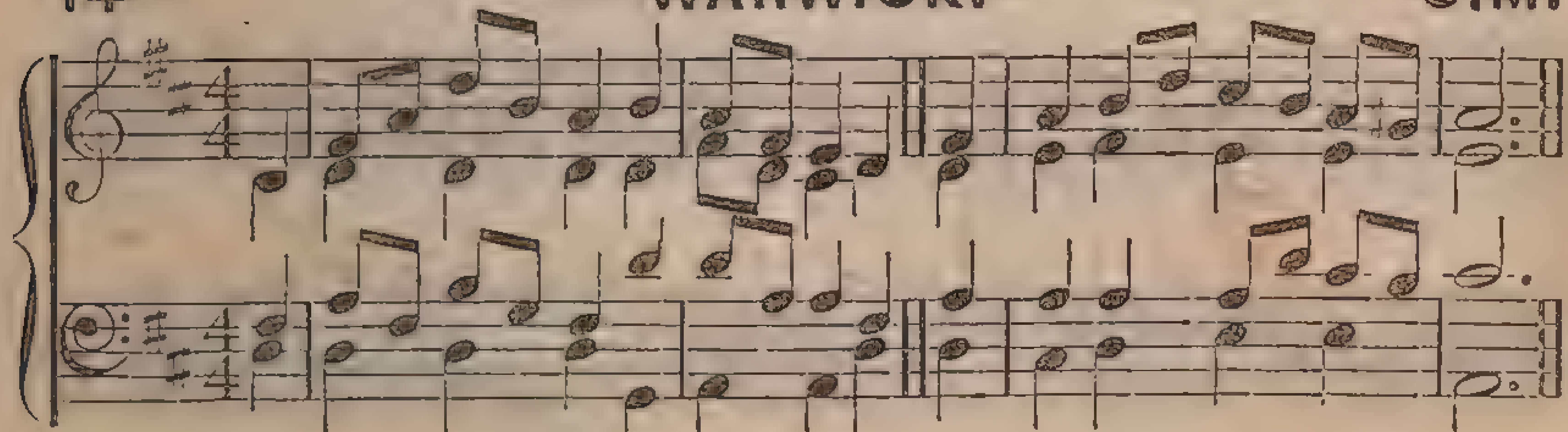
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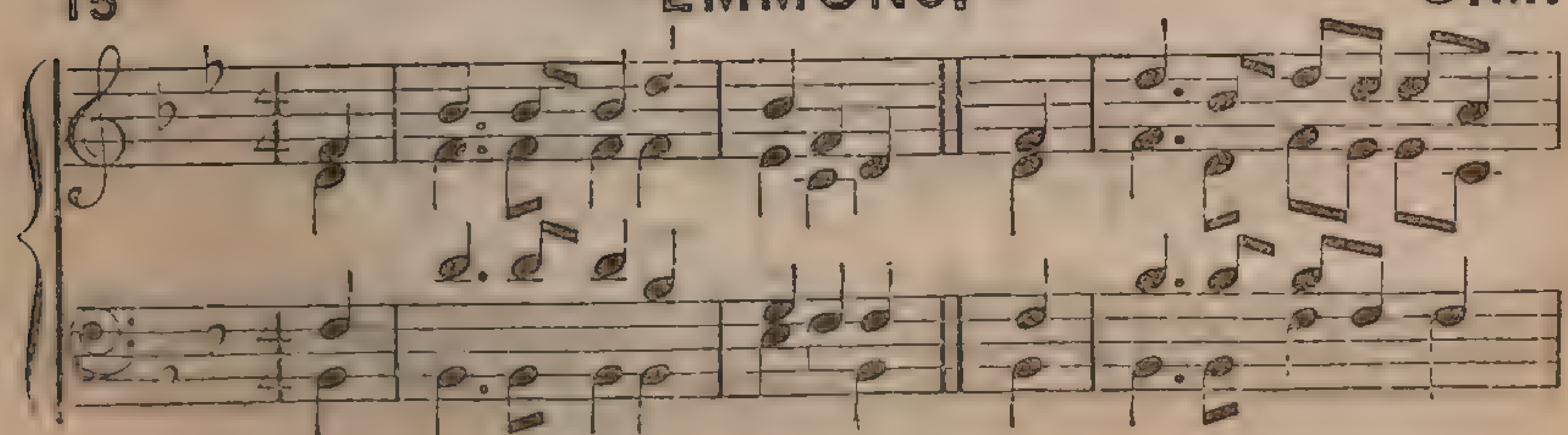
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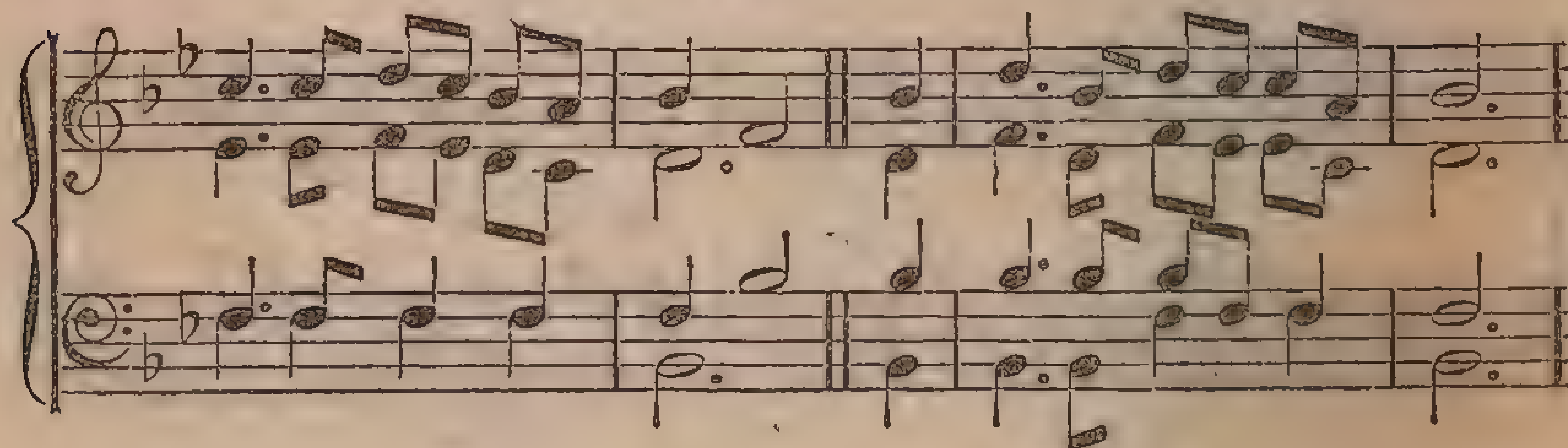
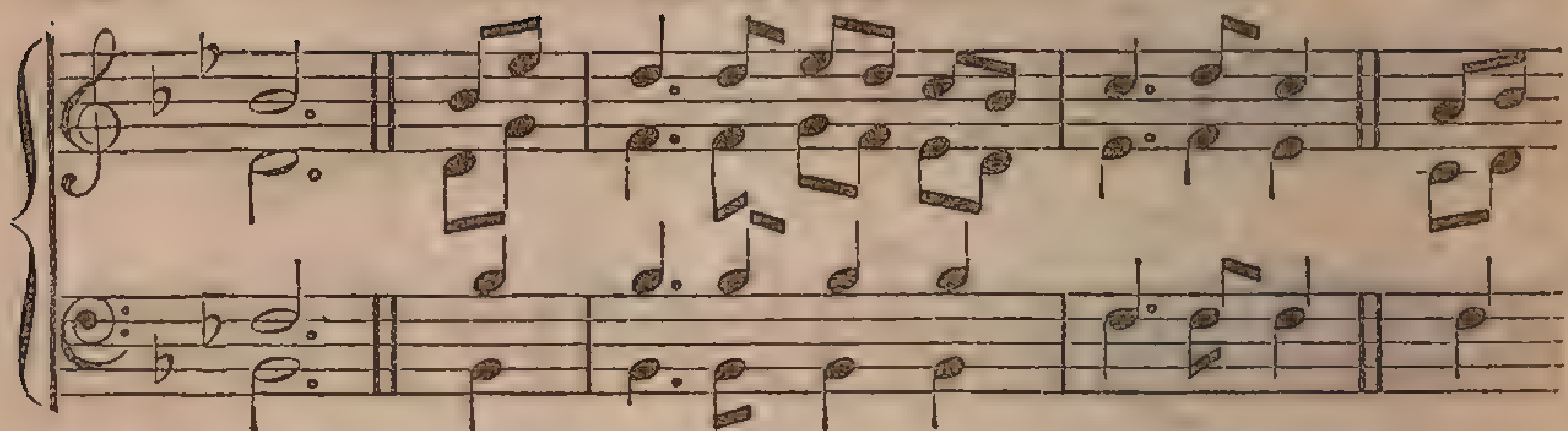
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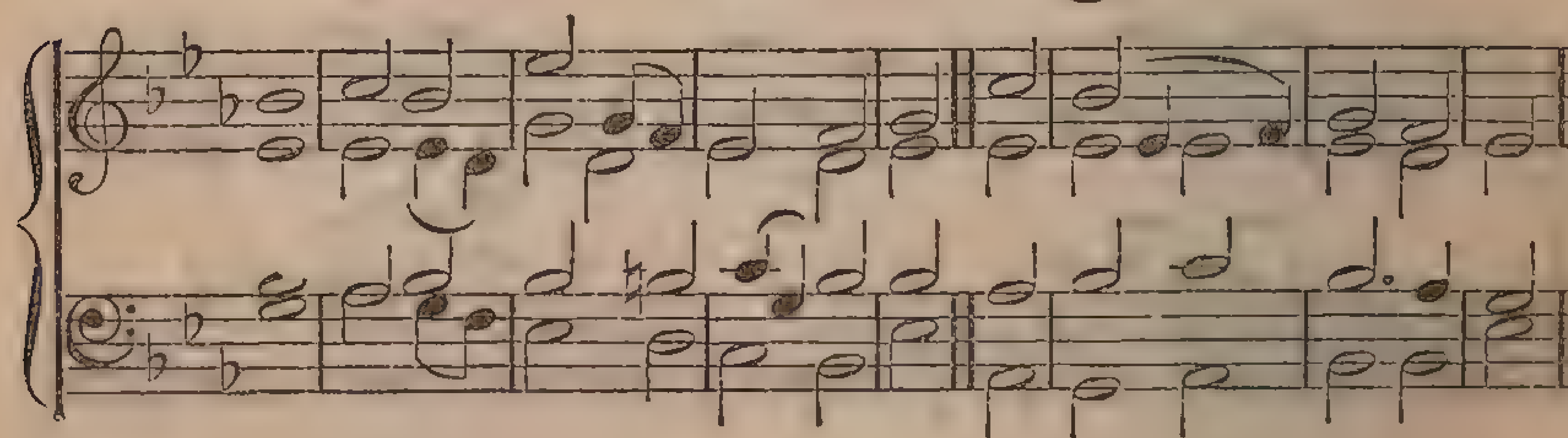
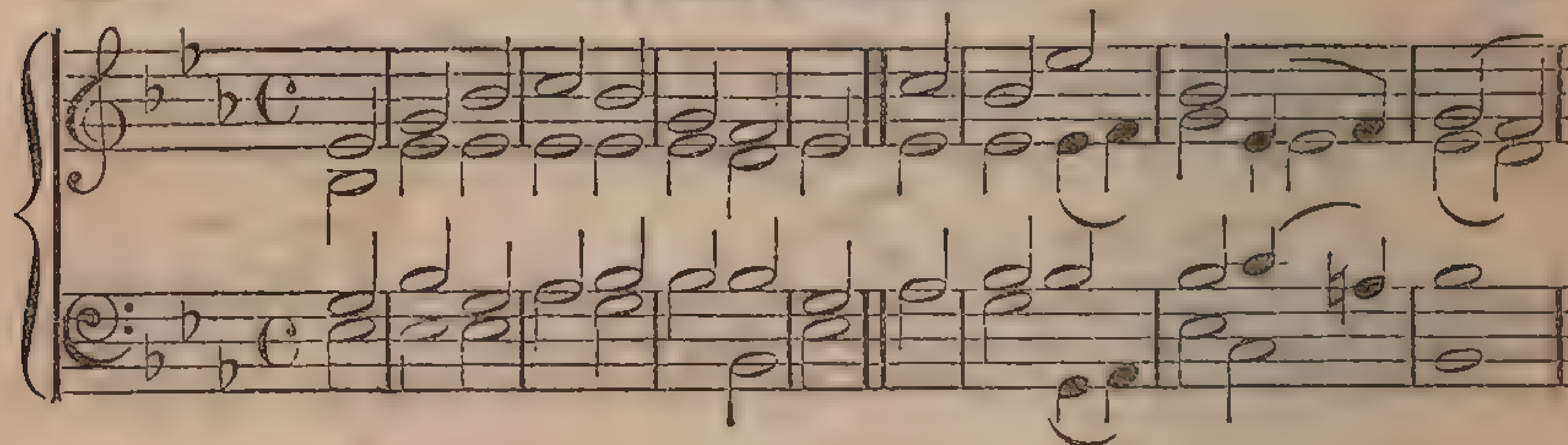
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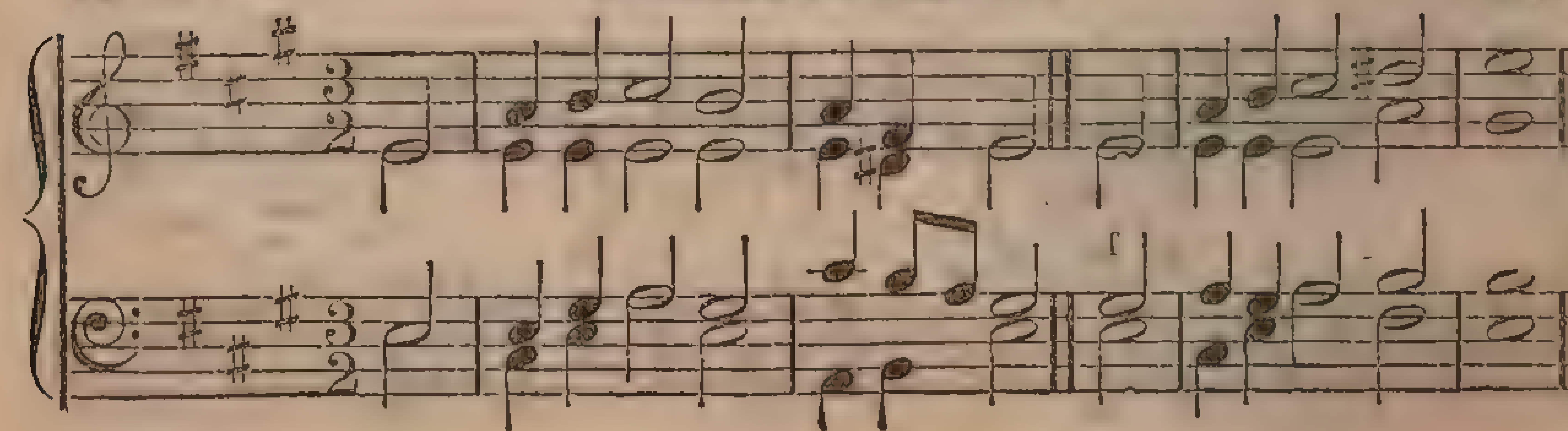
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CHELMSFORD.

C.M.



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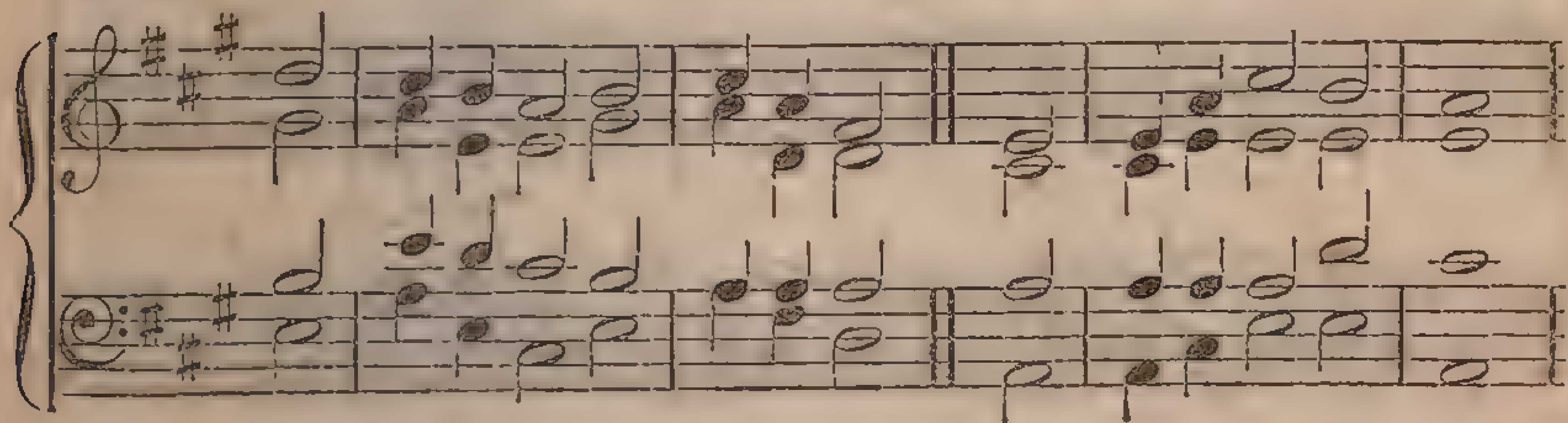
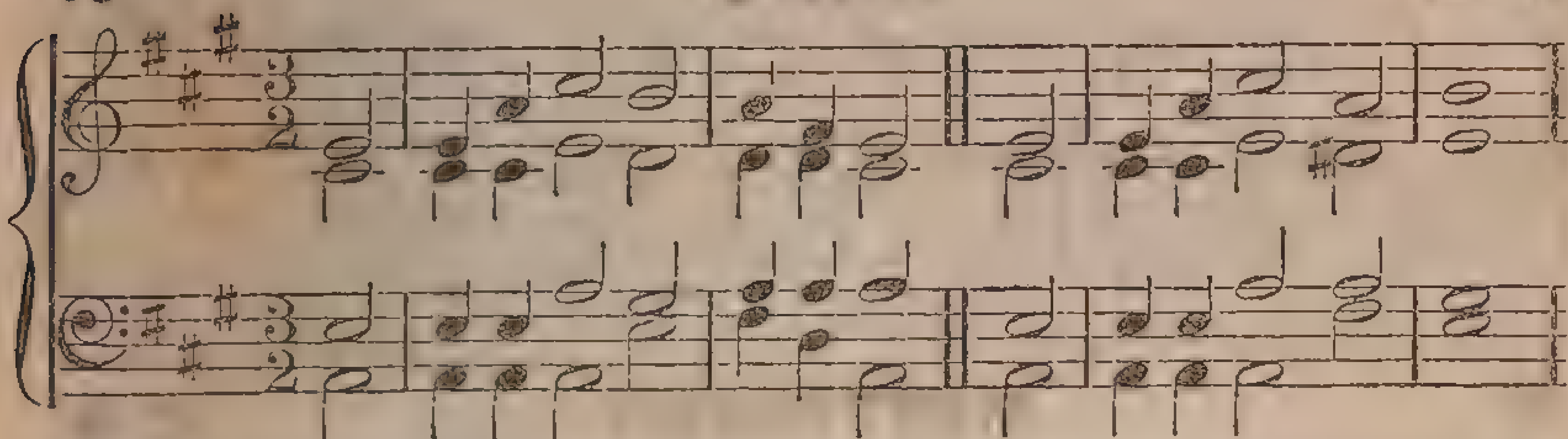
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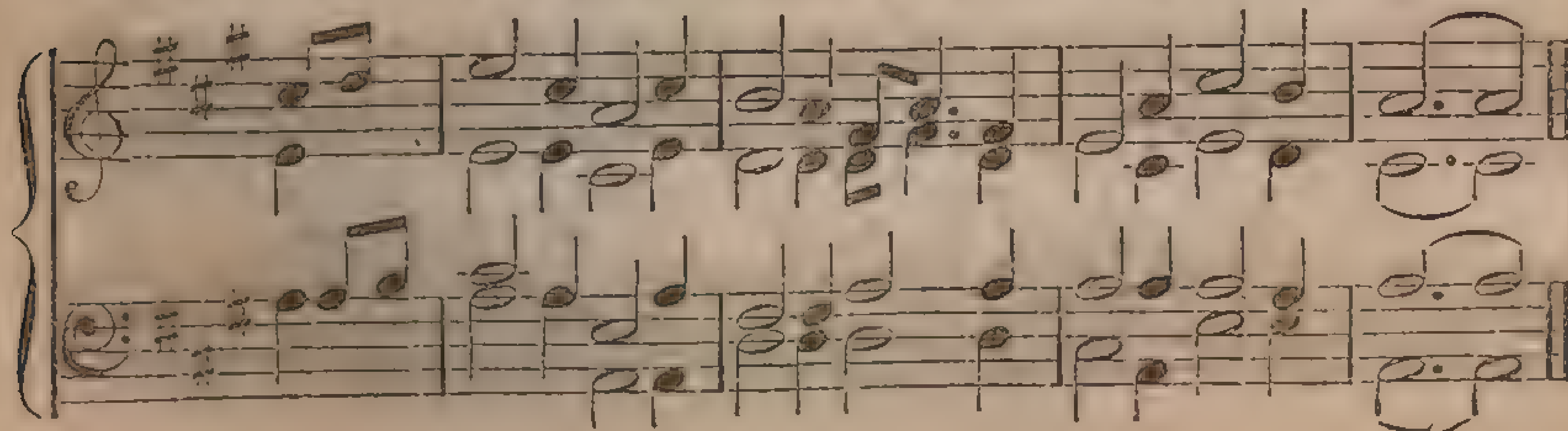
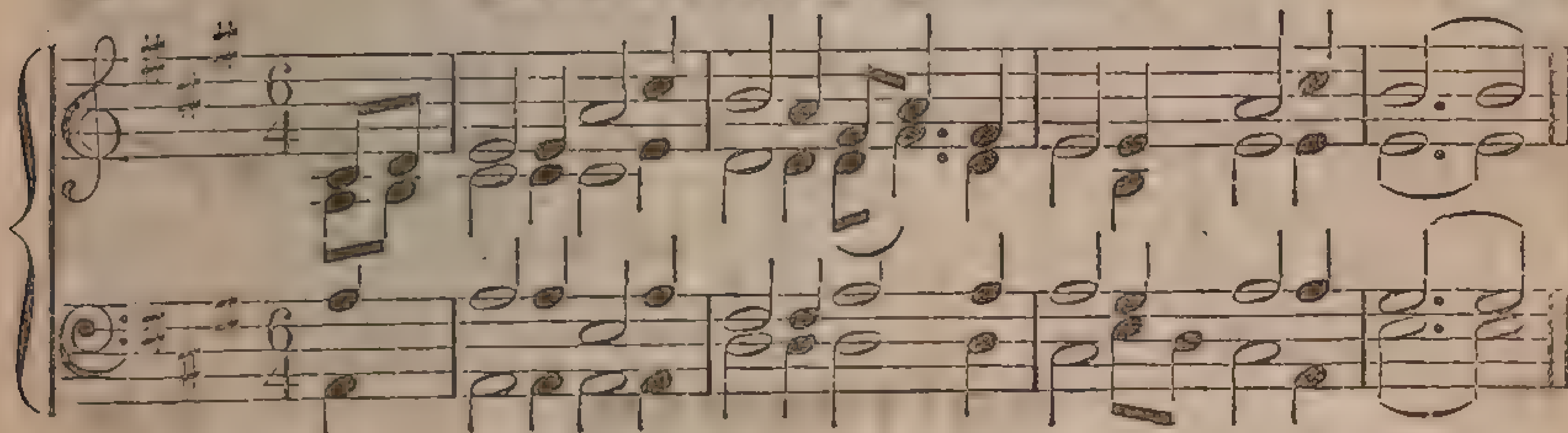
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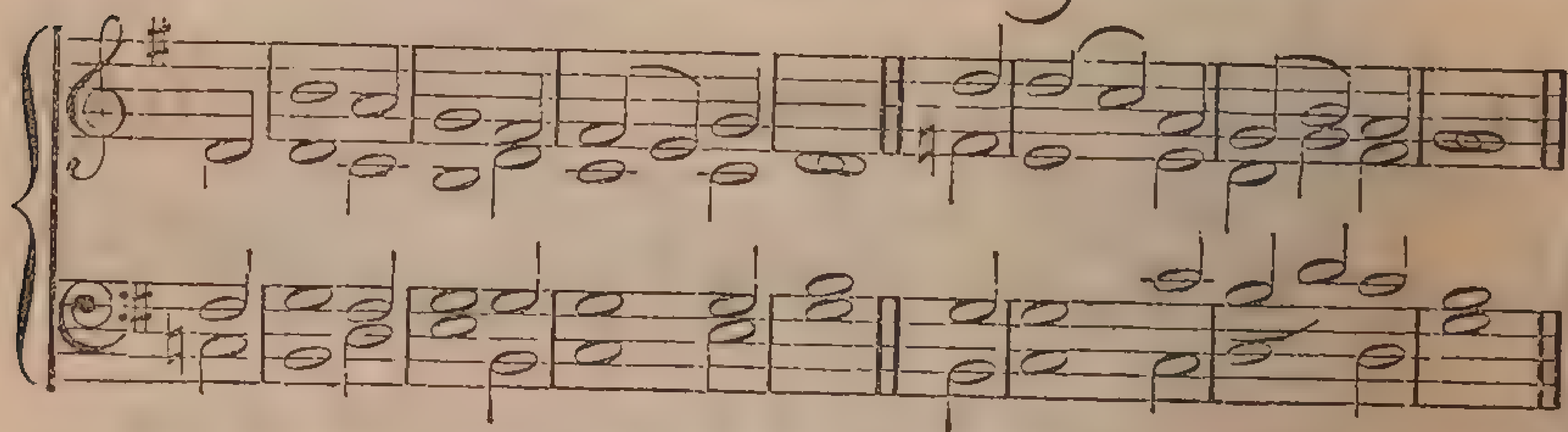
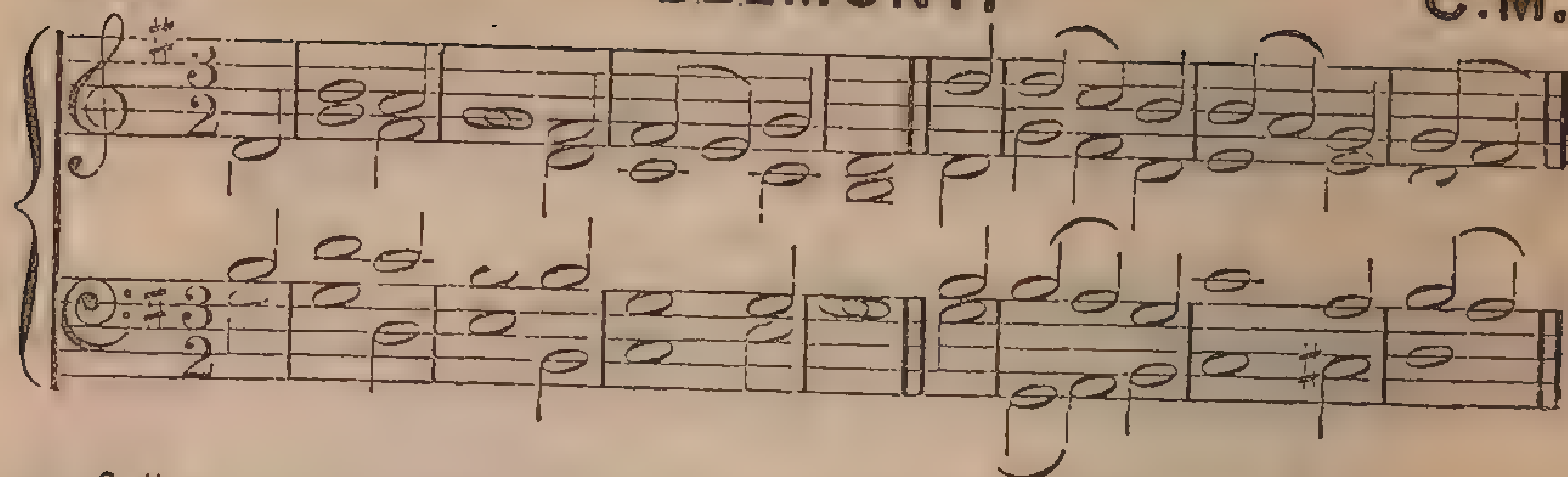
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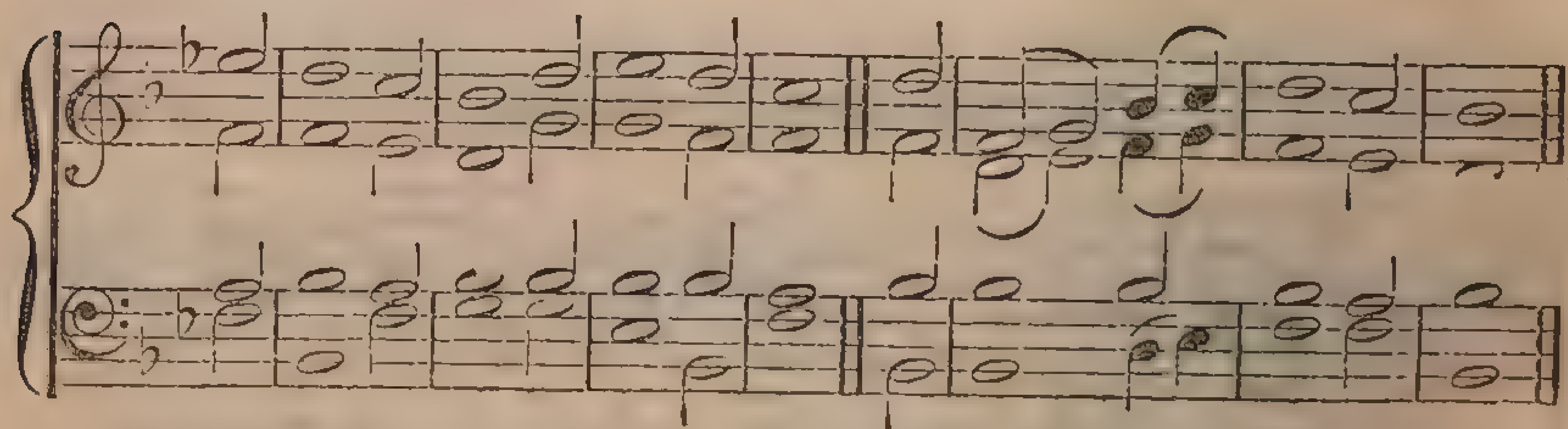
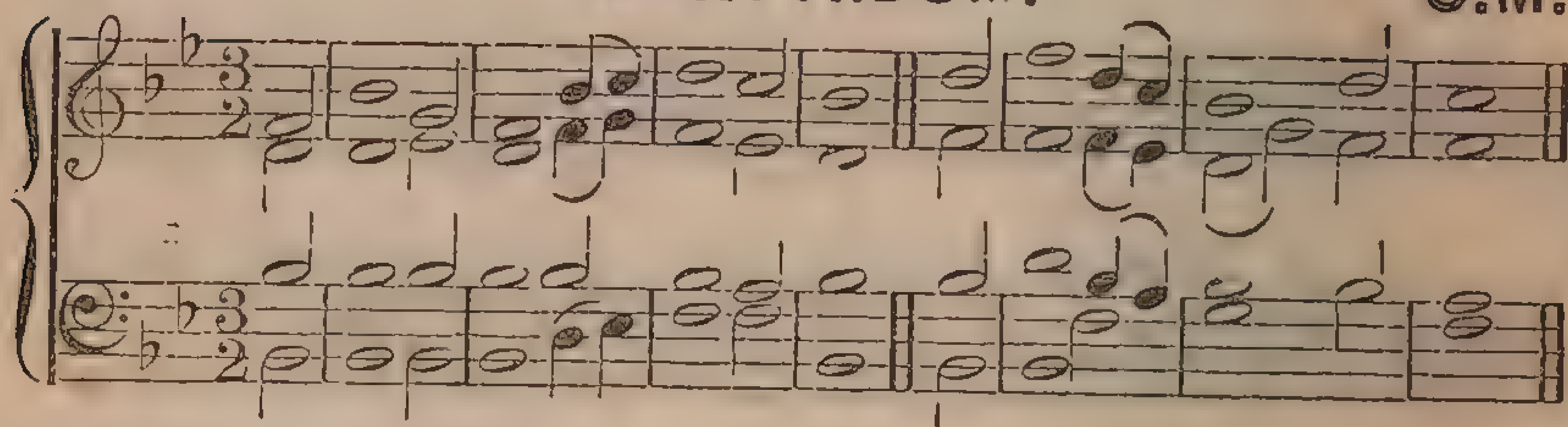
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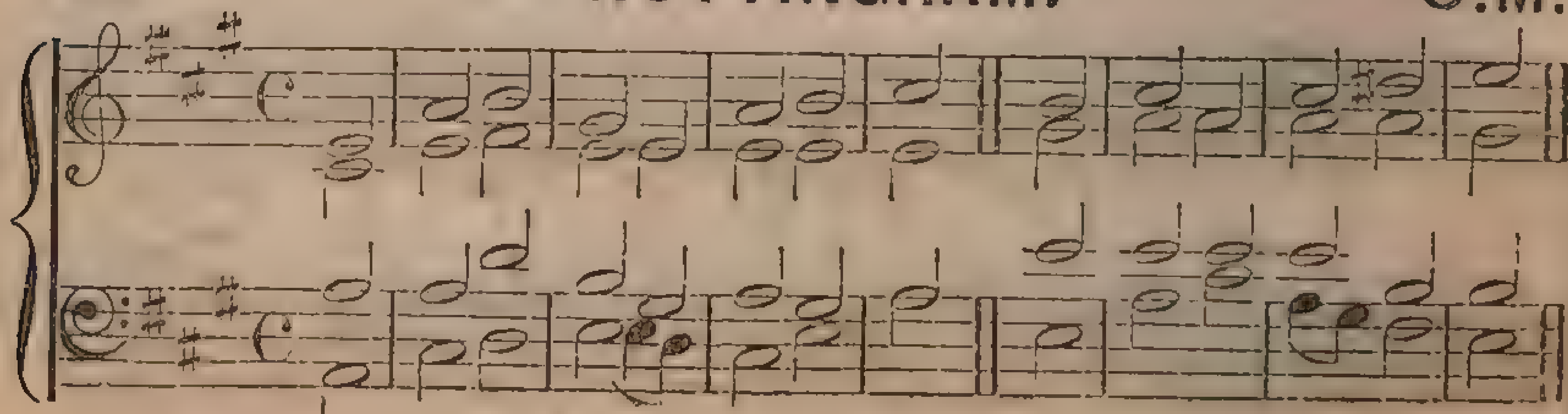
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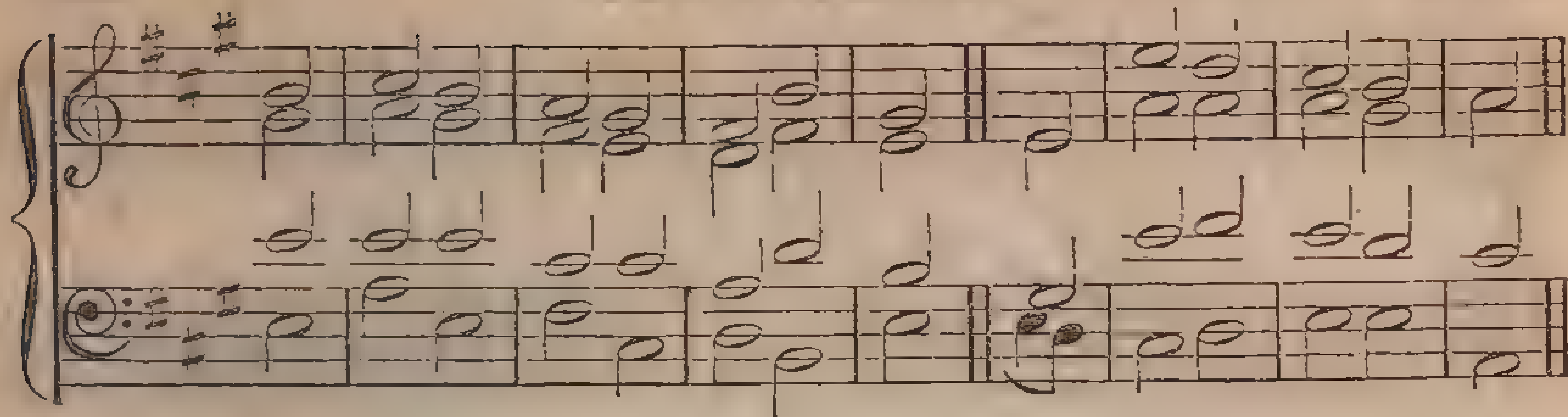
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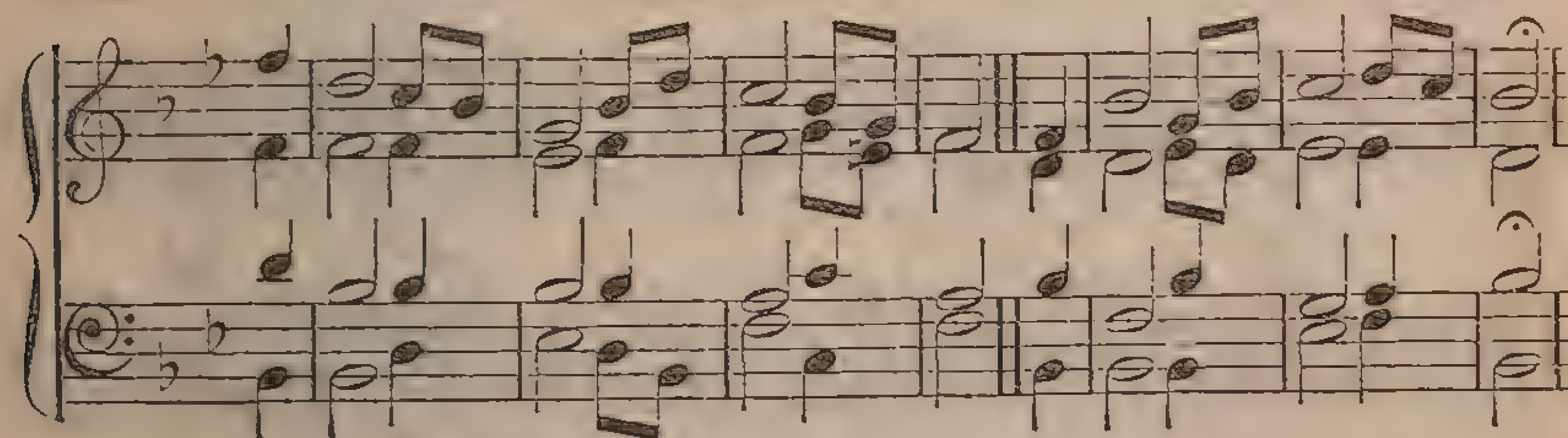
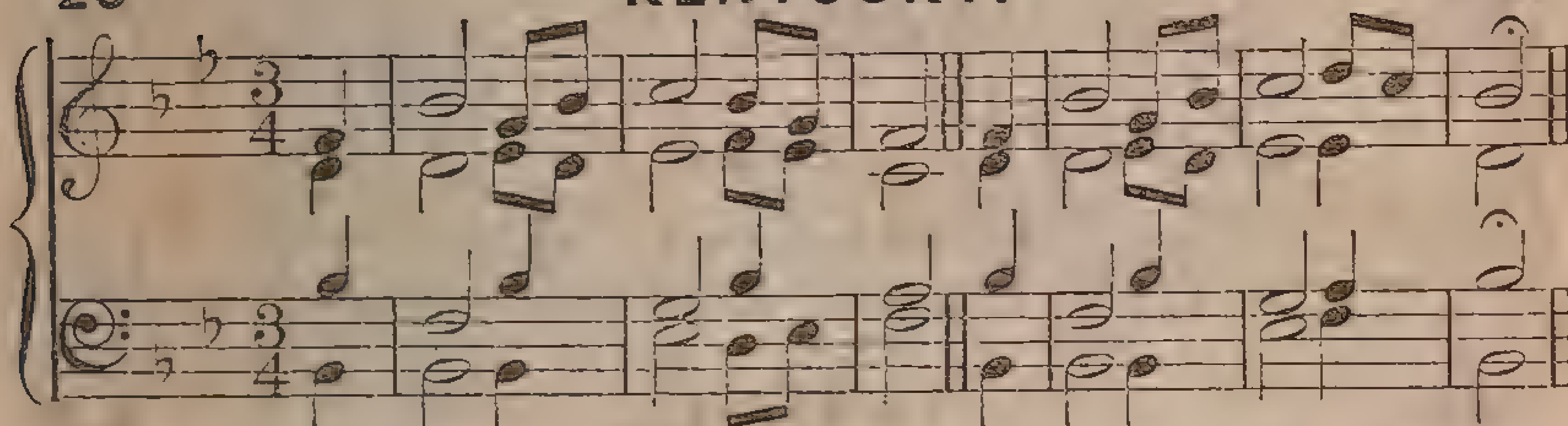
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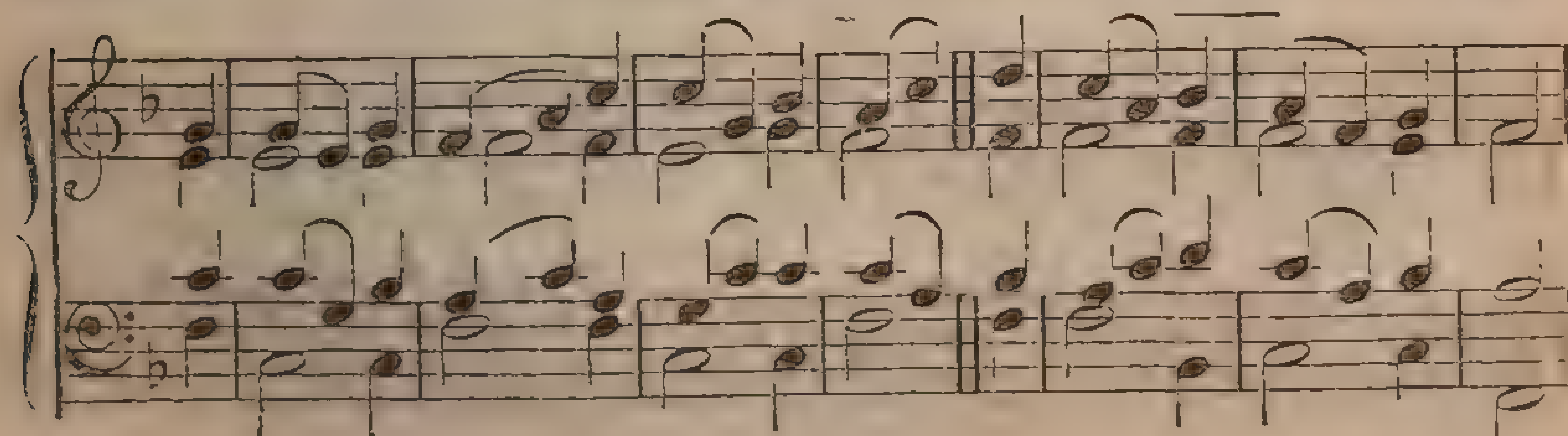
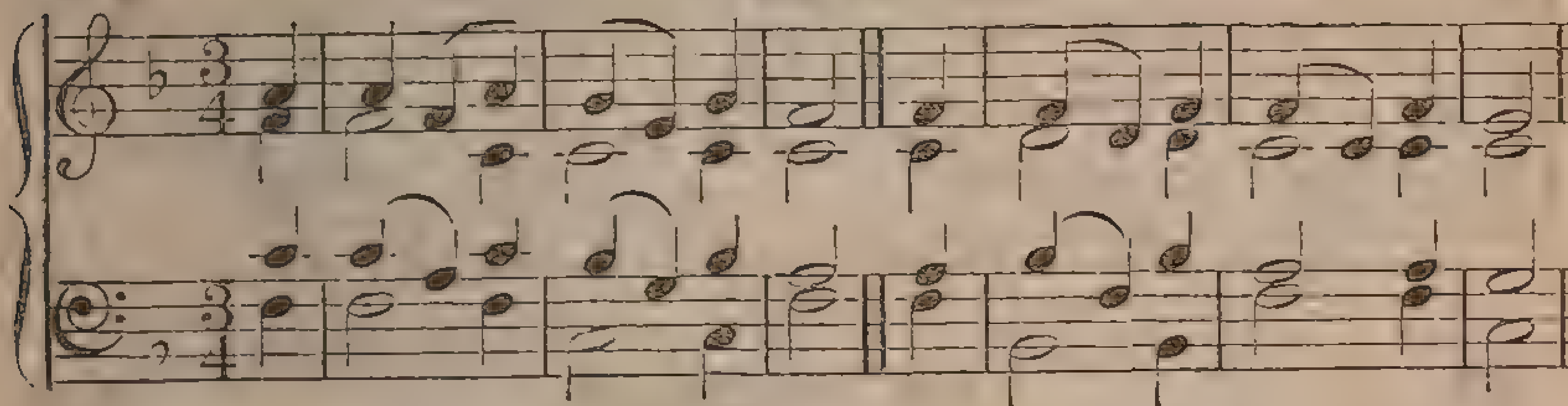
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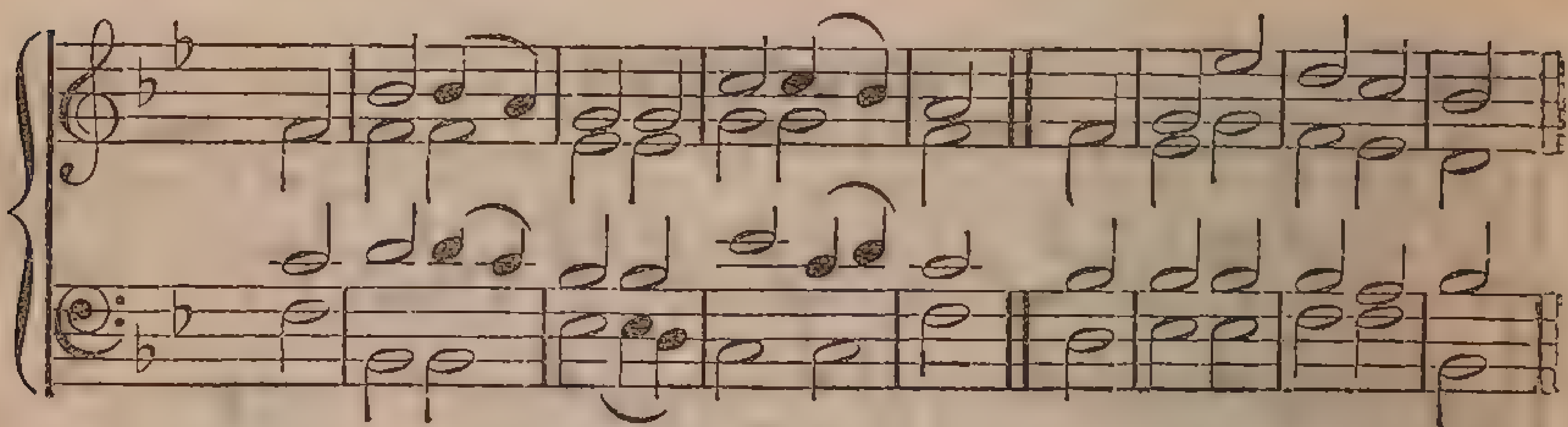
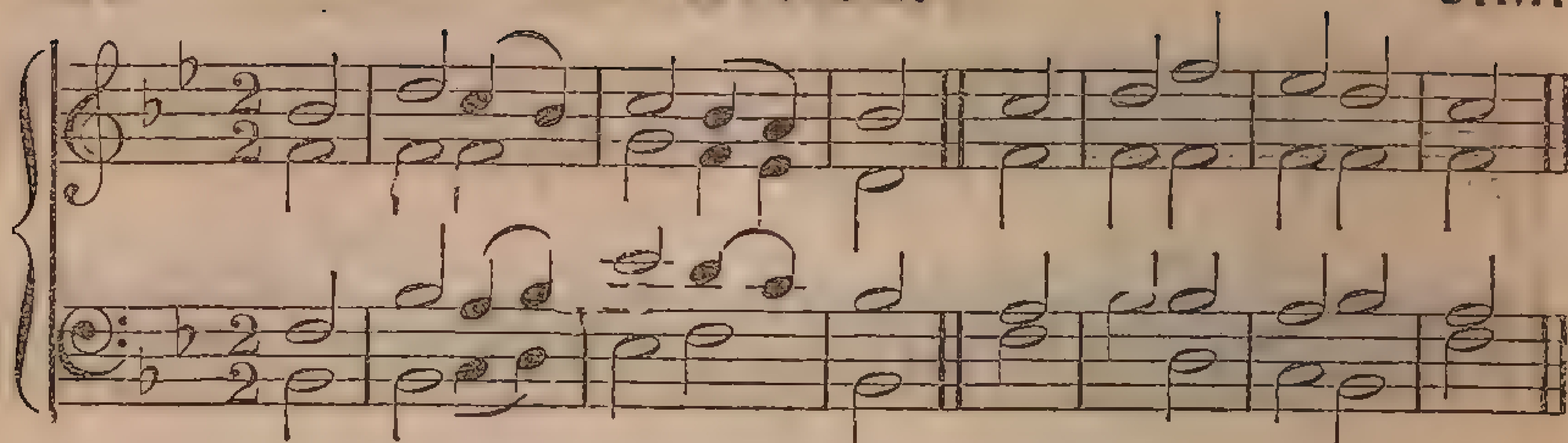
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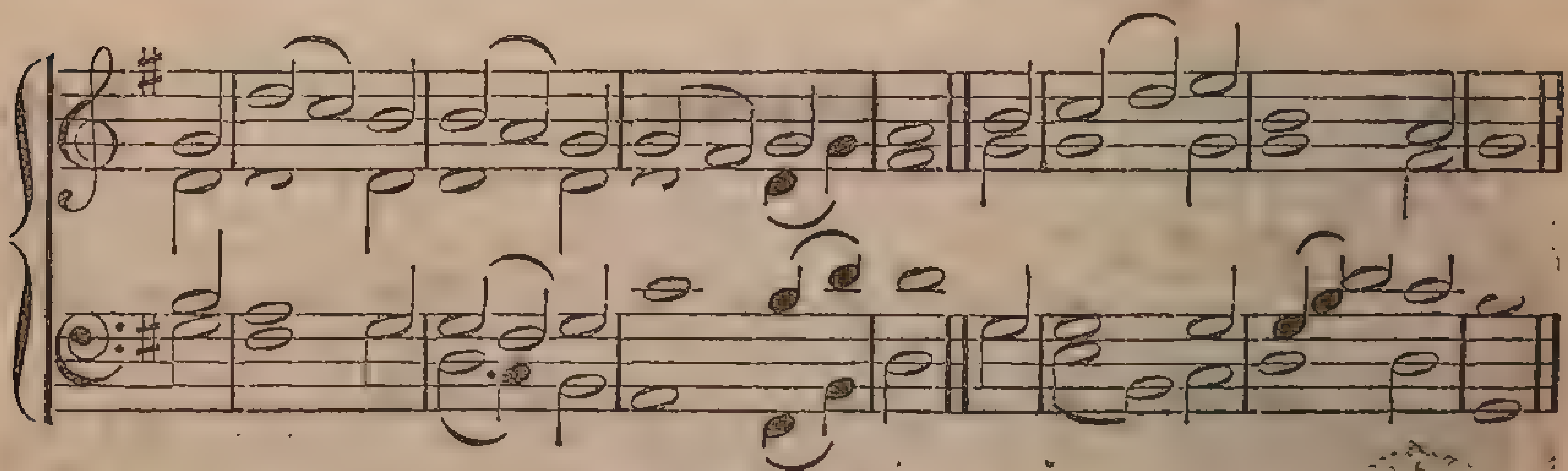
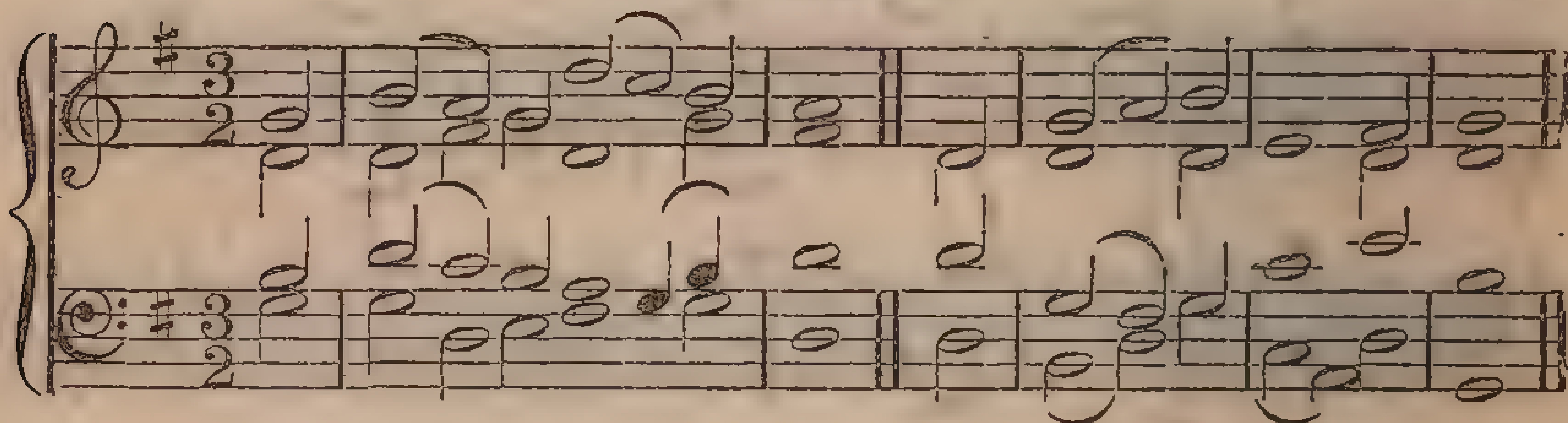
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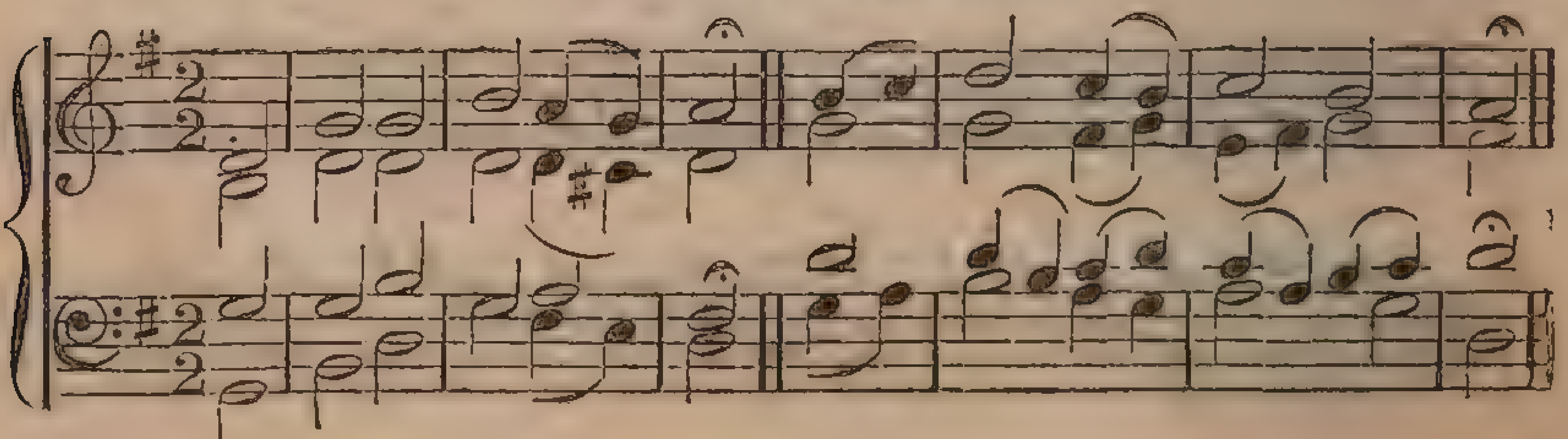
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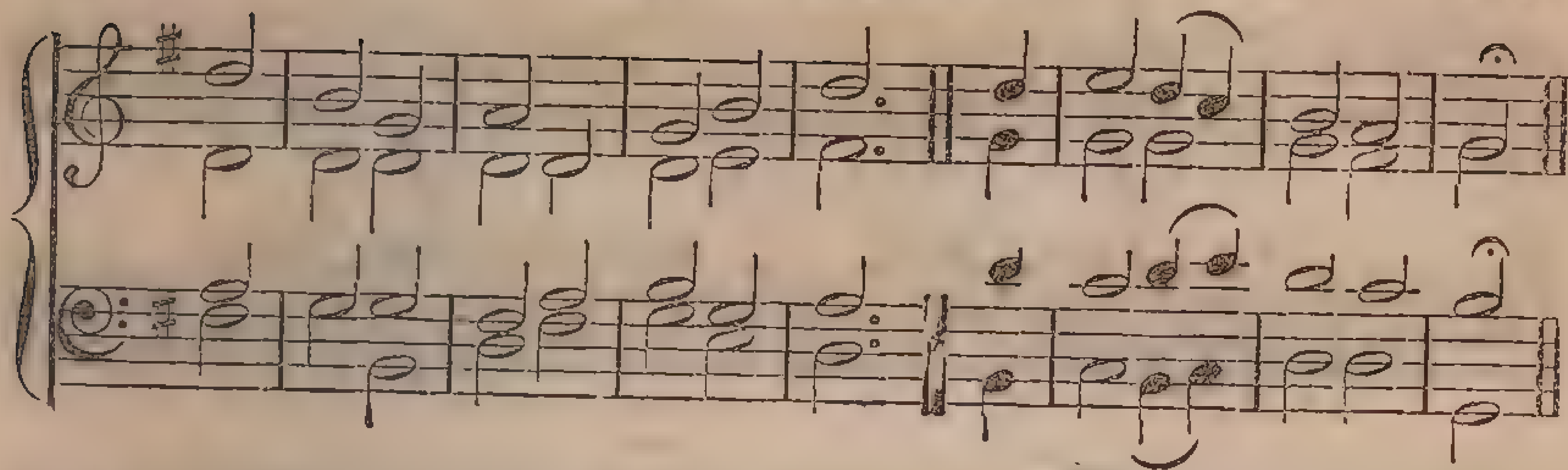
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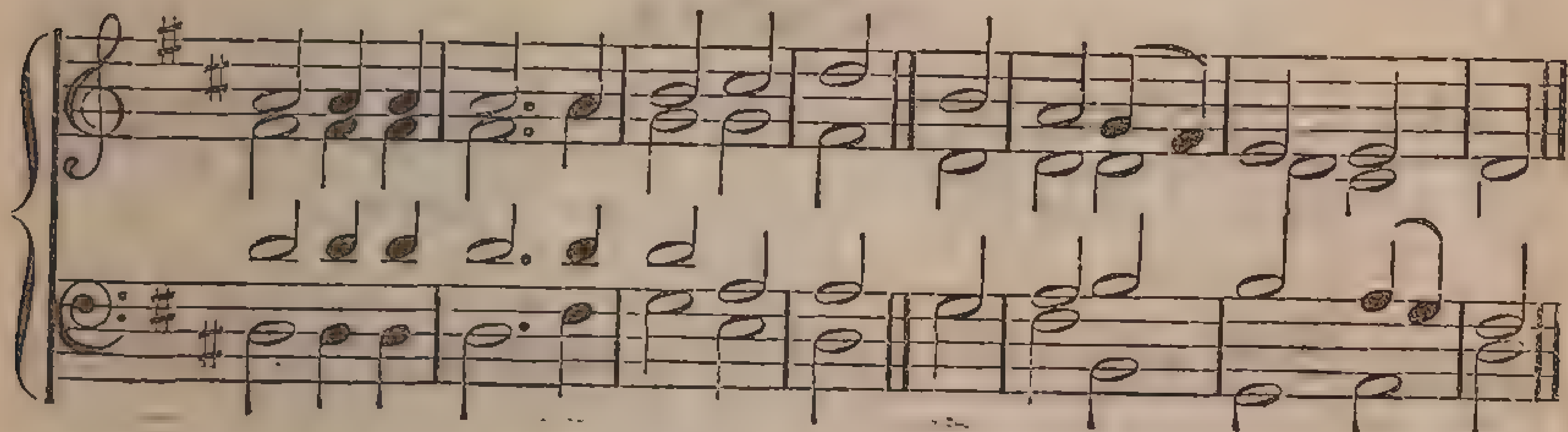
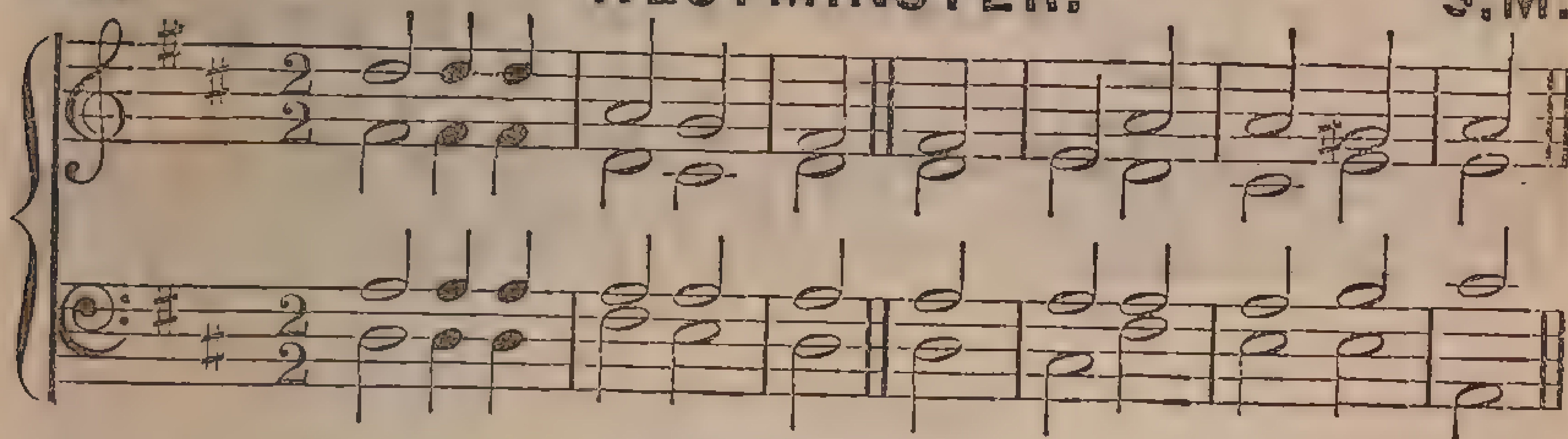
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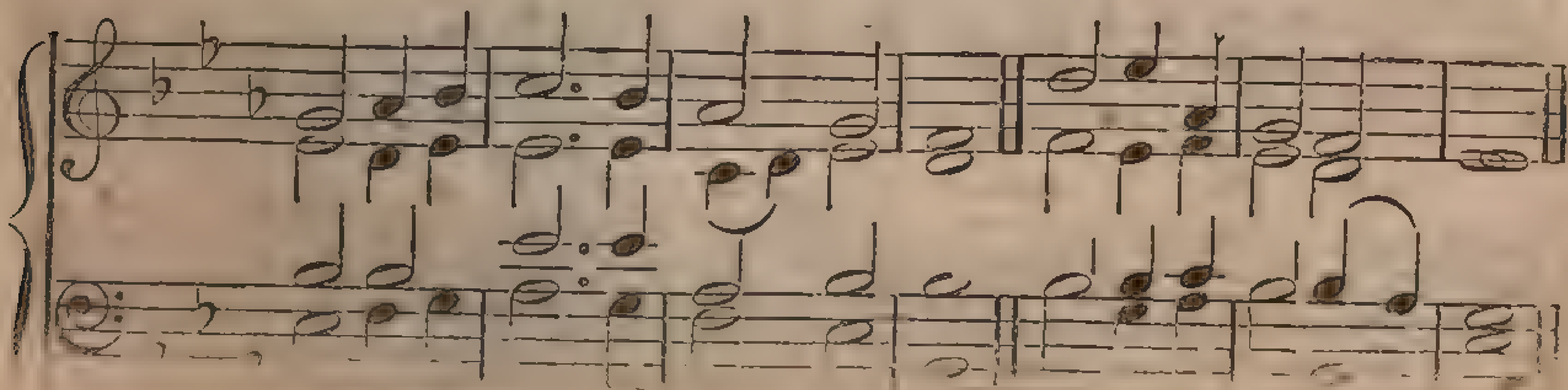
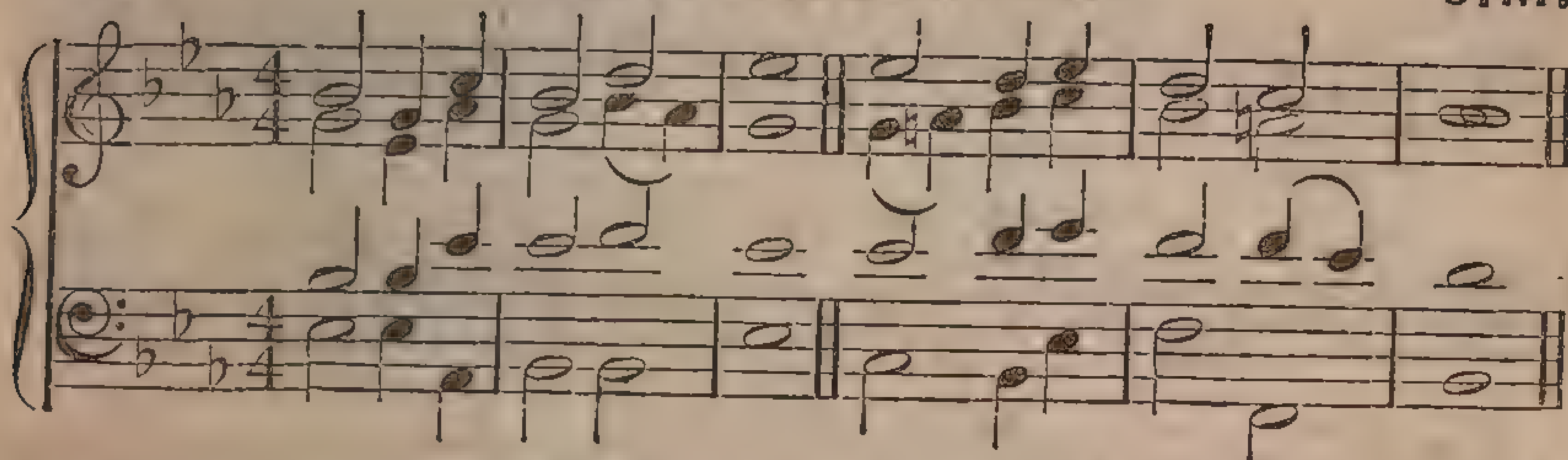
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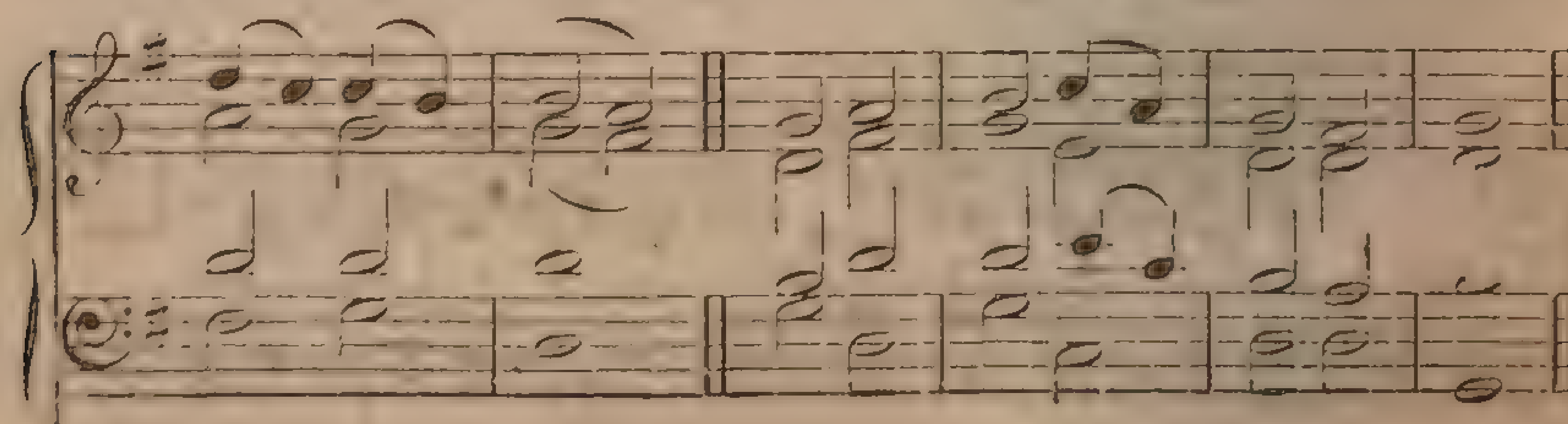
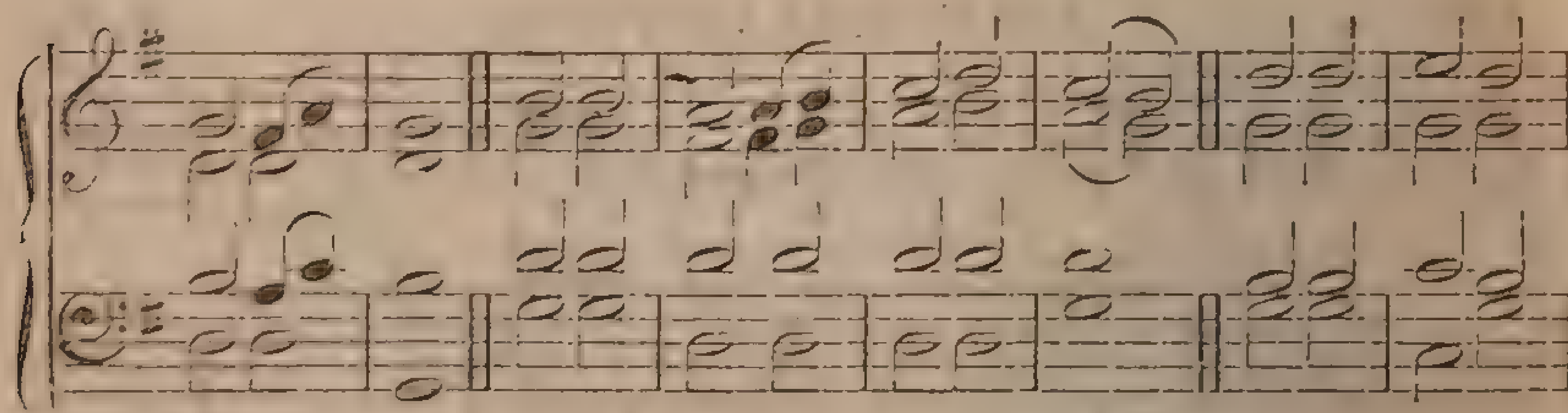
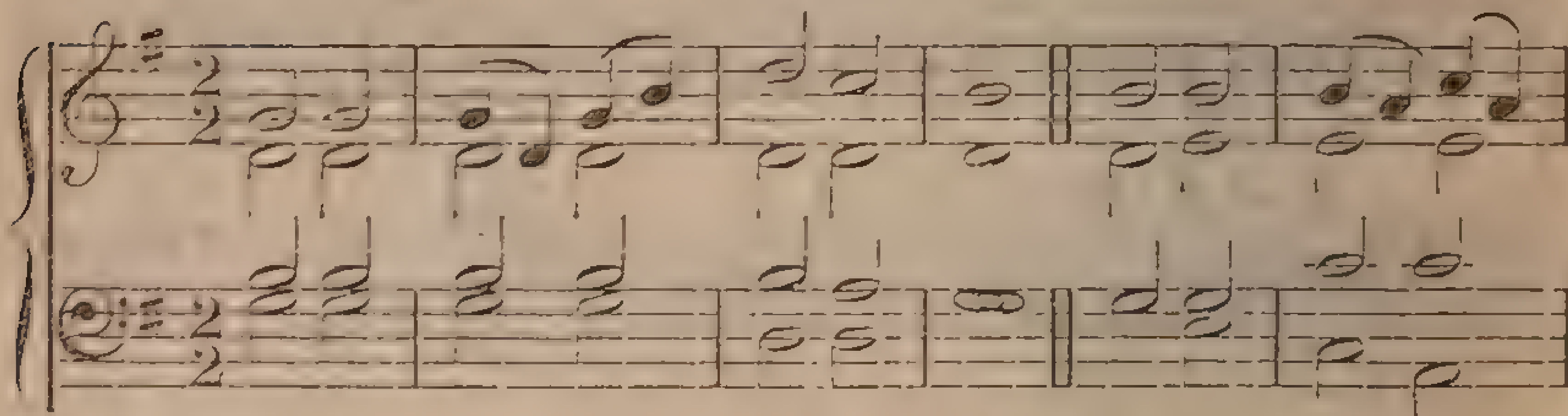
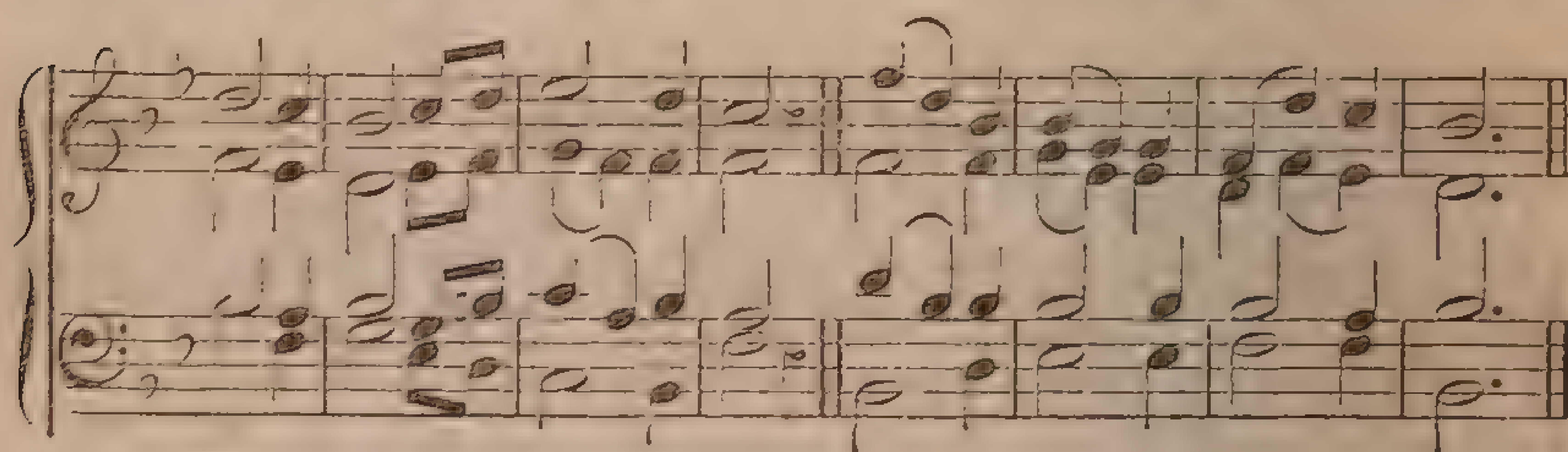
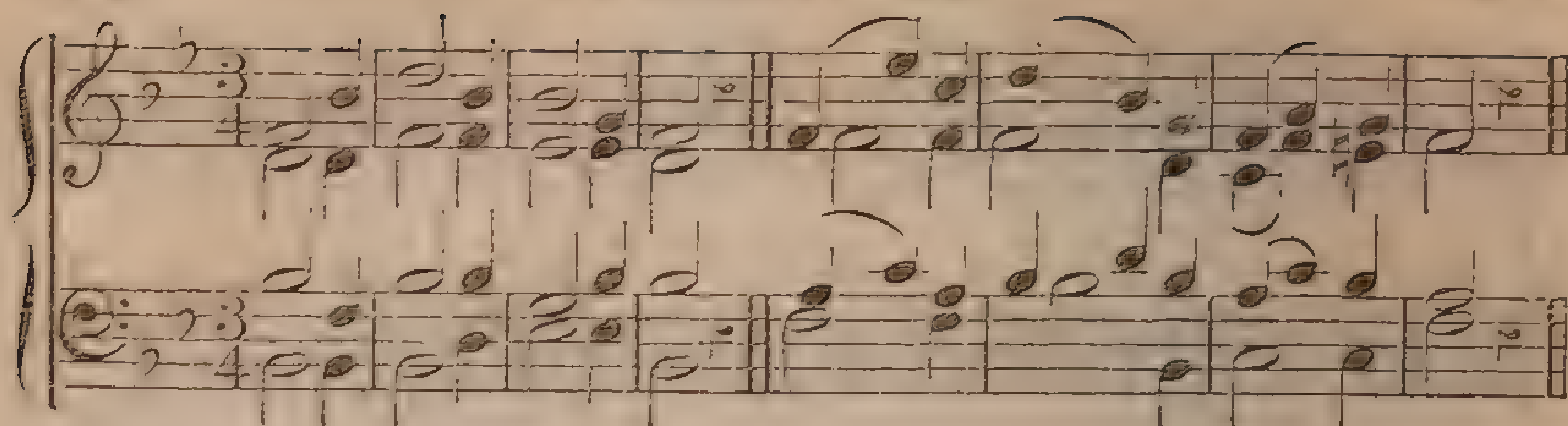
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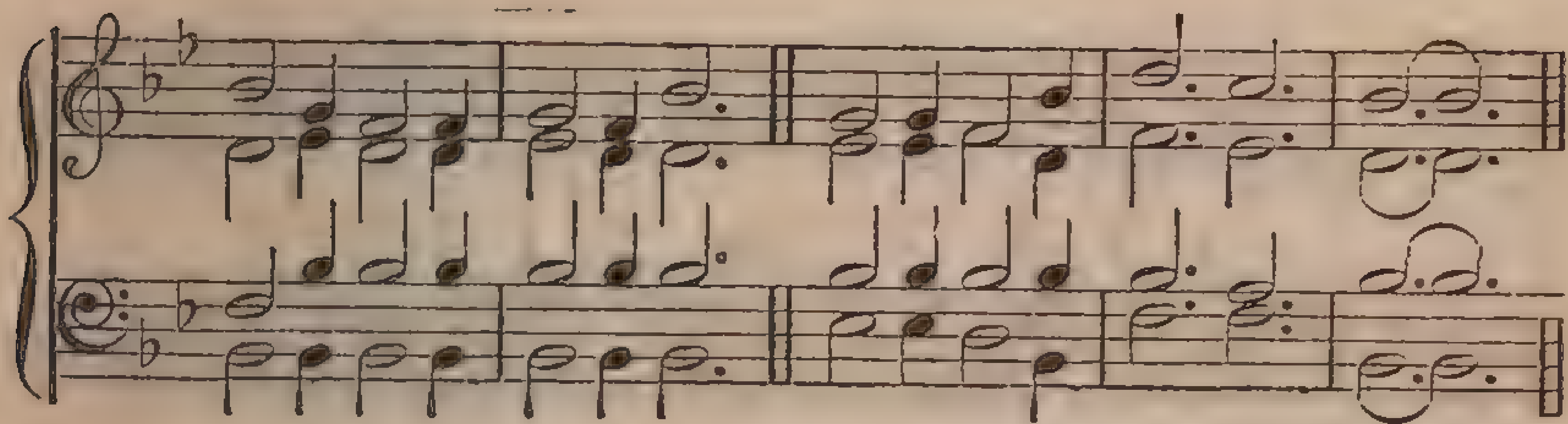
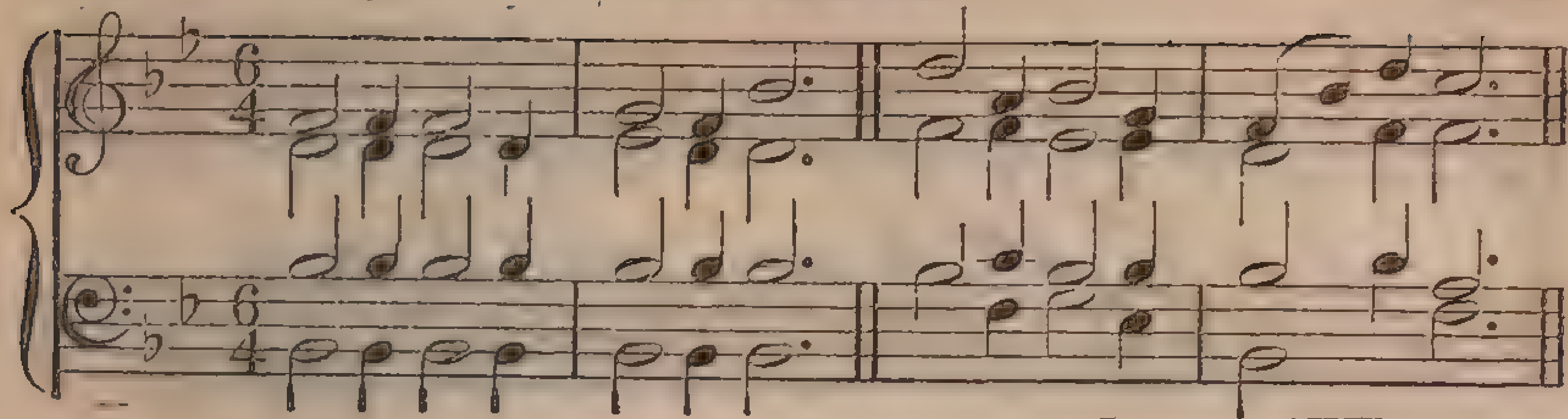




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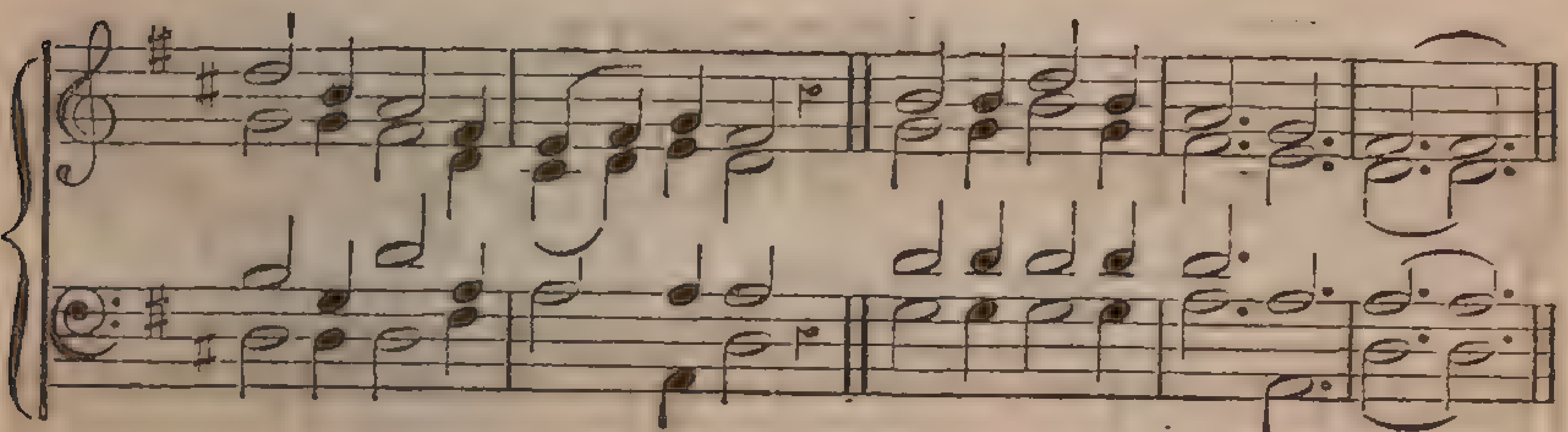
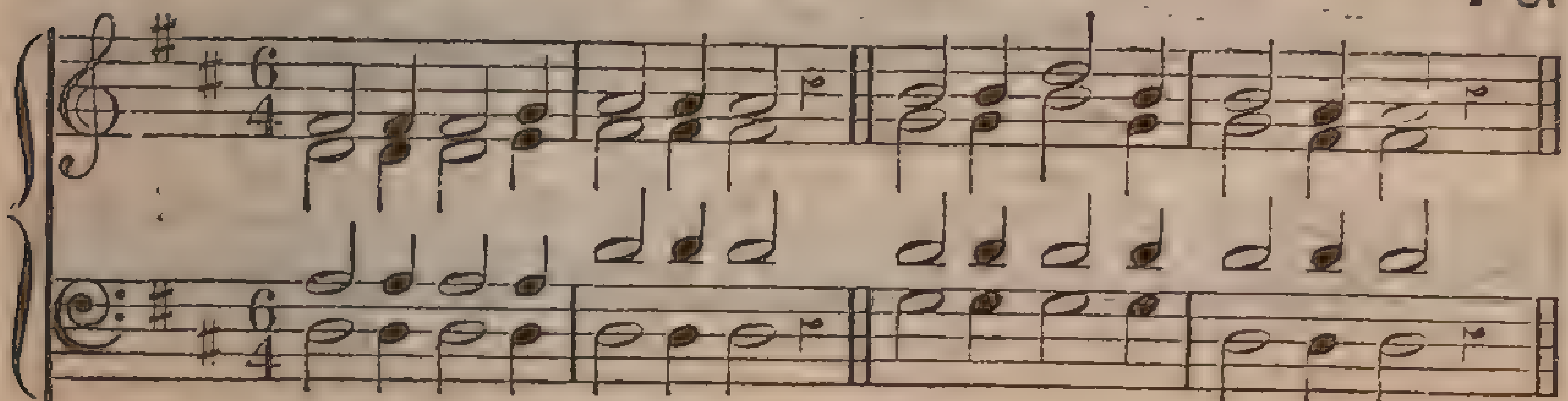
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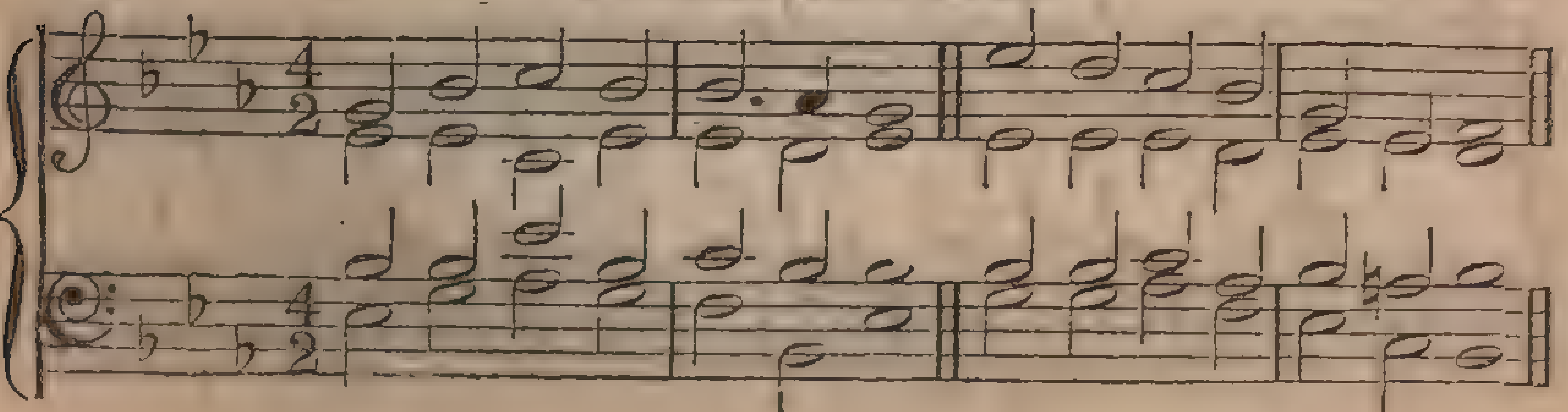
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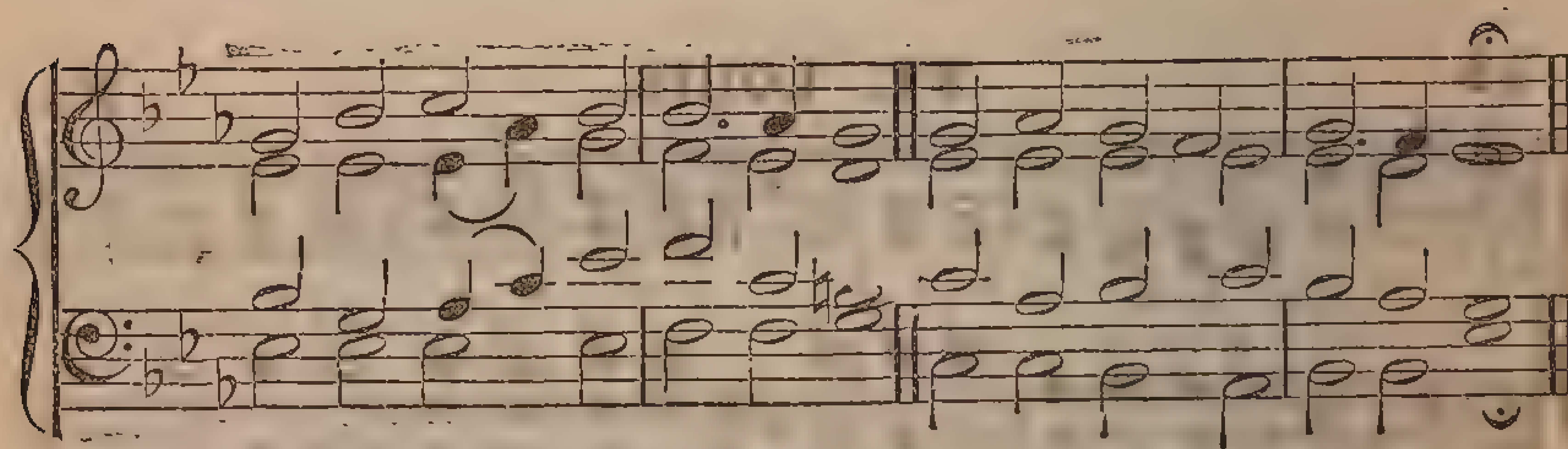
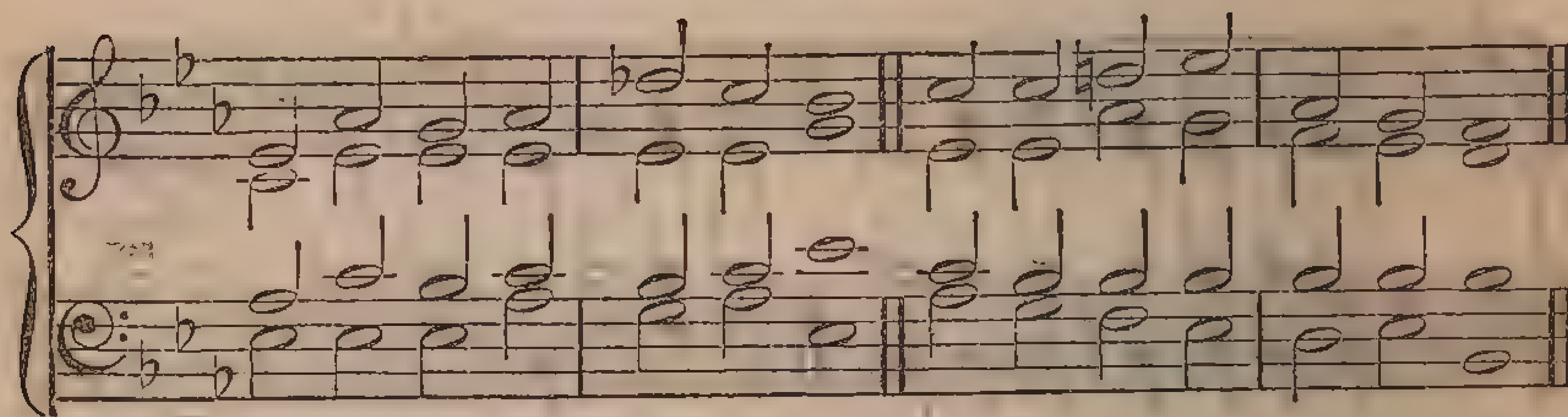
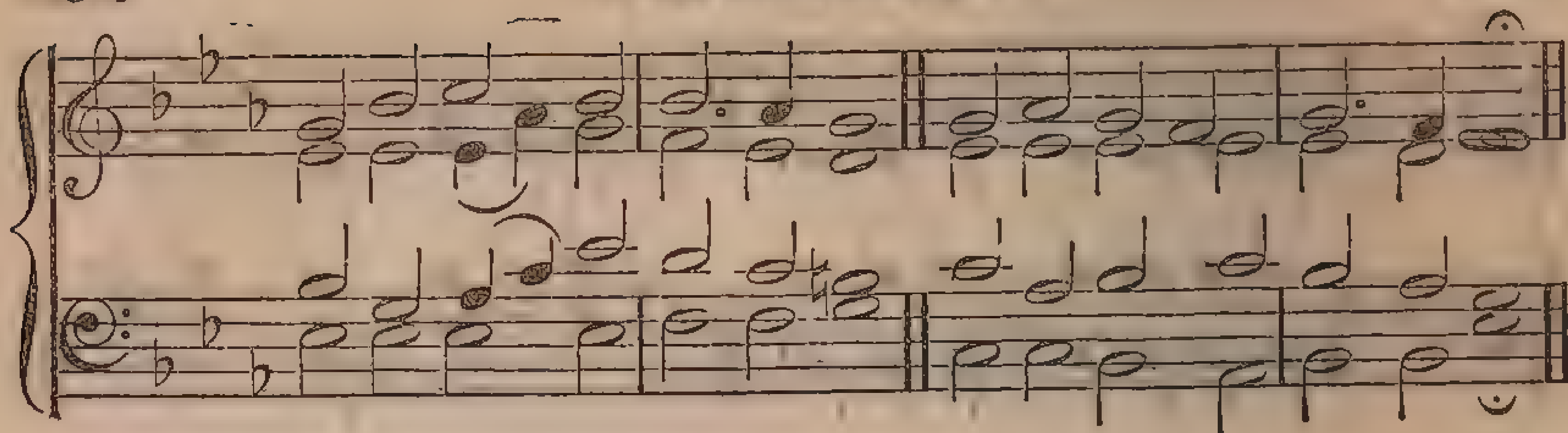
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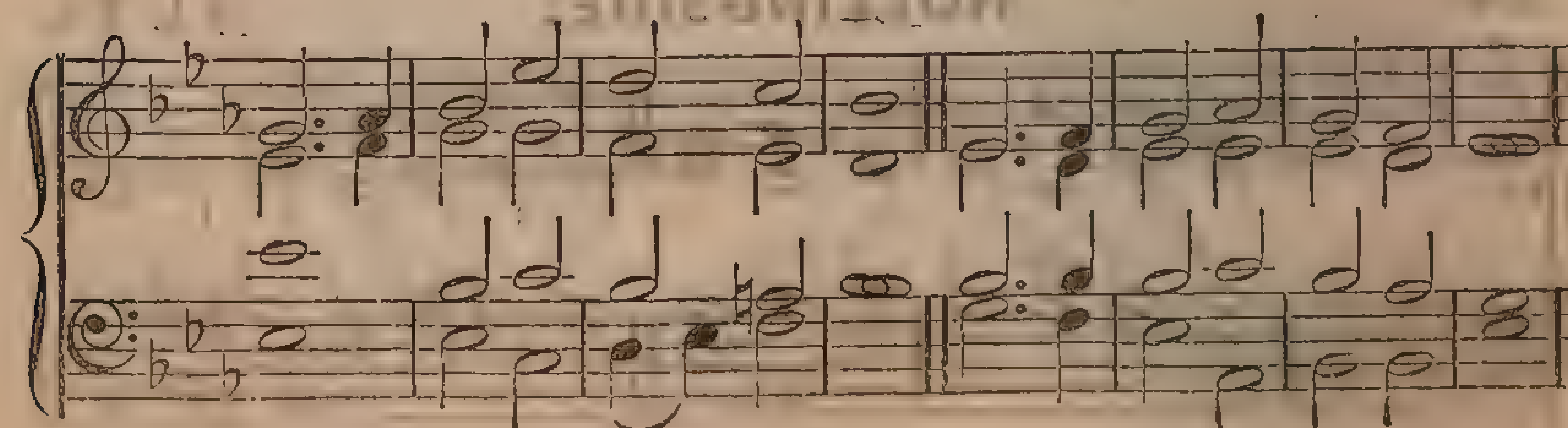
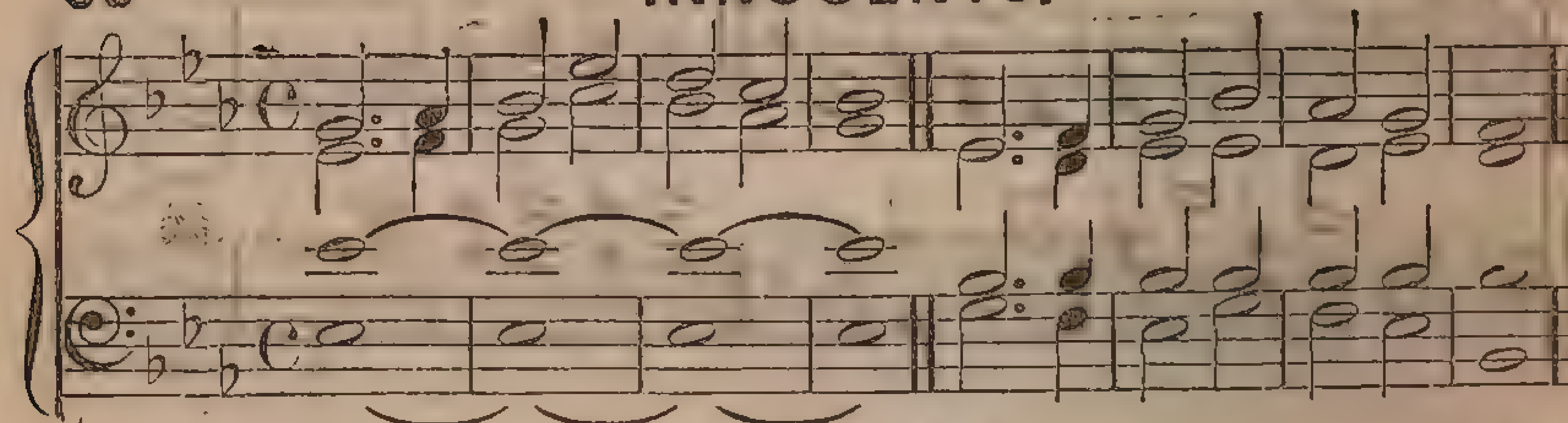
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35

INNOCENTS.

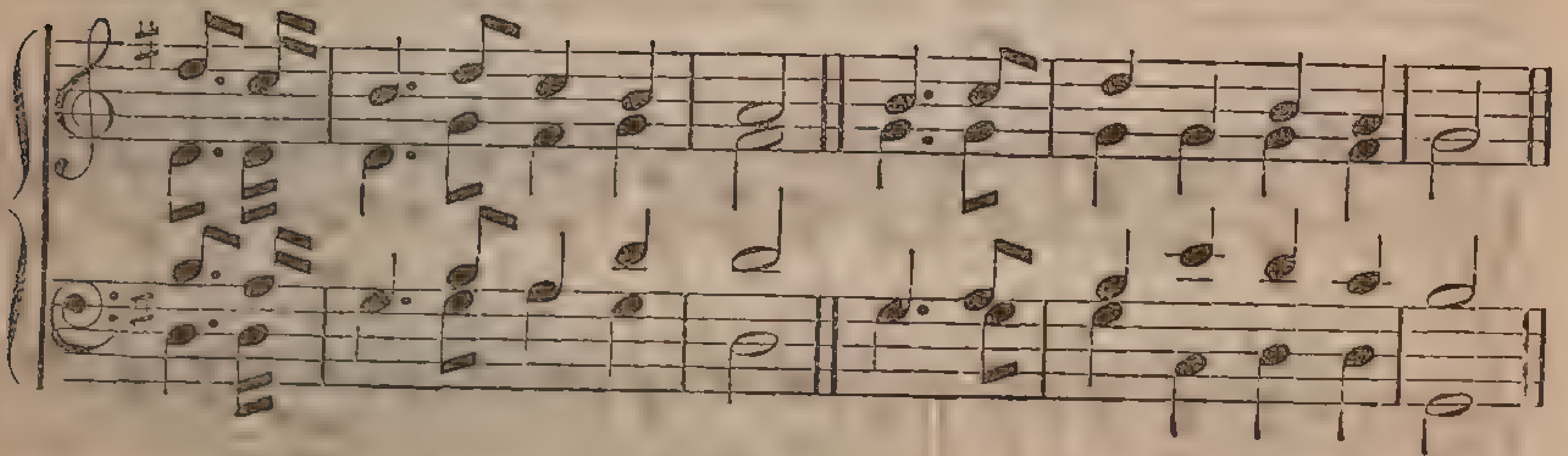
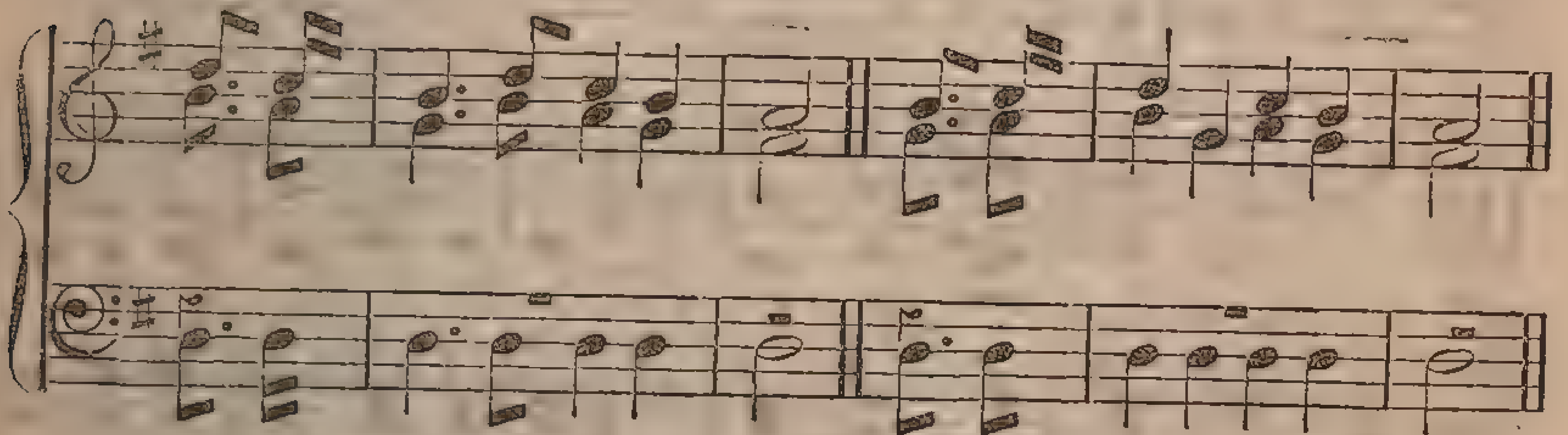
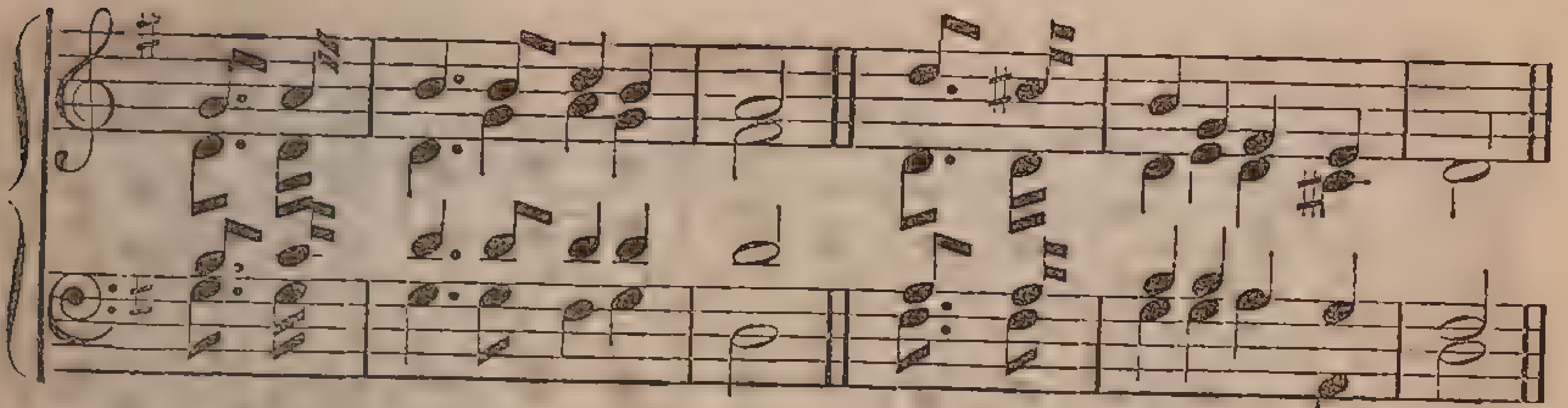
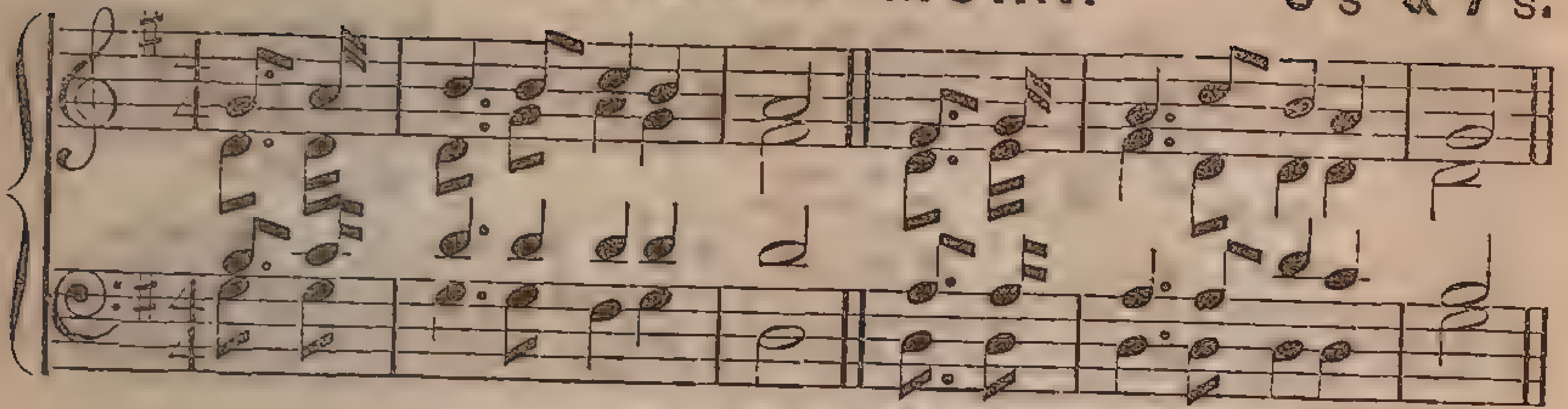
7's.



36

SABBATH MORN.

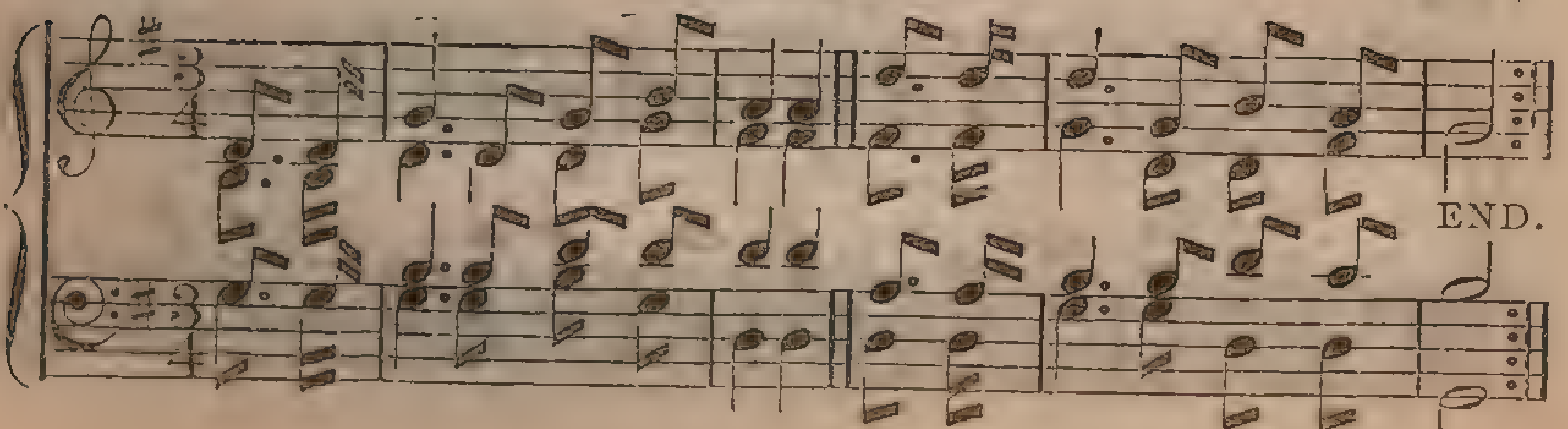
8's & 7's.



37

HARWELL.

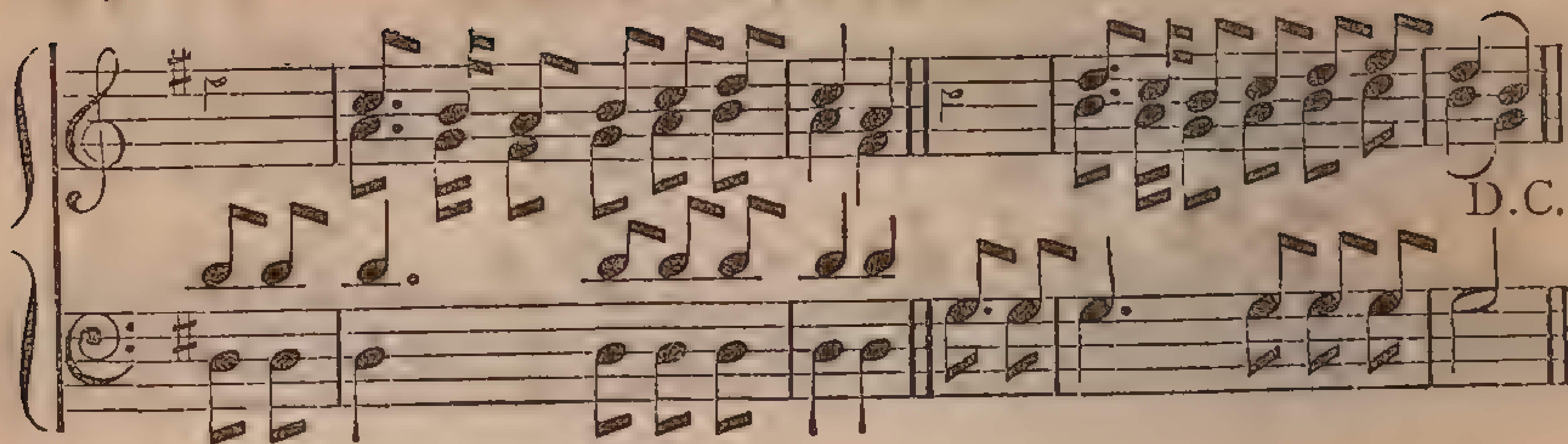
8 l. 7's.



37

HARWELL. (CONTINUED.)

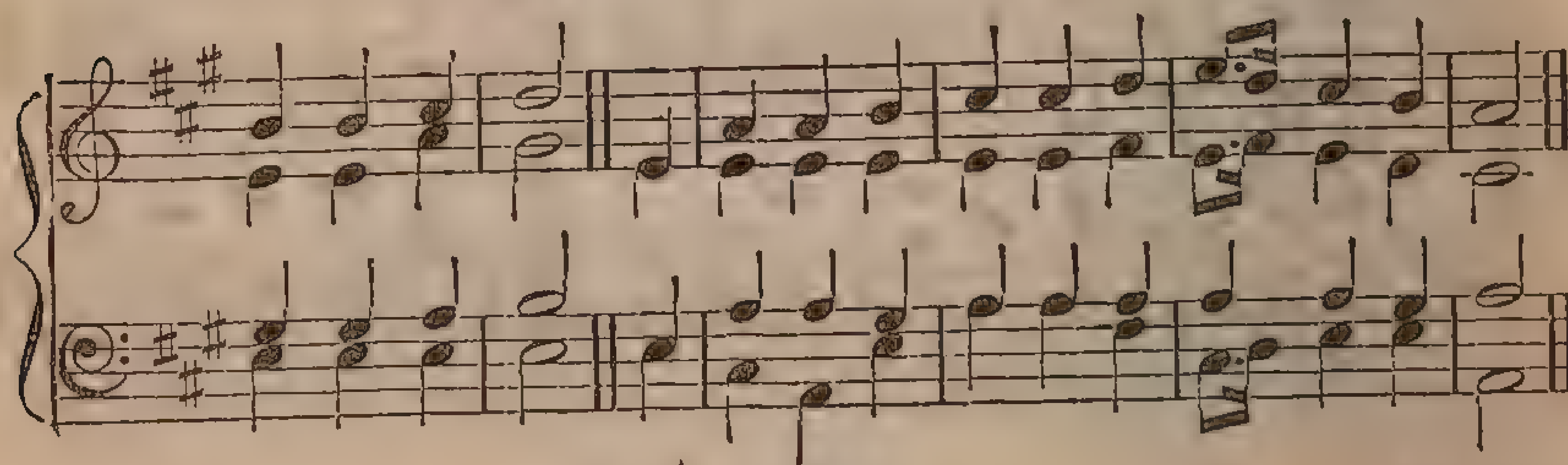
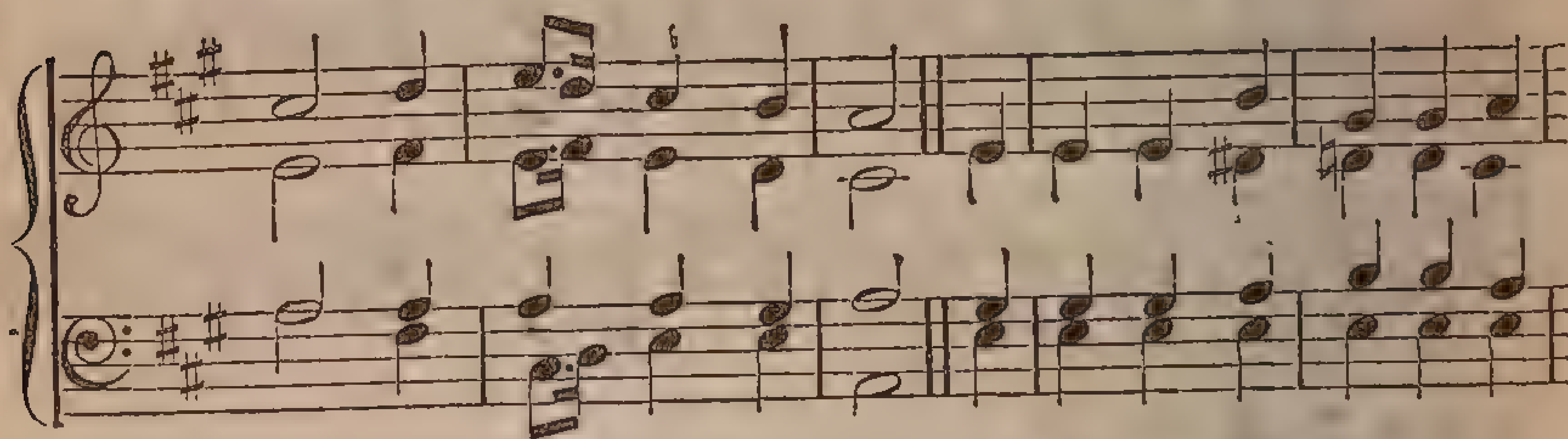
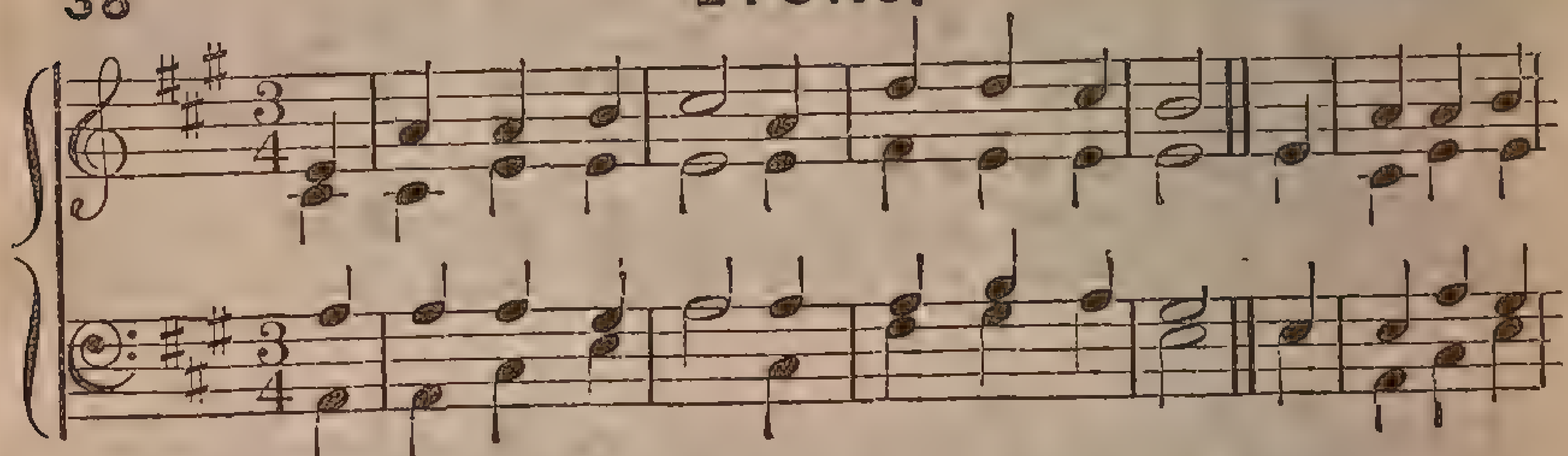
7's.



38

LYONS.

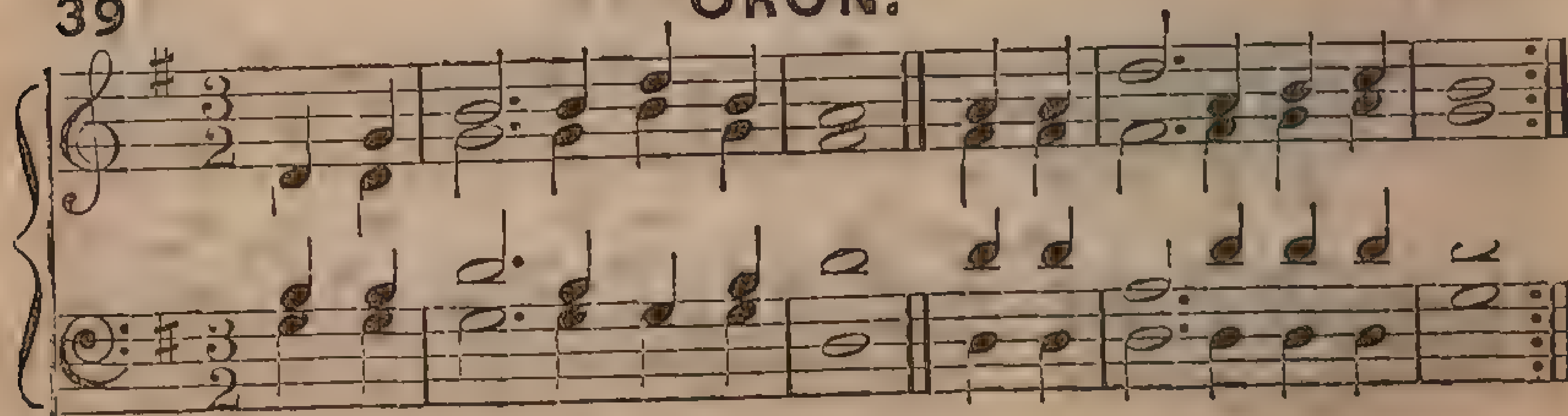
10's & 11's.

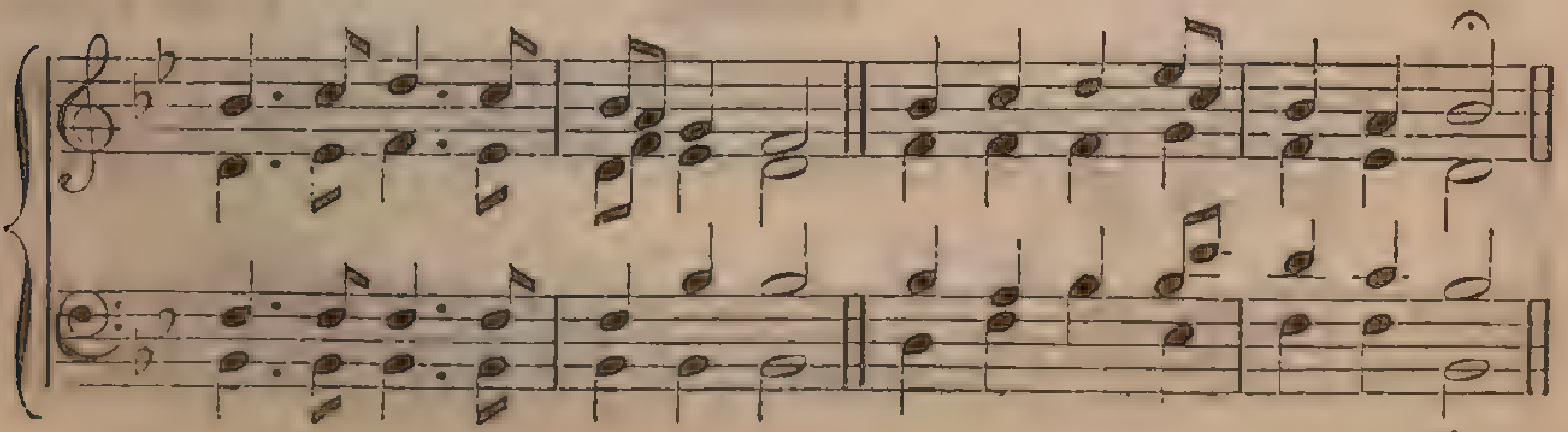
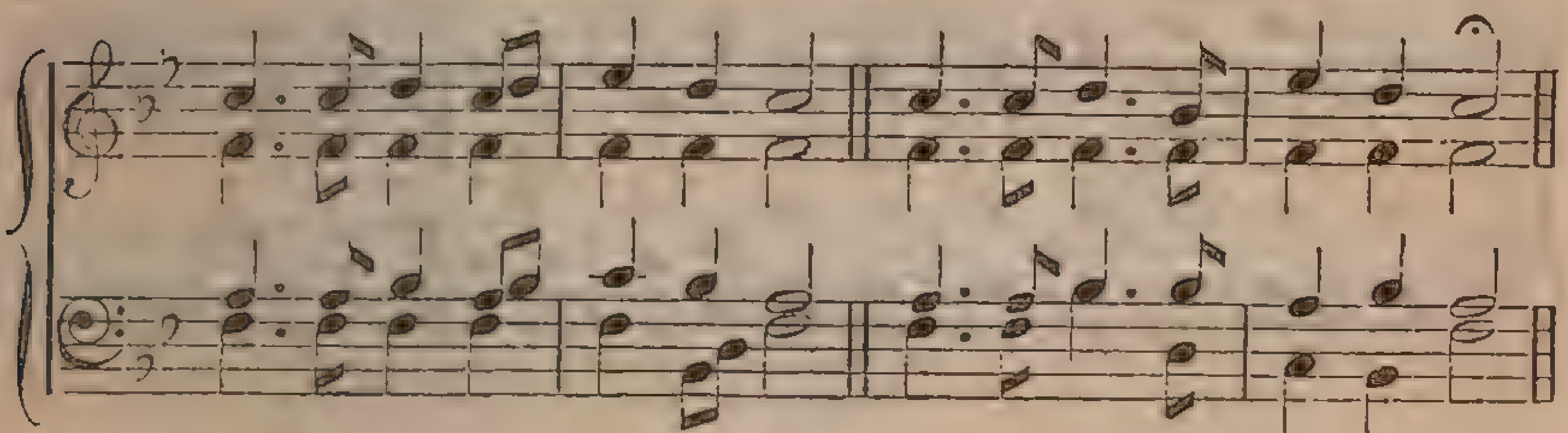
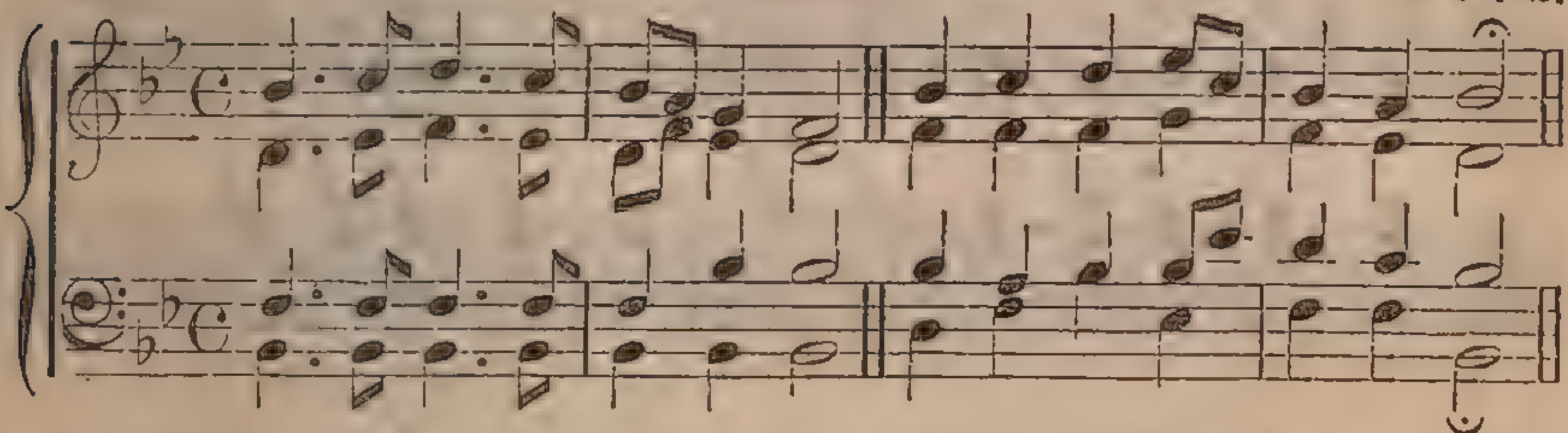
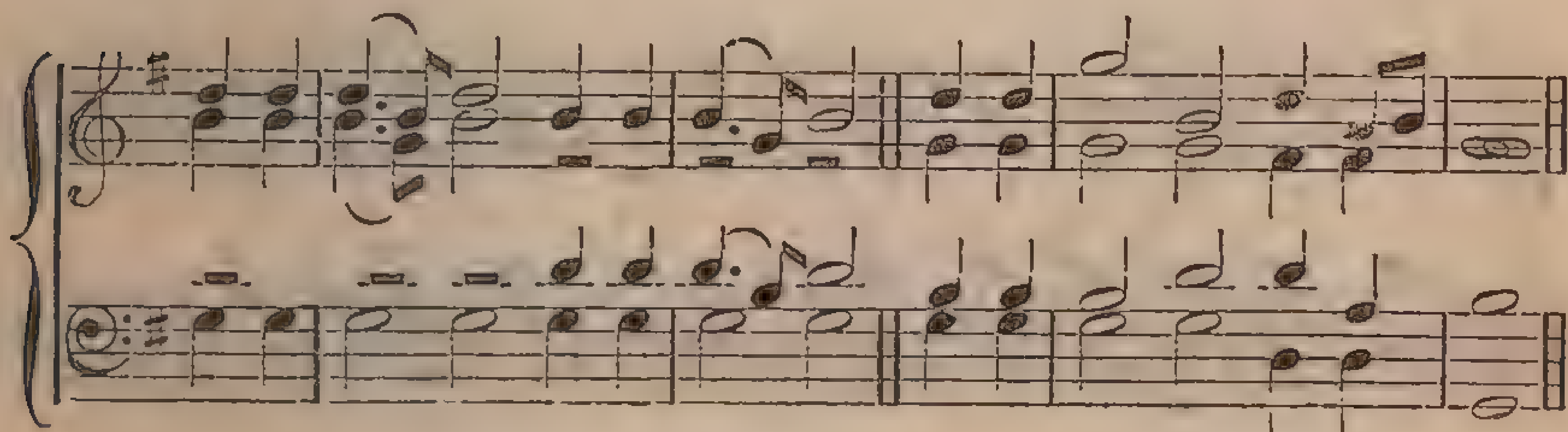
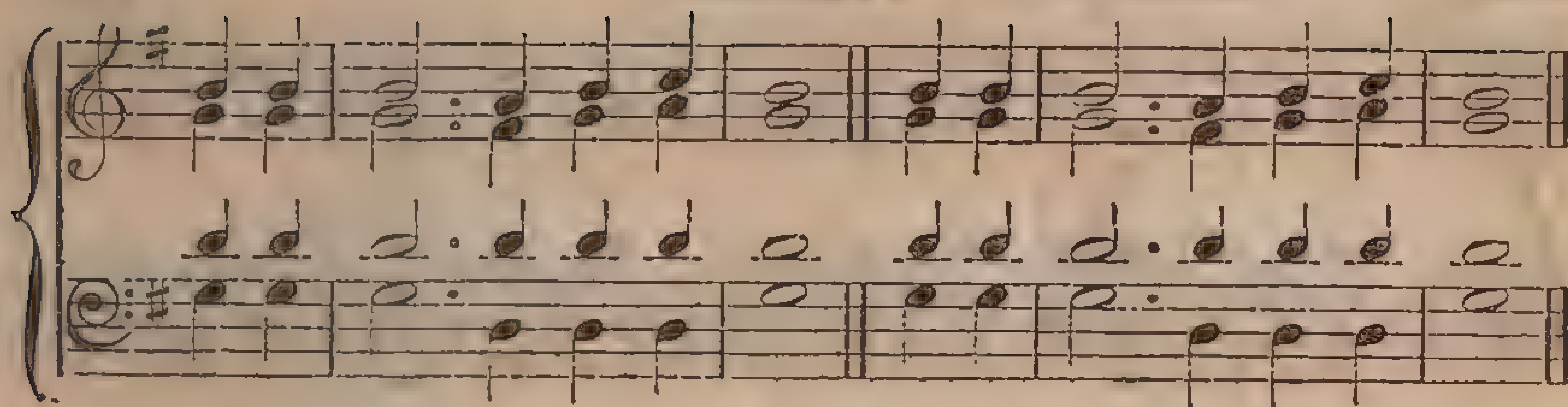


39

ORON.

6 l. 7's.

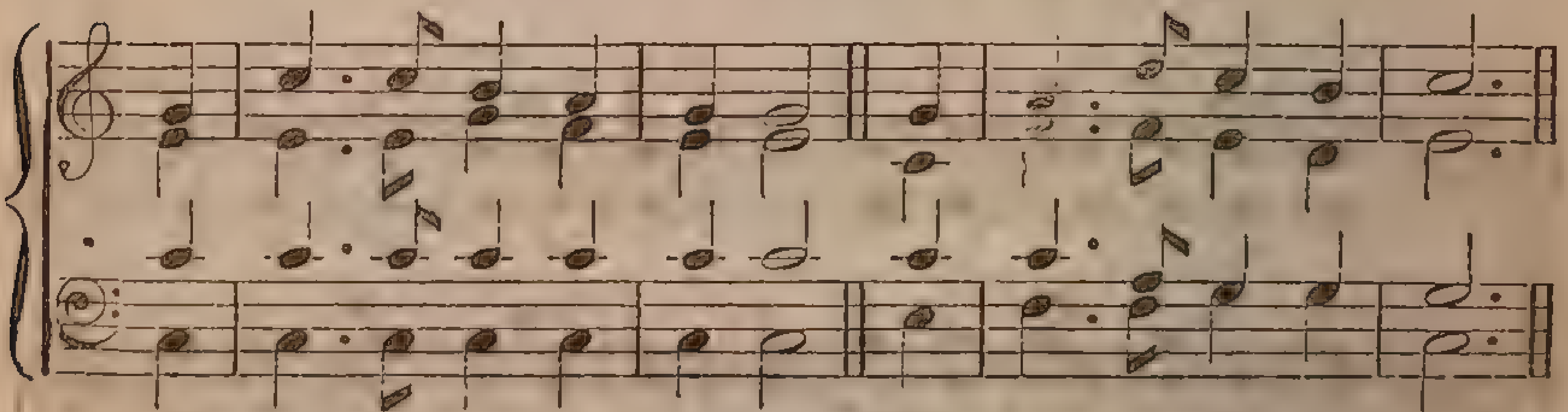
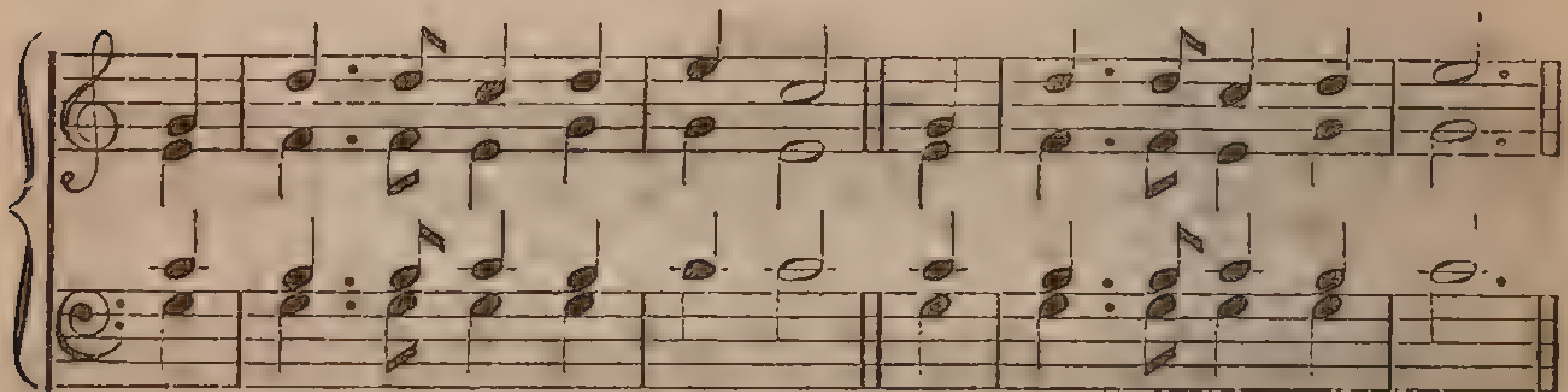
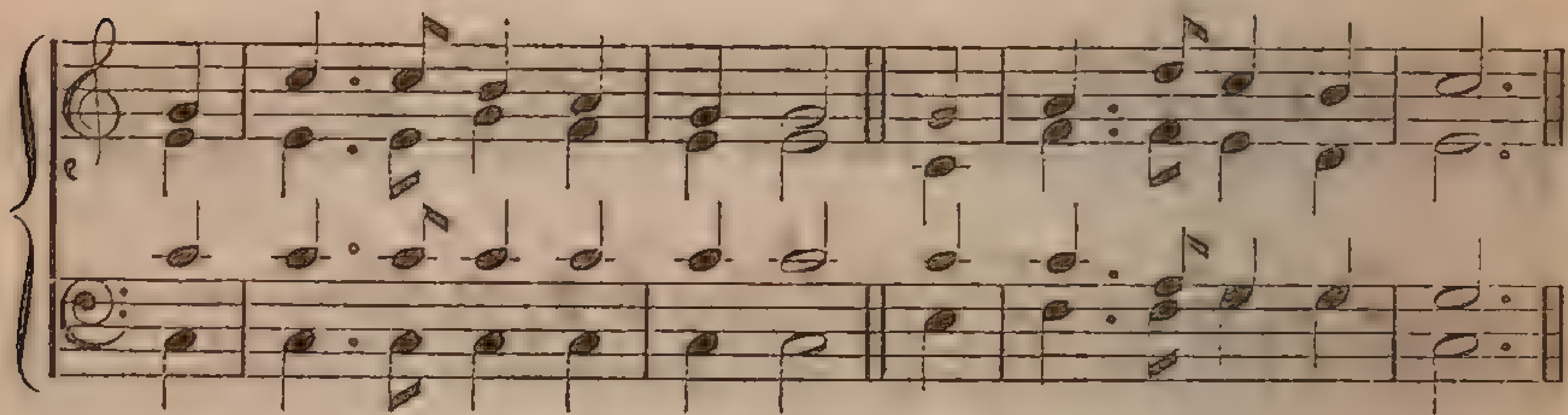
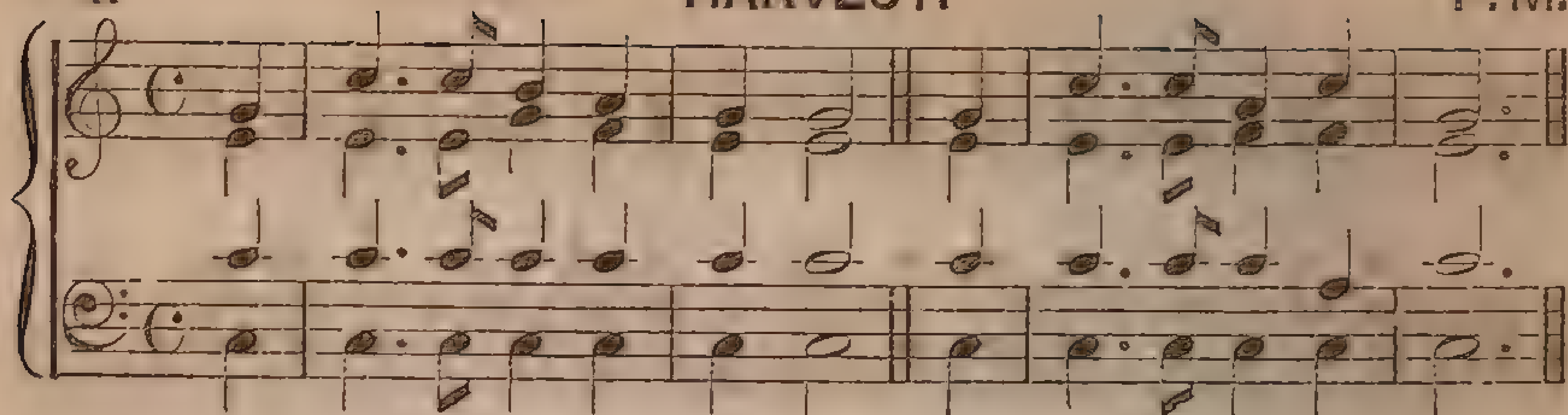




41

HARVEST.

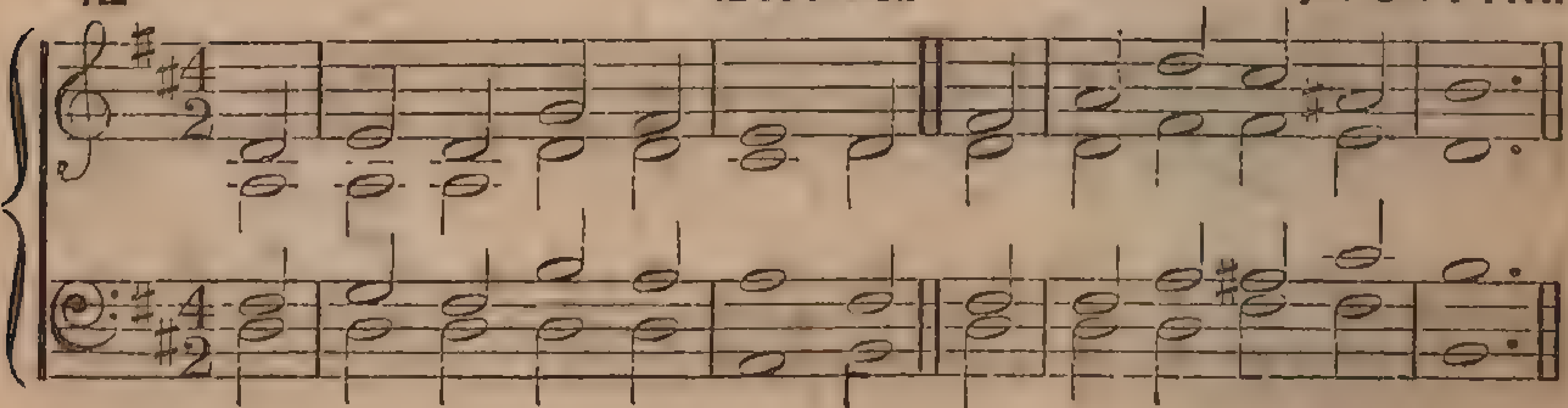
P.M.

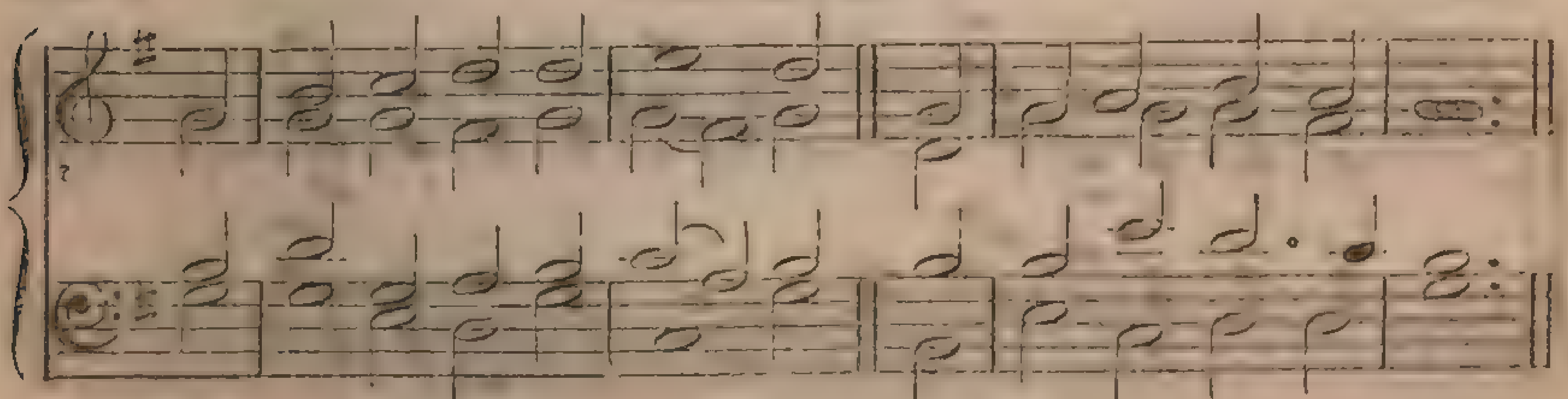
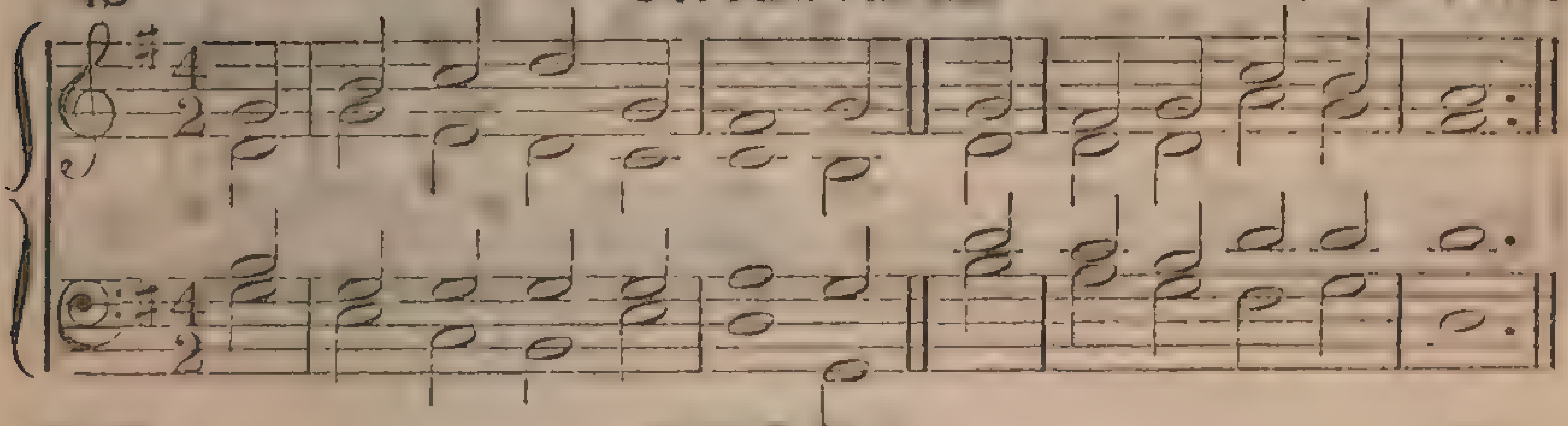
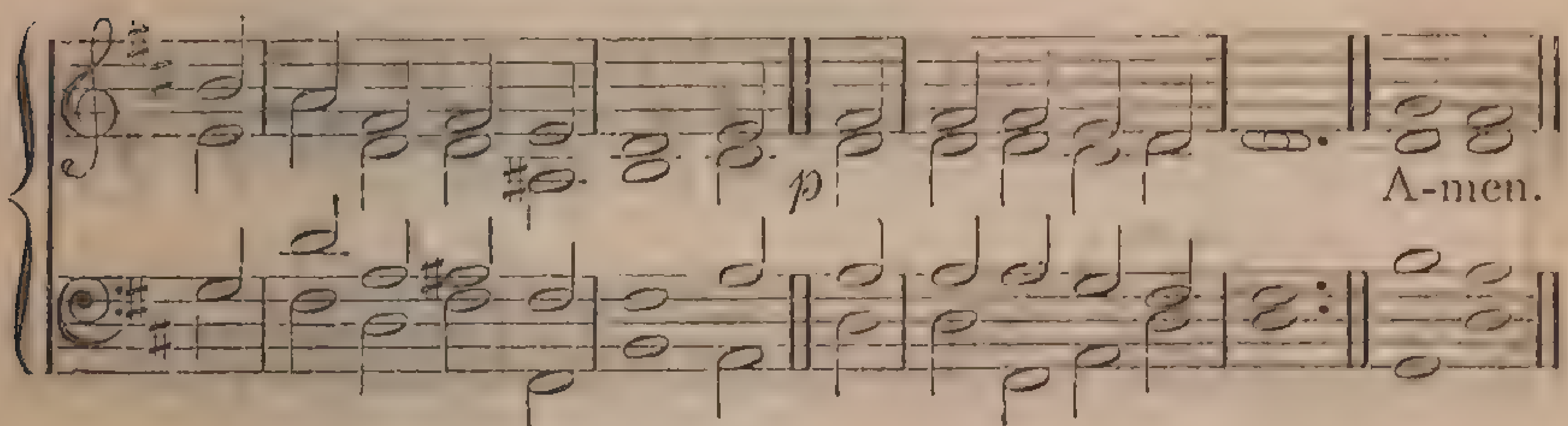
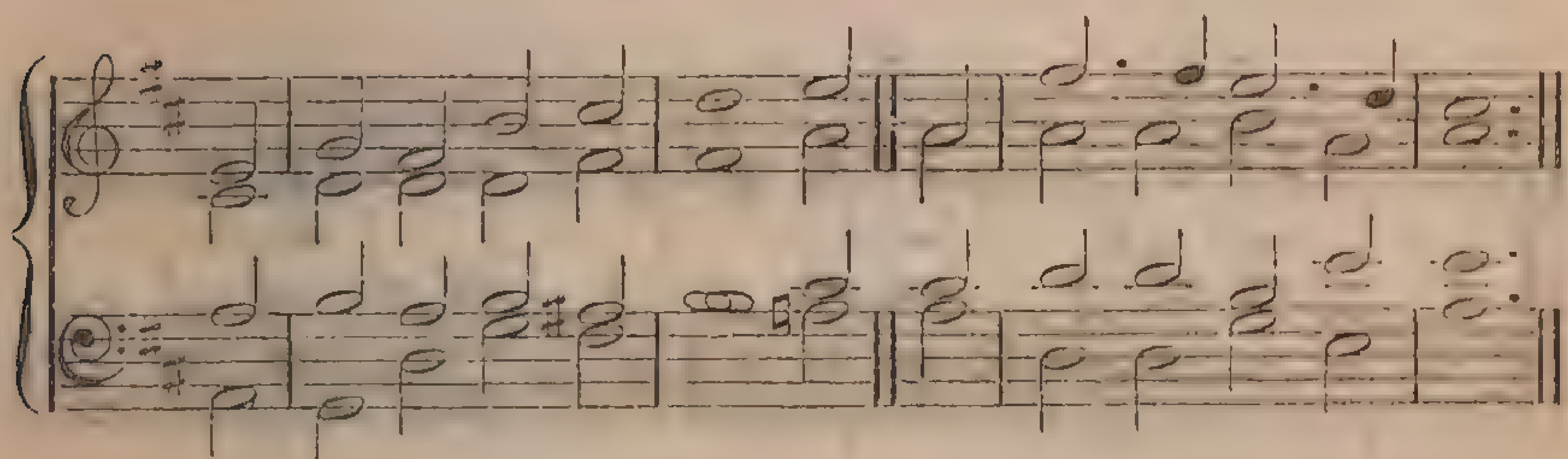
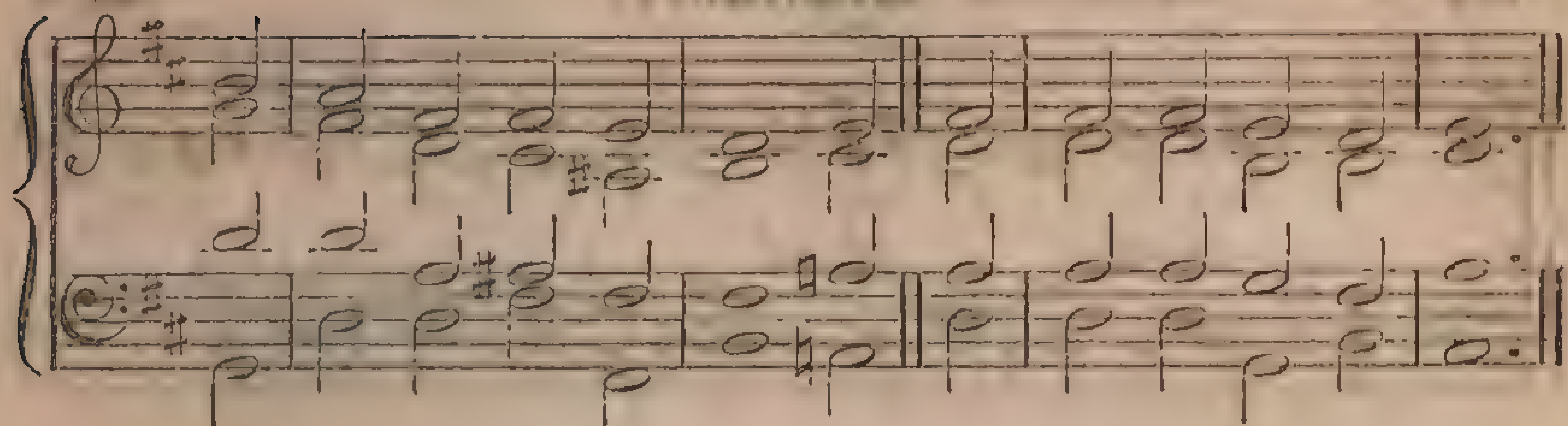


42

EWING.

7s. 6s. P.M.

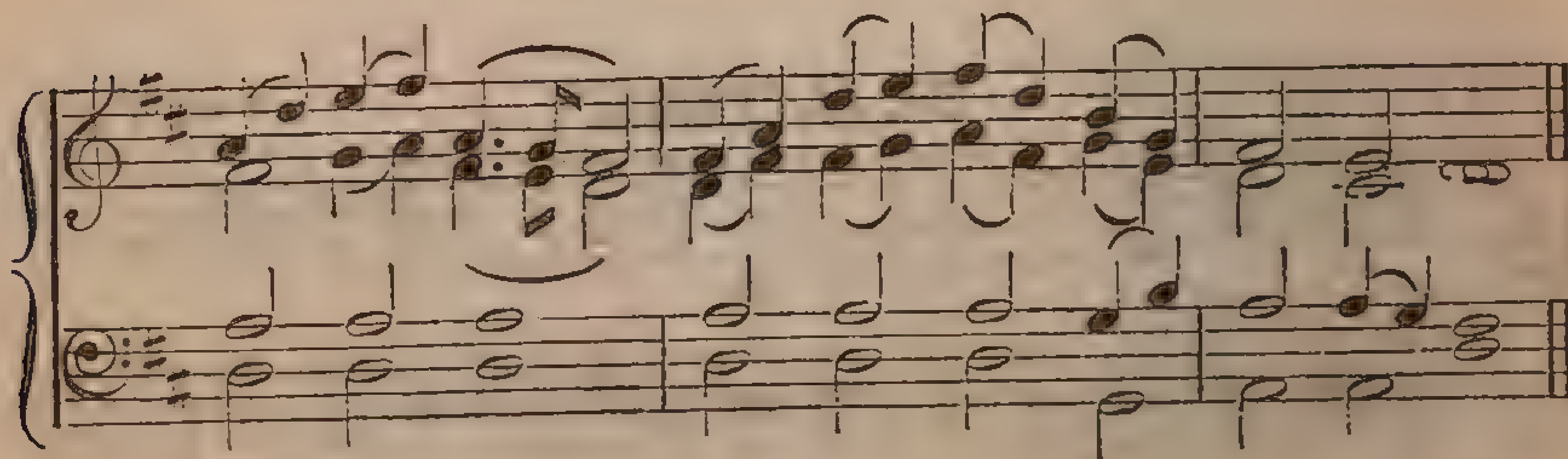
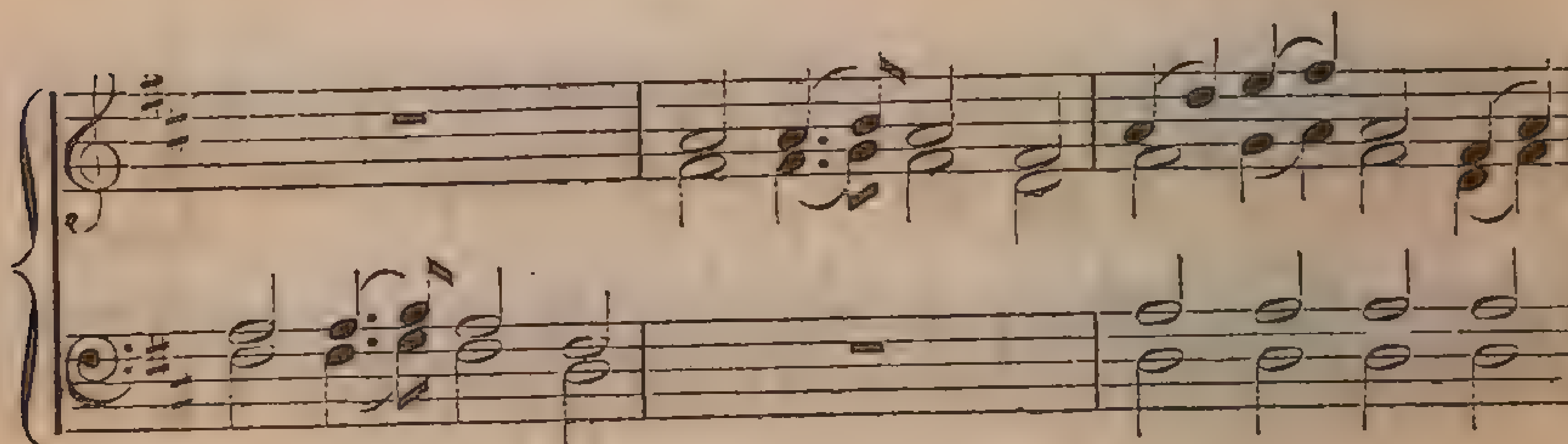
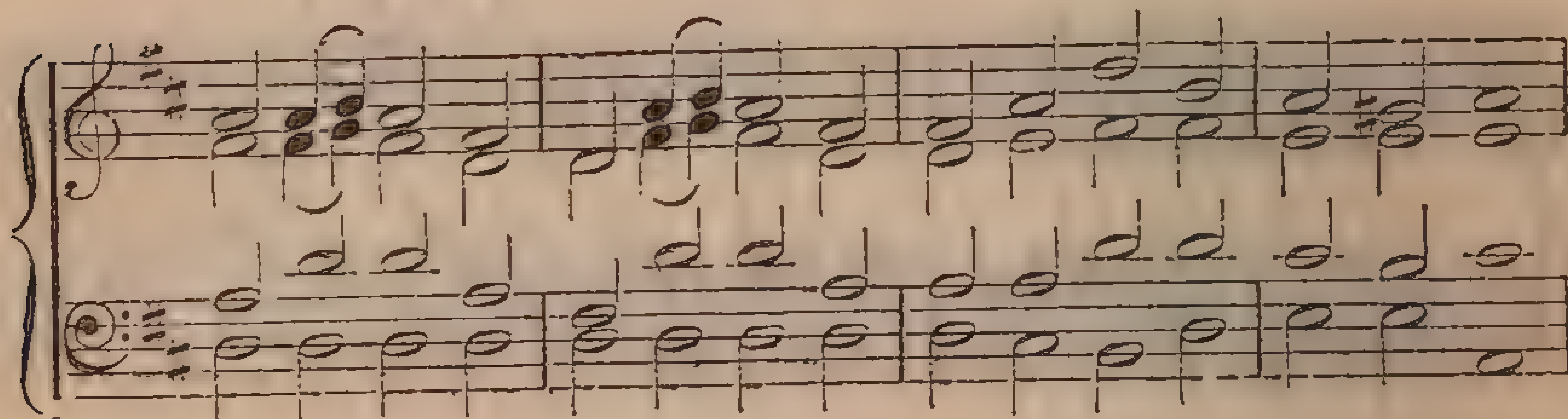
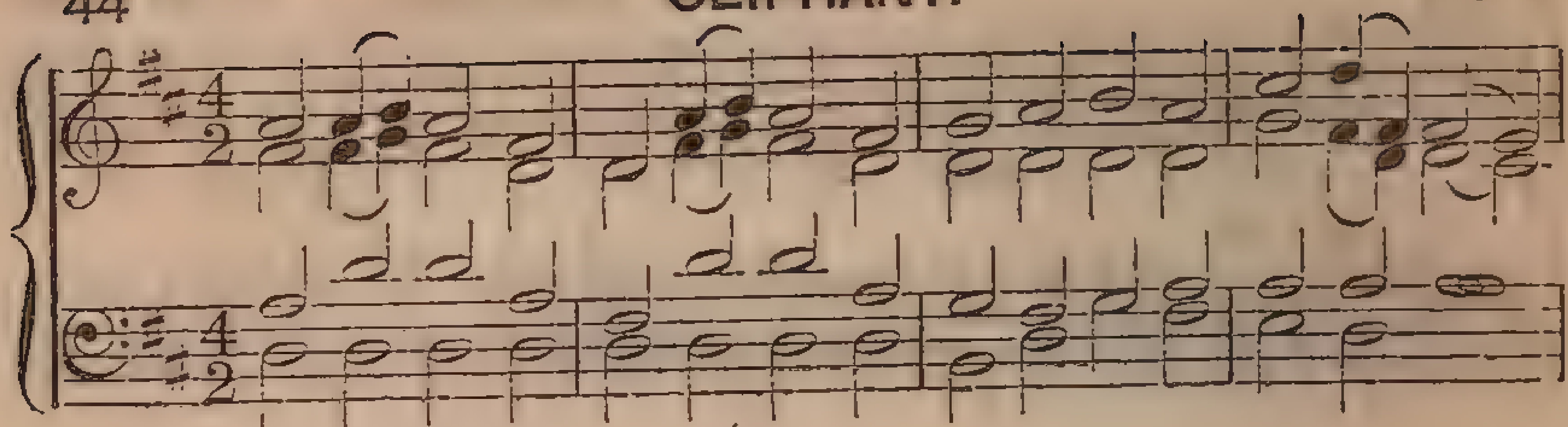




44

OLIPHANT.

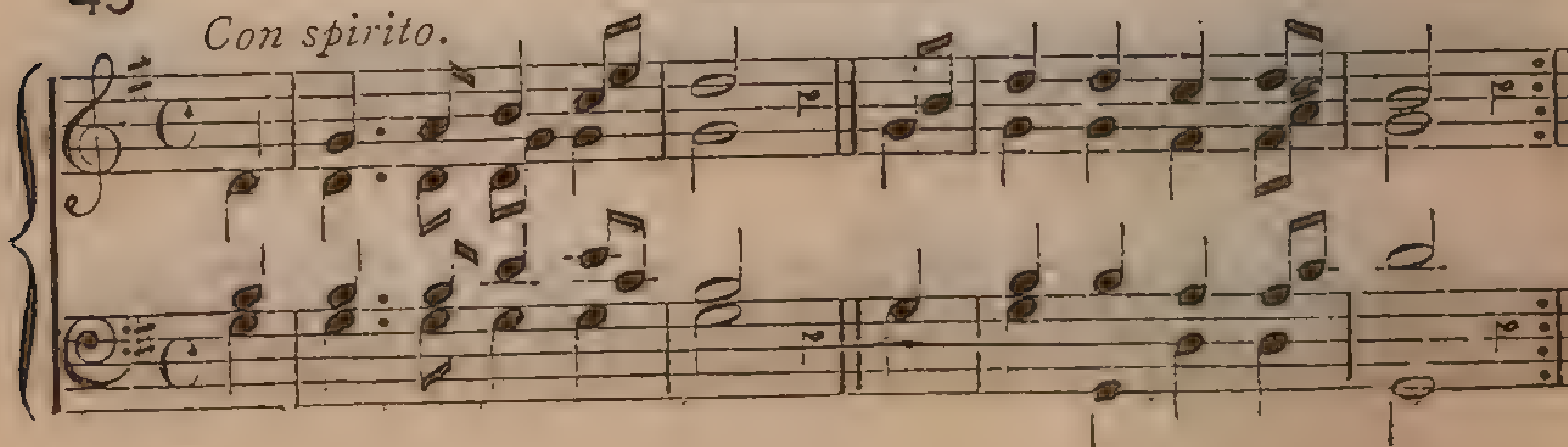
8.7.4.



45

LISCHER.

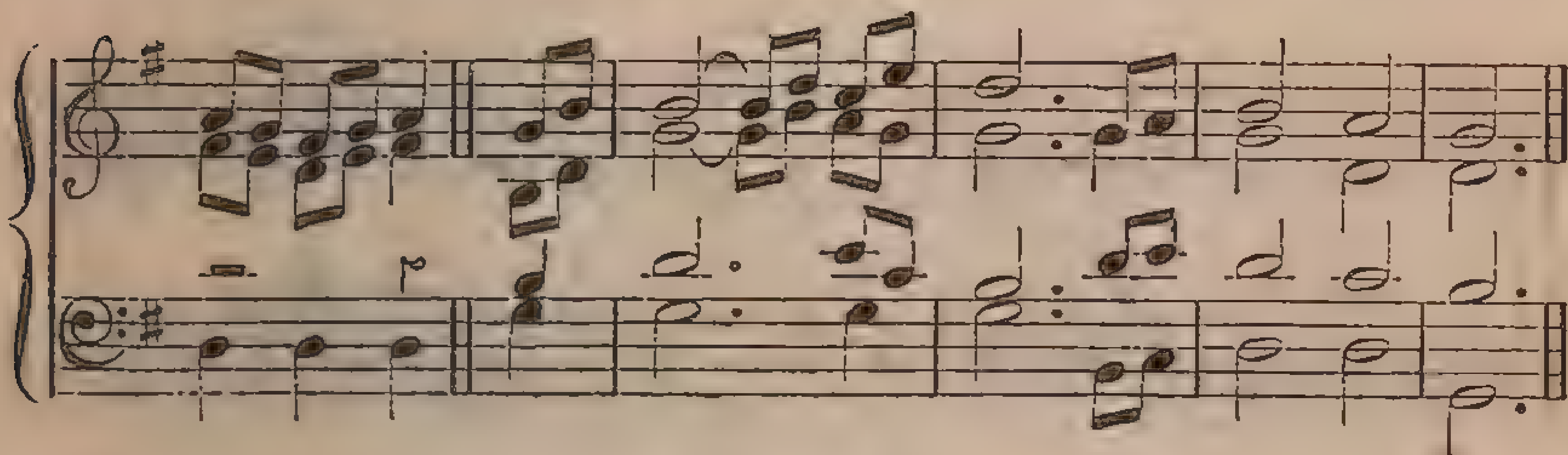
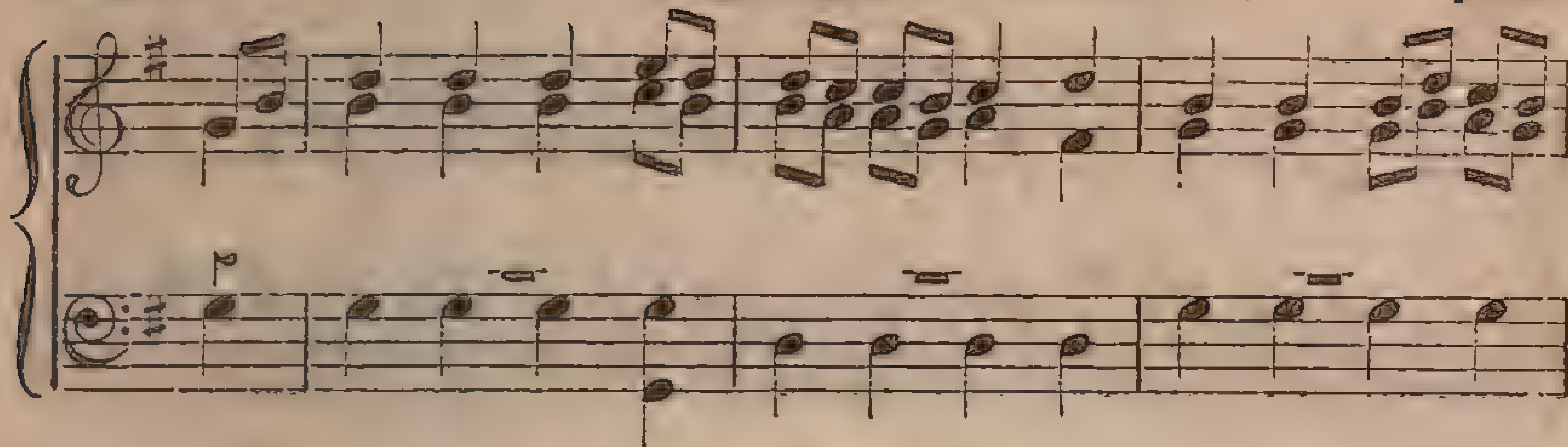
P.M.

Con spirito.

45

LISCHER. (CONTINUED.)

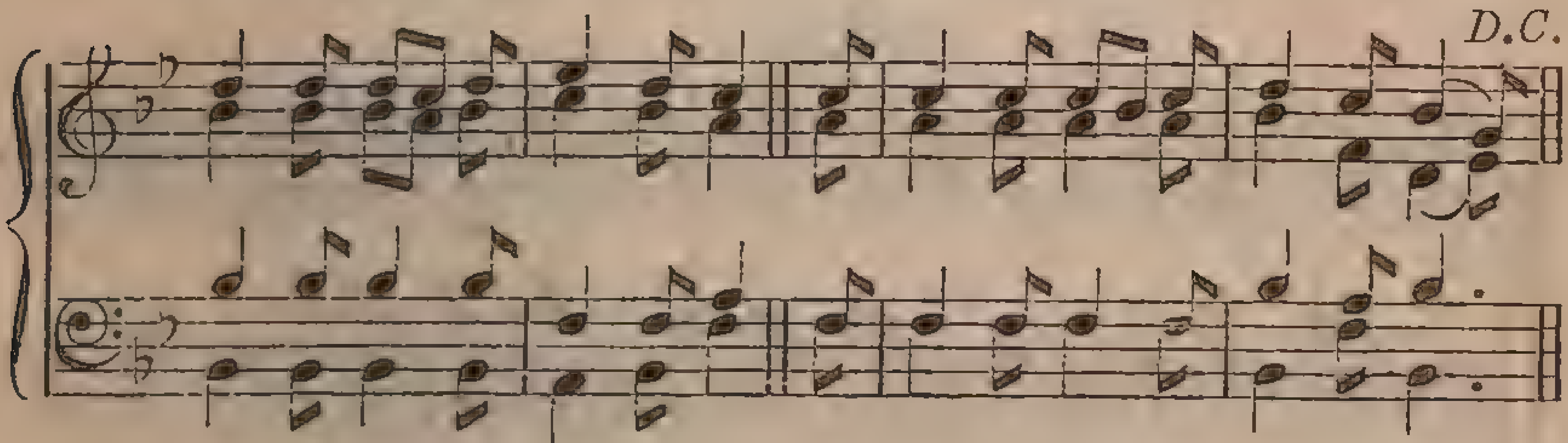
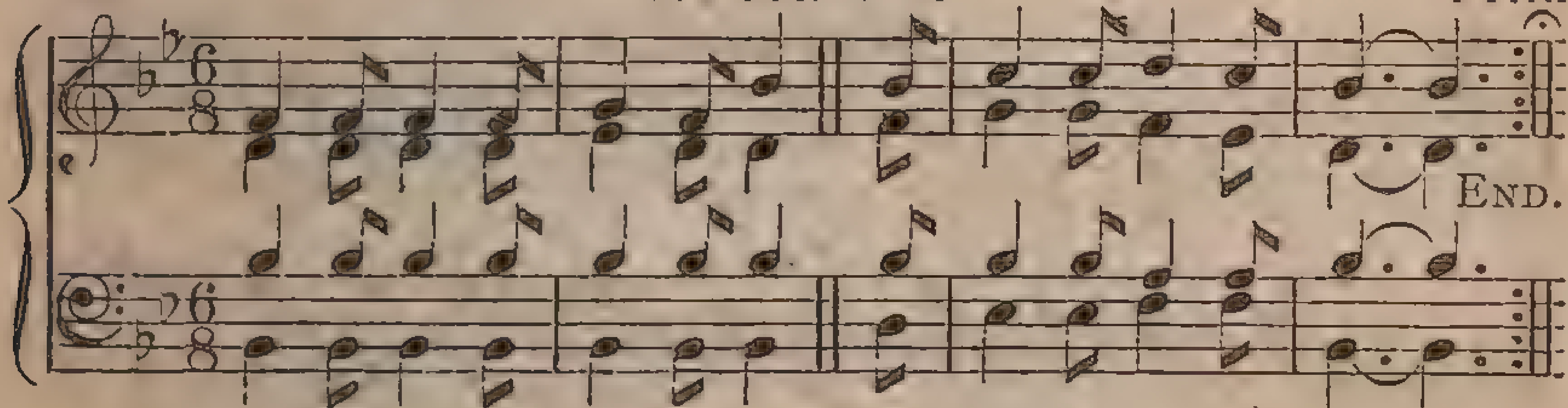
P.M.



46

ROCKPORT.

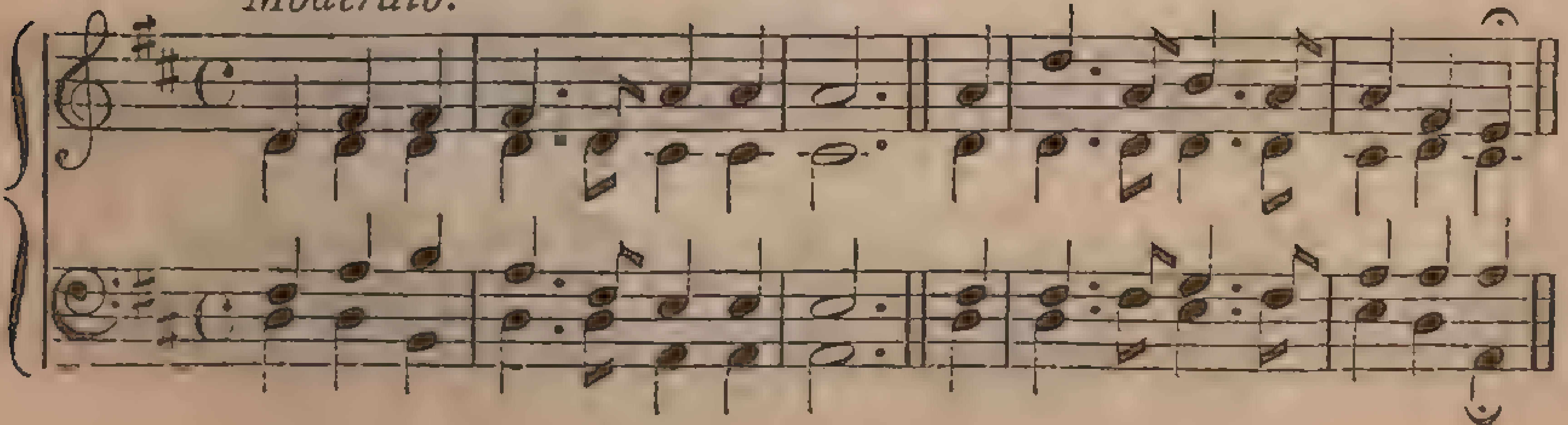
P.M.



47

GANGES.

P.M.

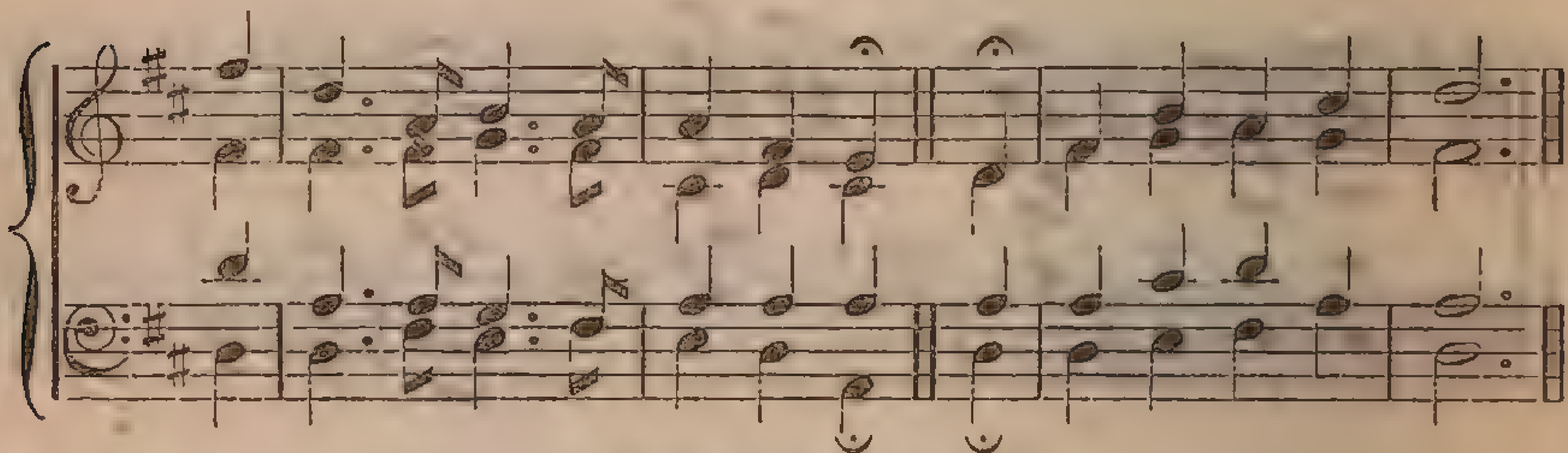
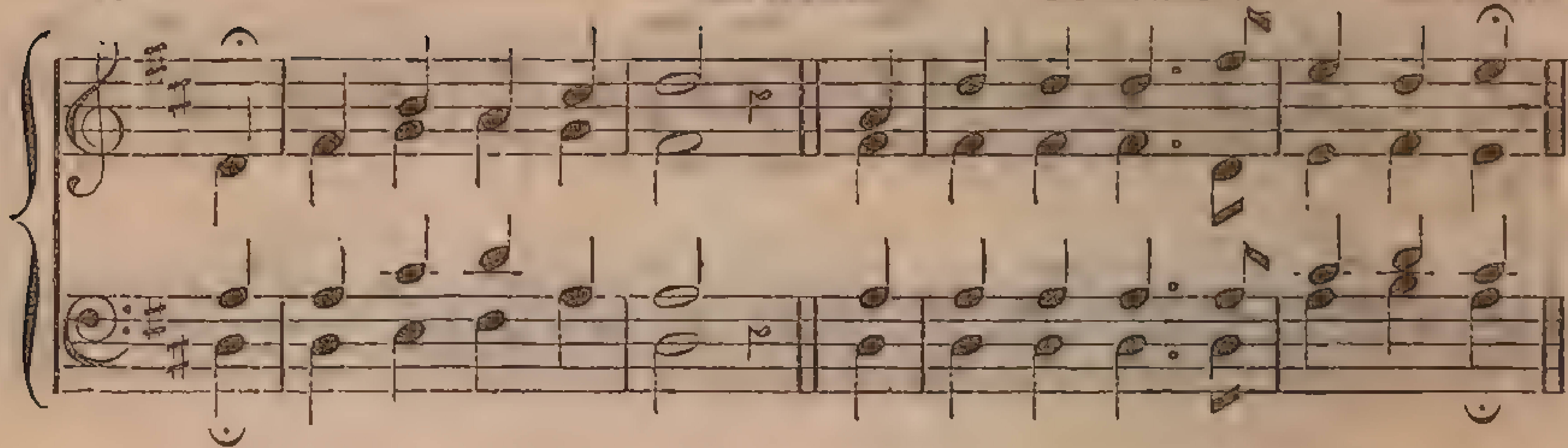
Moderato.

47

GANGES.

(CONTINUED.)

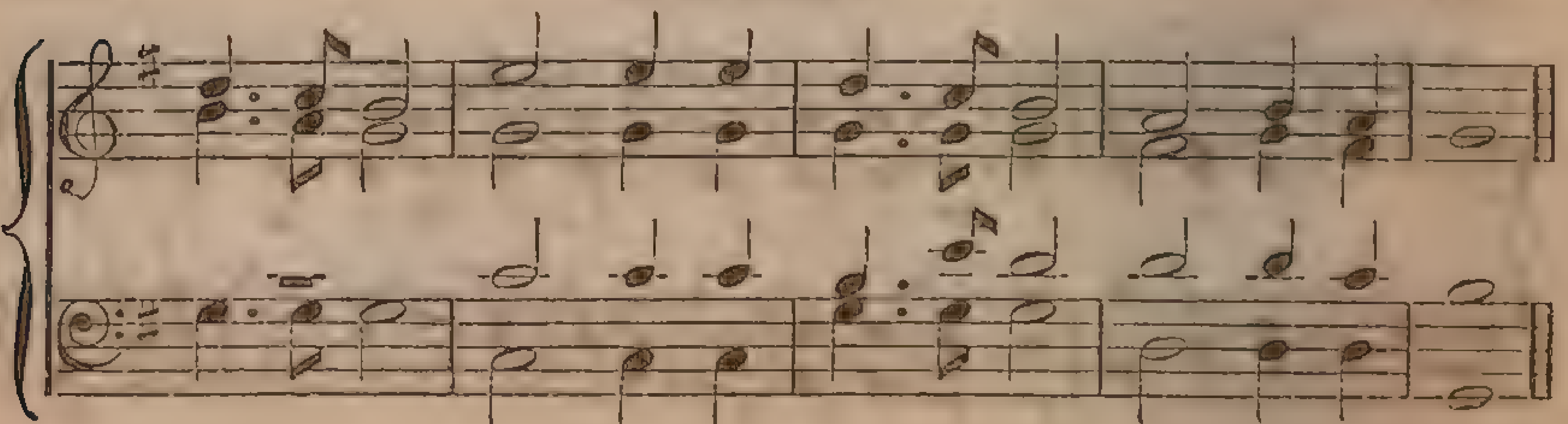
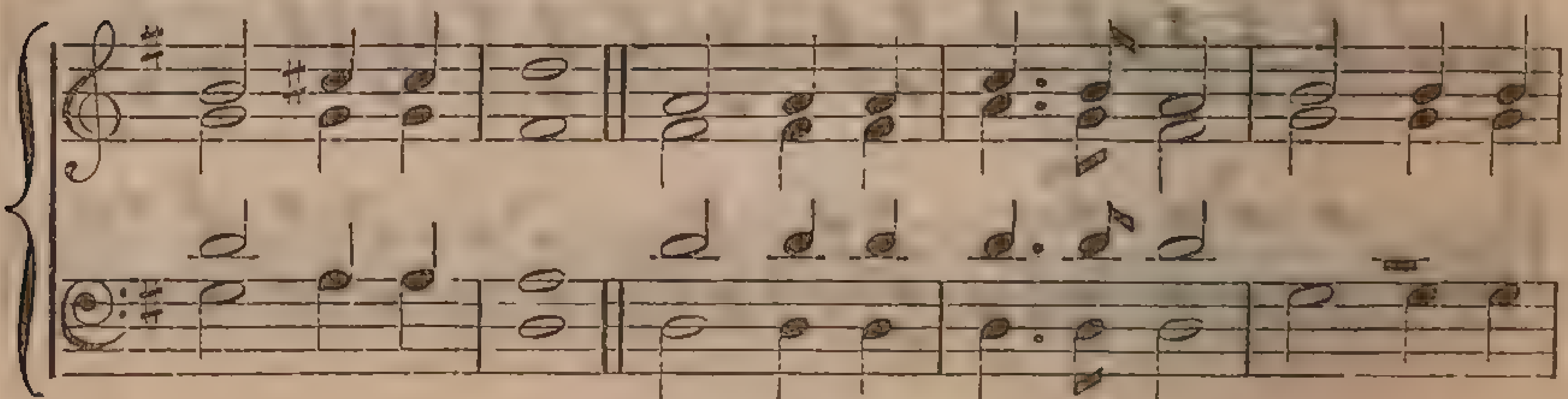
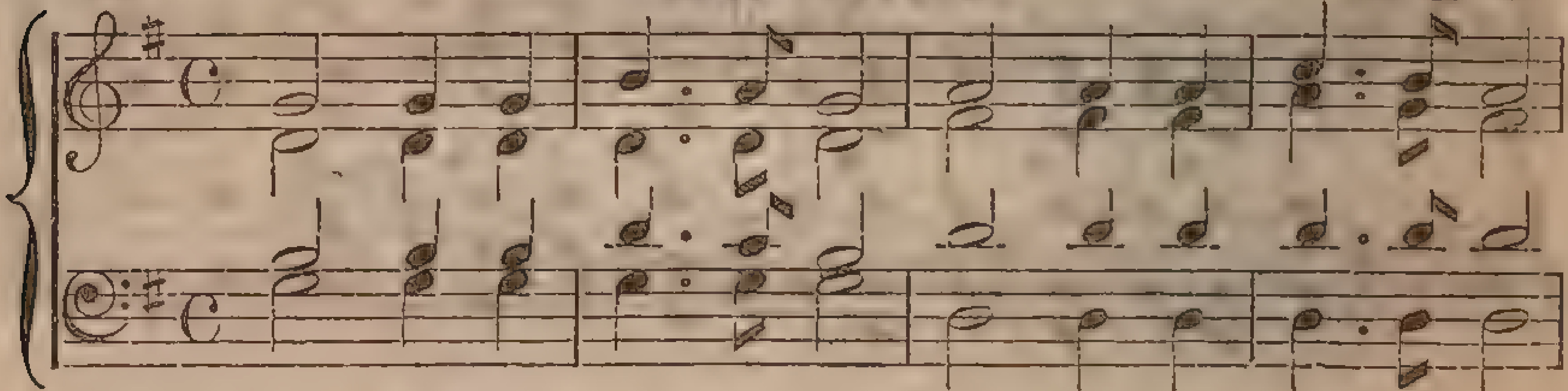
C. P. M.



48

NEW HAVEN.

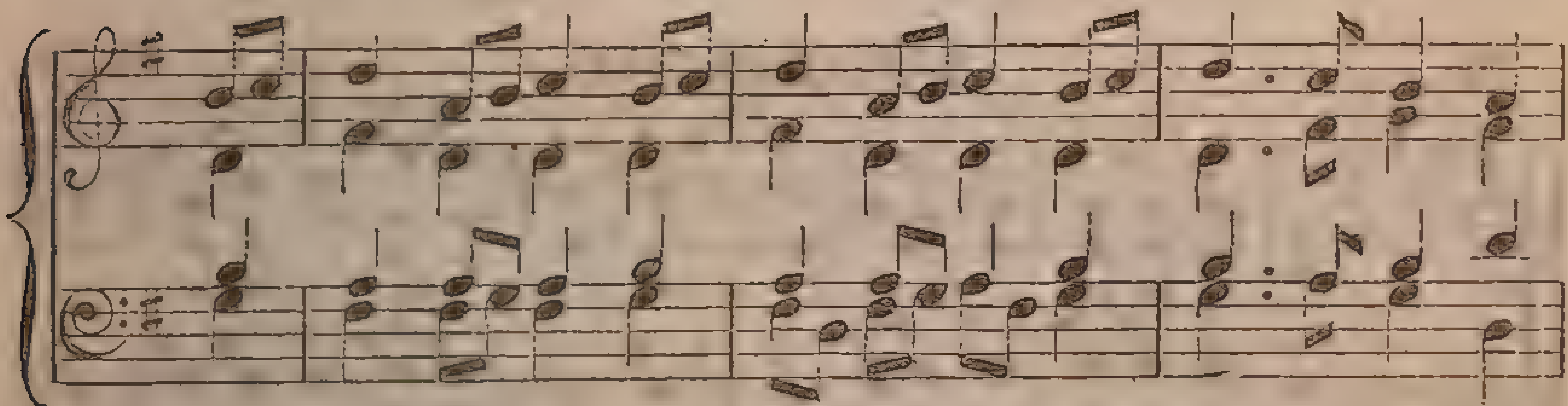
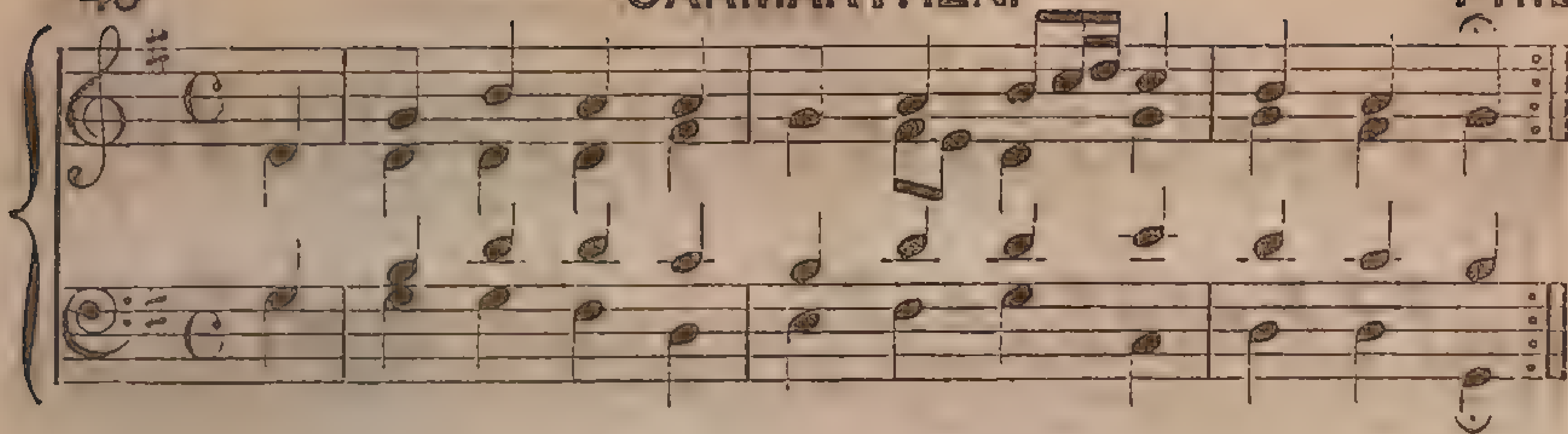
6s. & 4s.



49

CARMARTHEN.

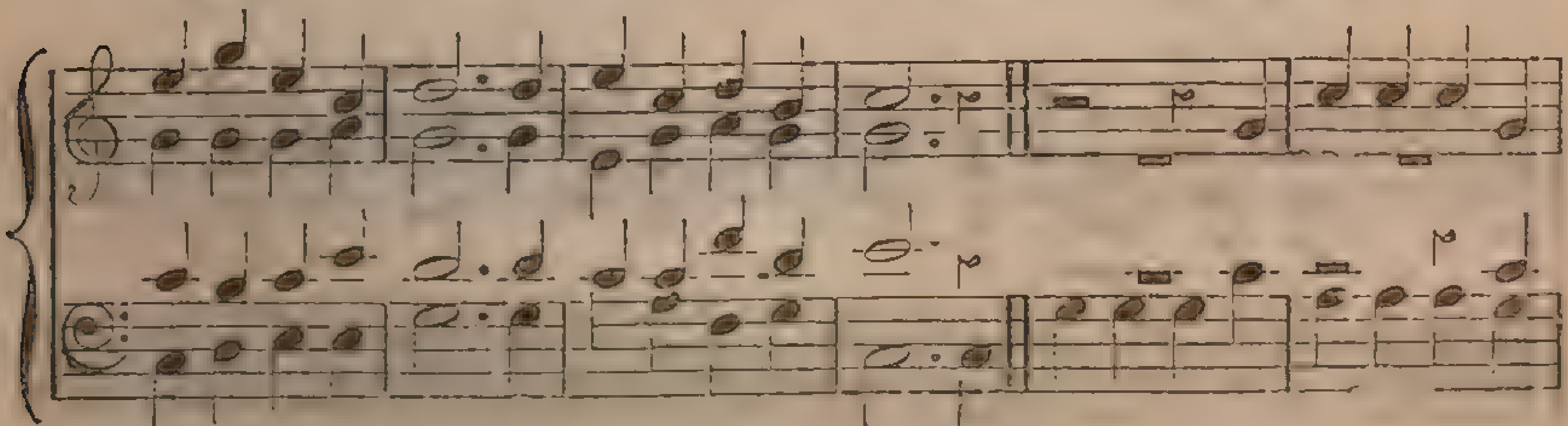
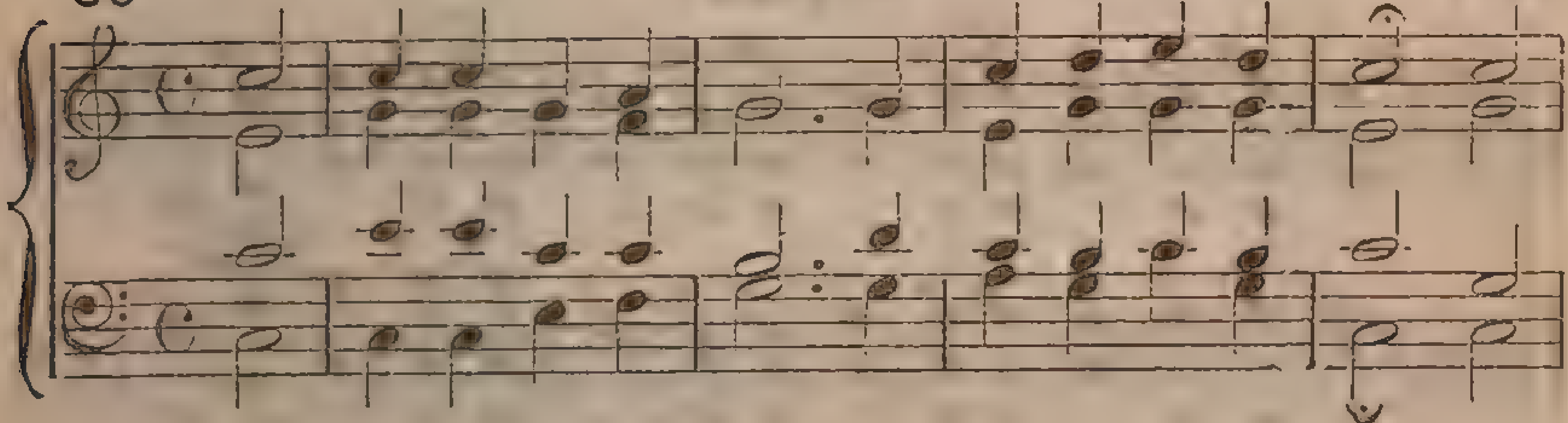
P.M.



50

LENOX.

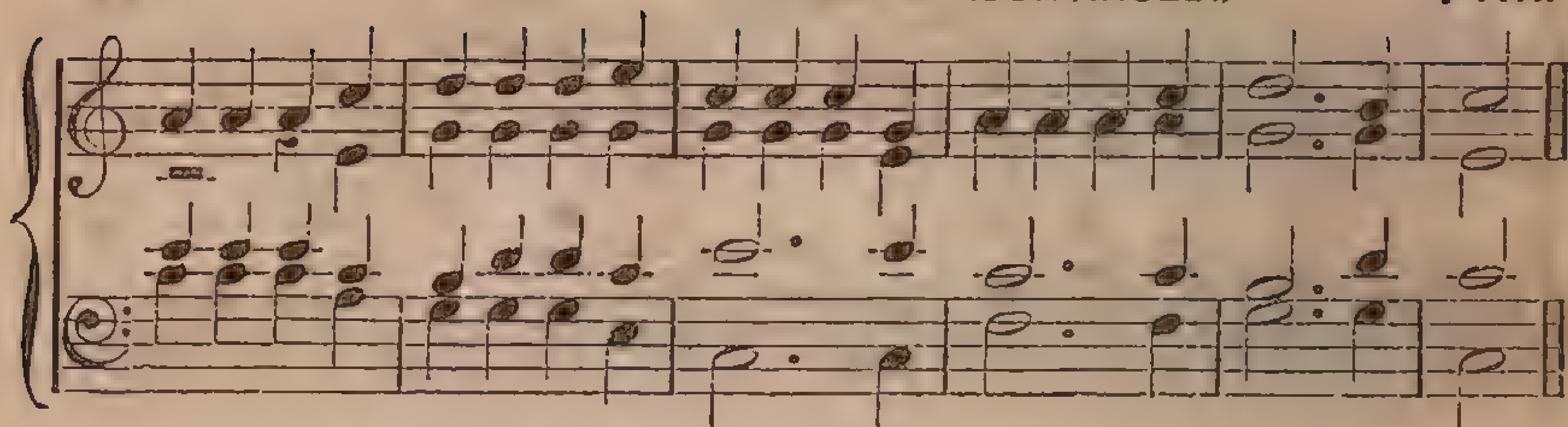
P.M.



50

LENOX. (CONTINUED.)

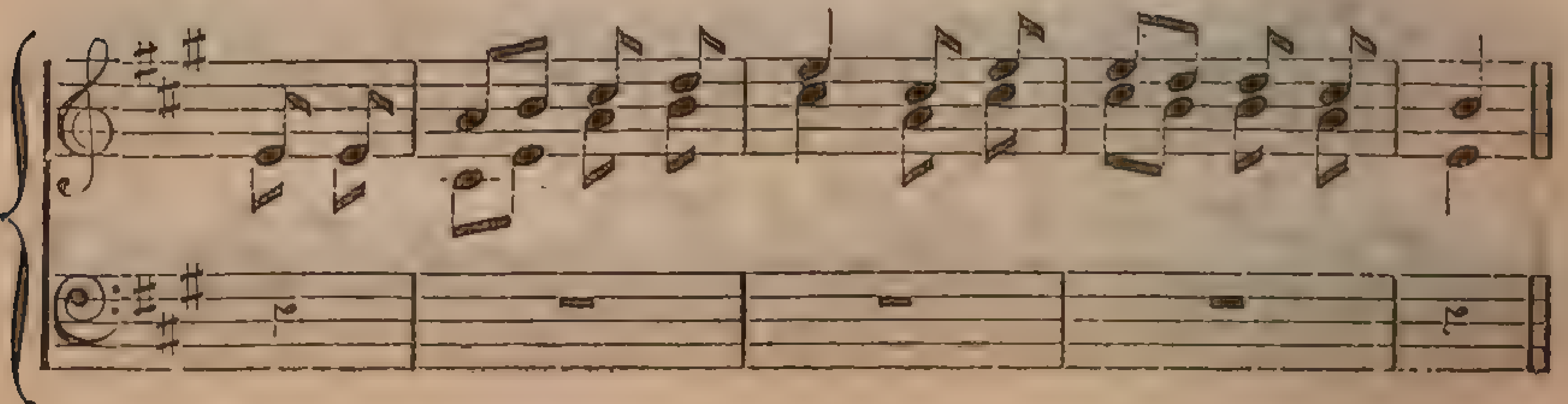
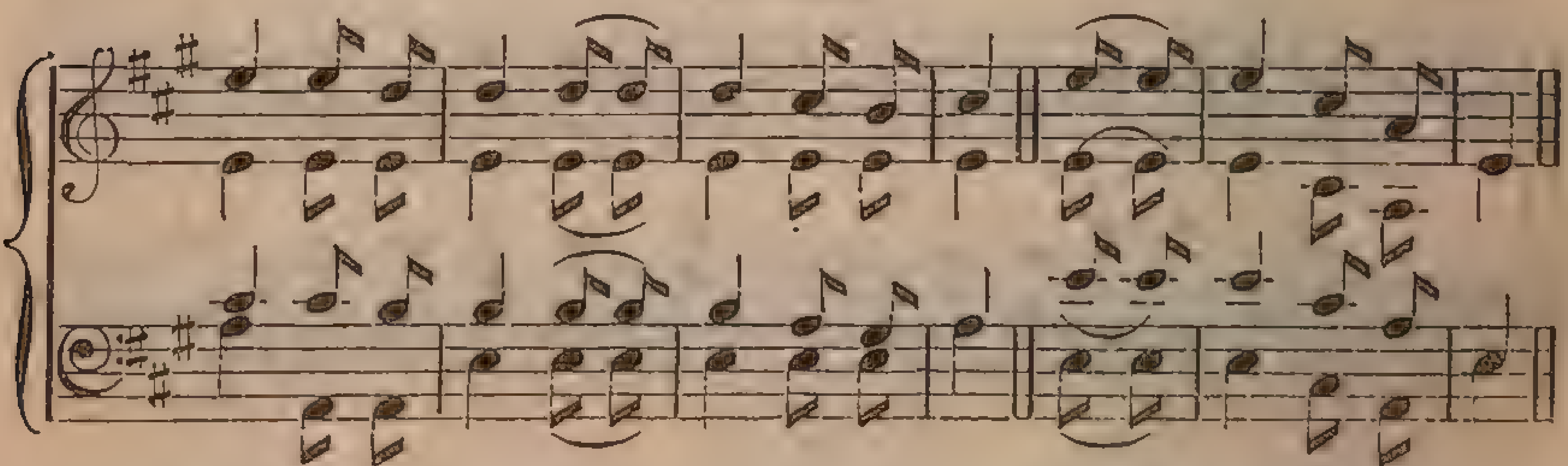
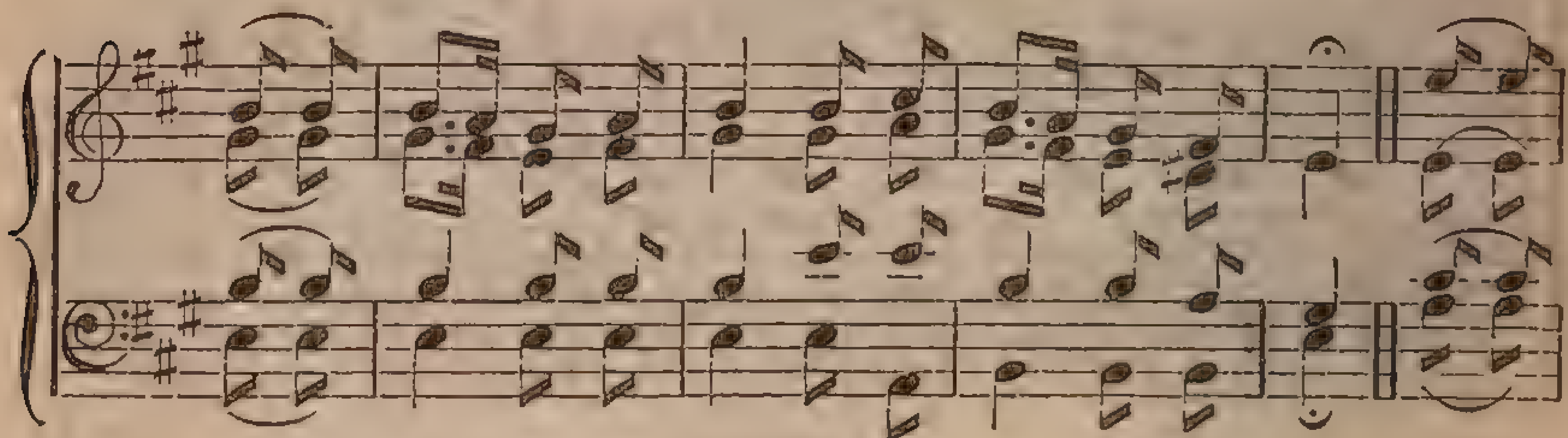
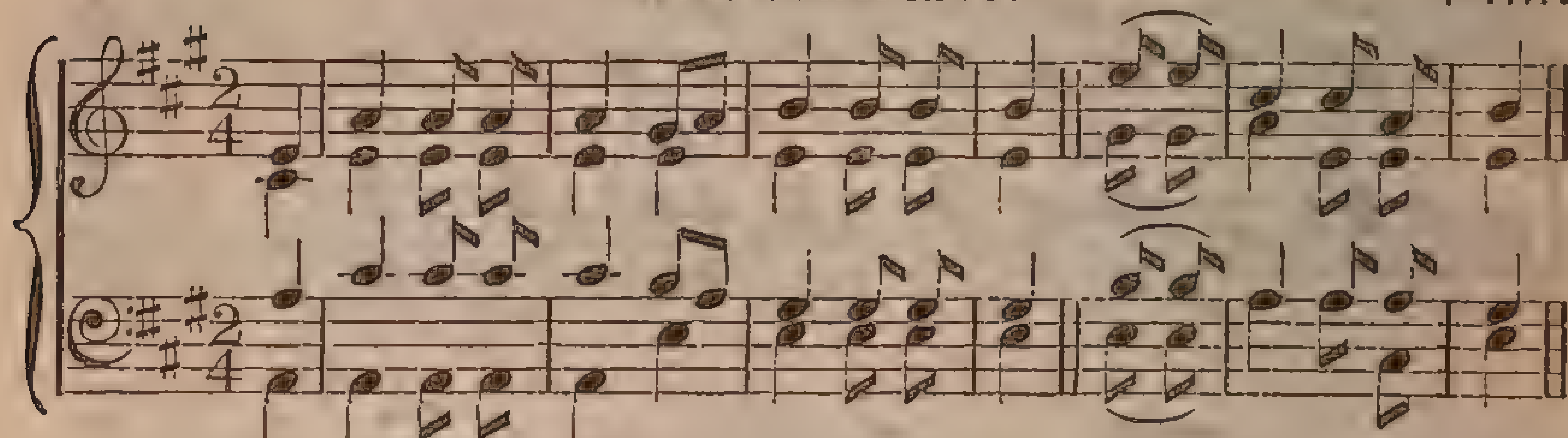
P.M.



51

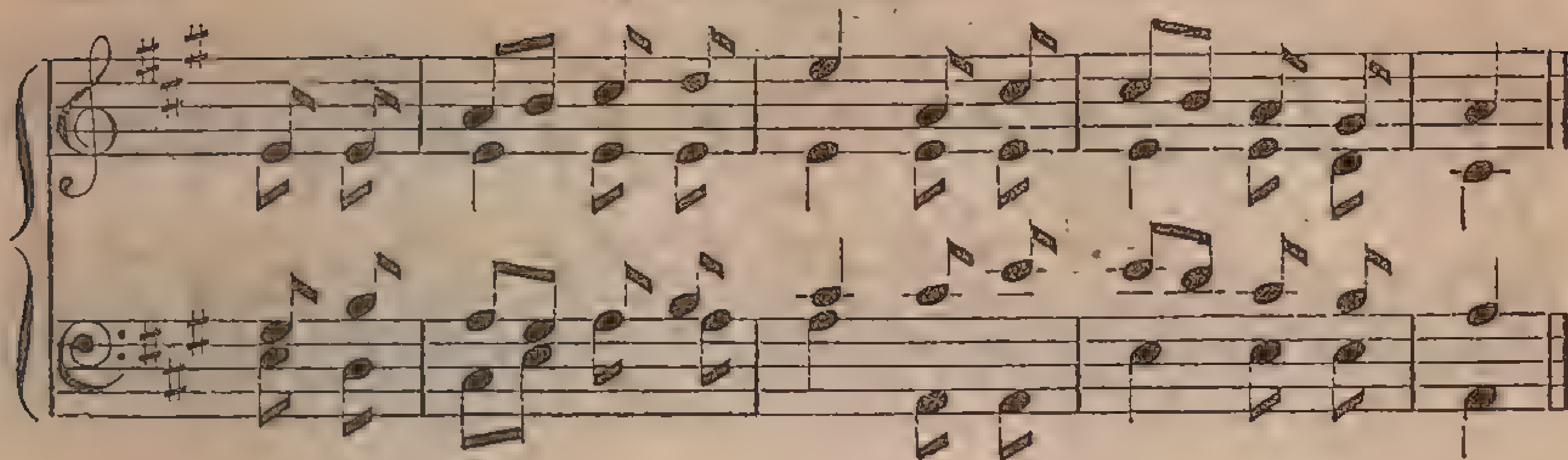
WATCHNIGHT.

P.M.



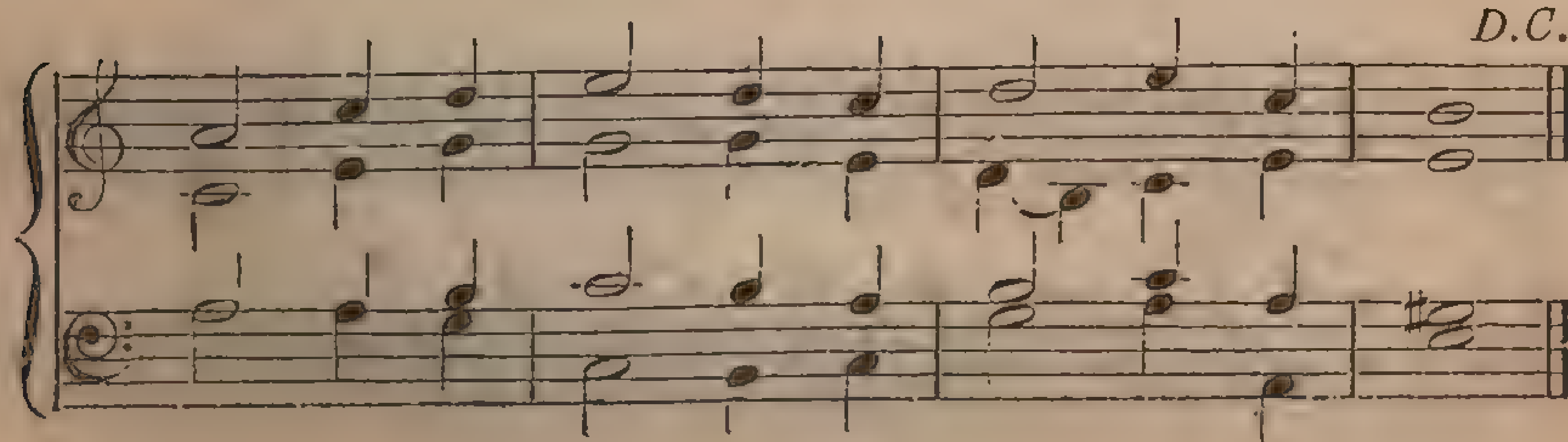
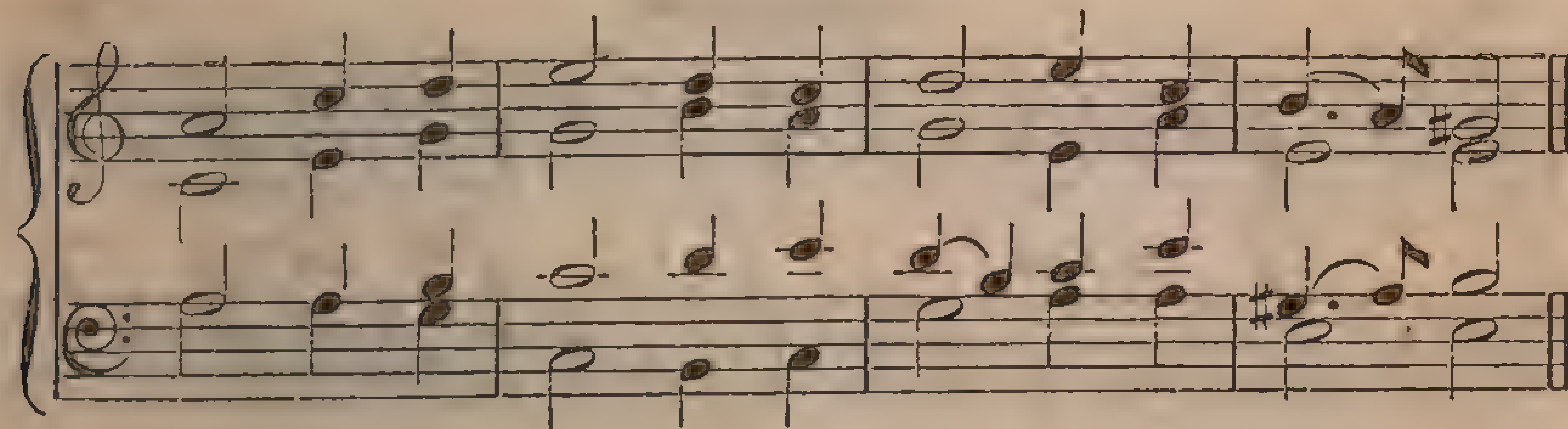
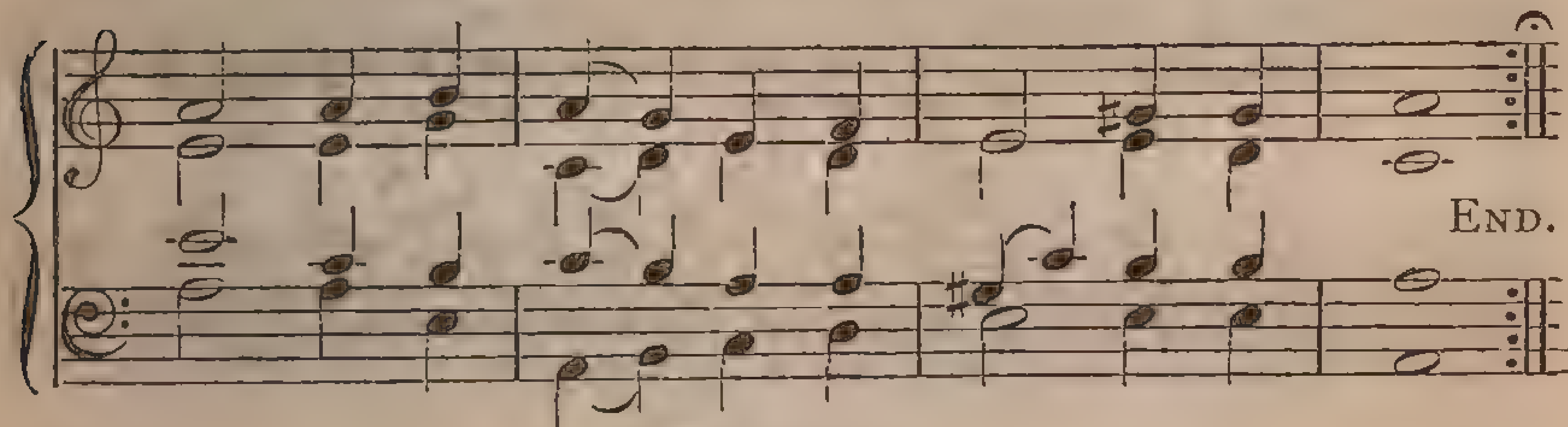
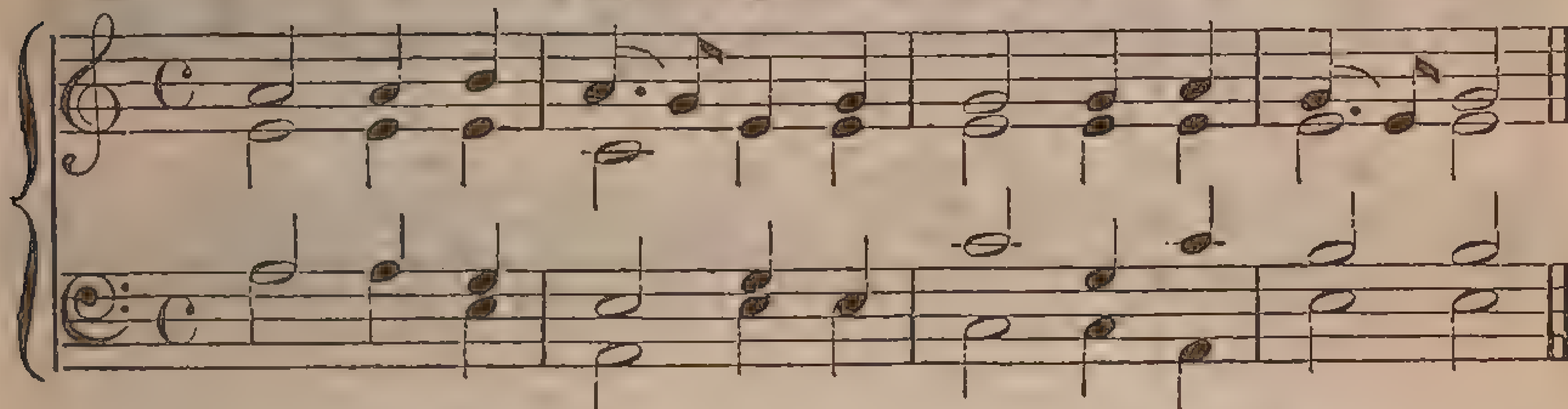
51

WATCHNIGHT. (CONTINUED.)



52

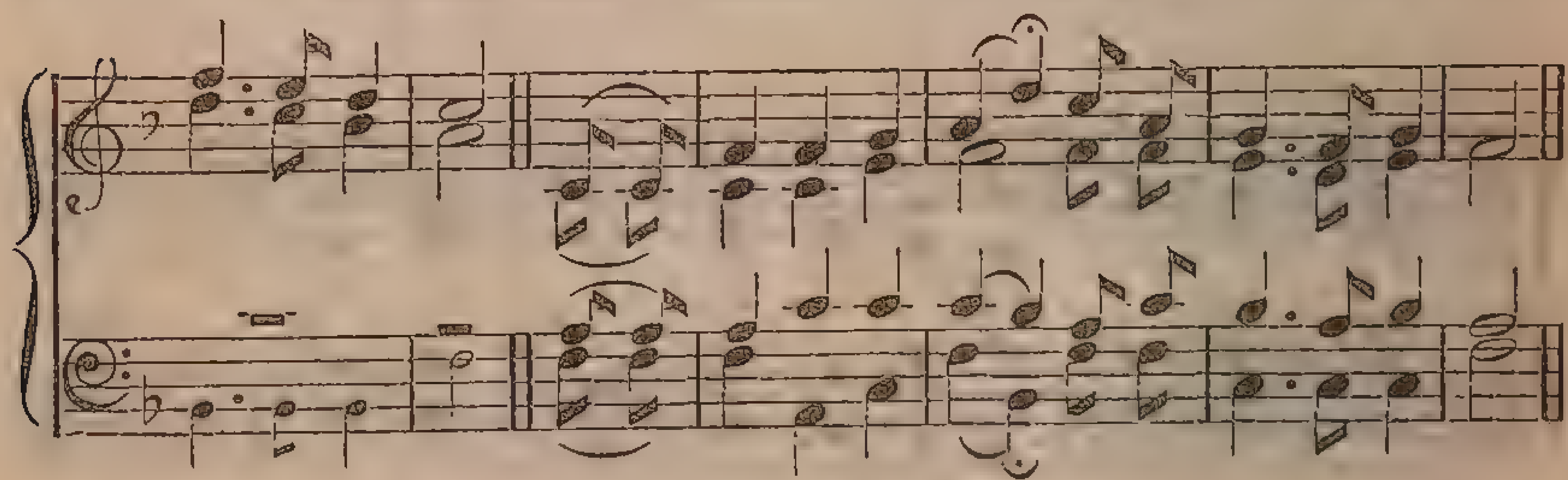
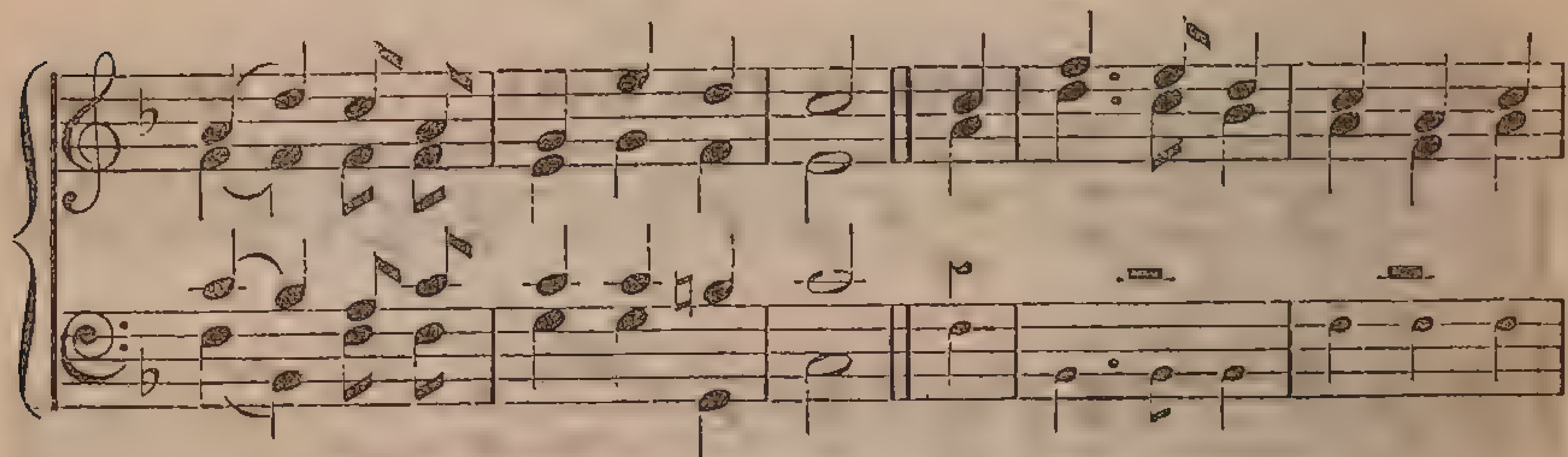
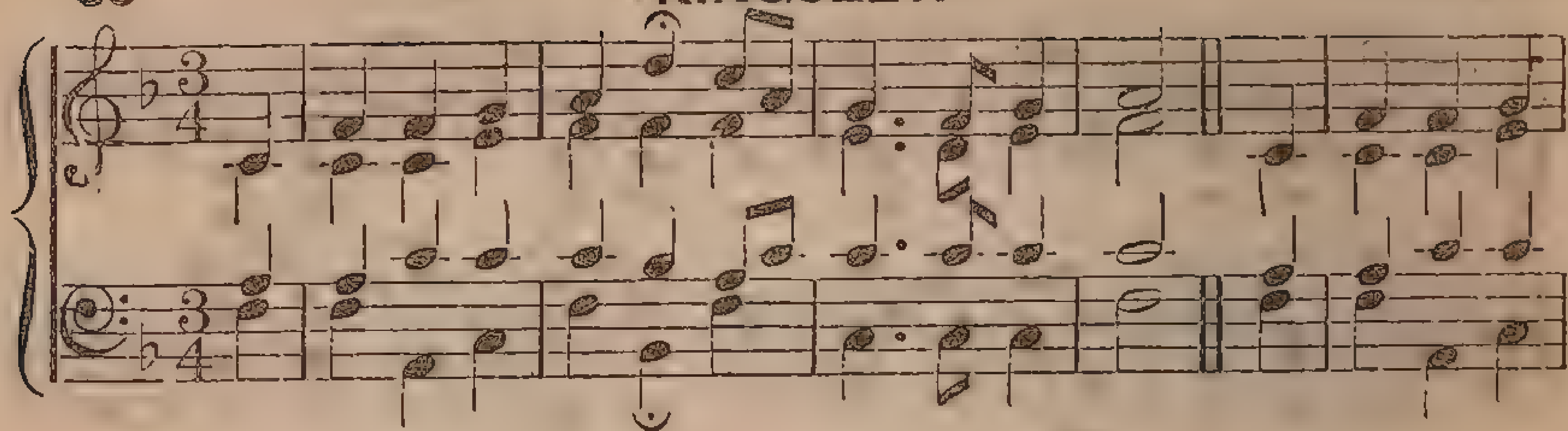
STAR IN THE EAST.

10^s & 11^s.

53

KINGSLEY.

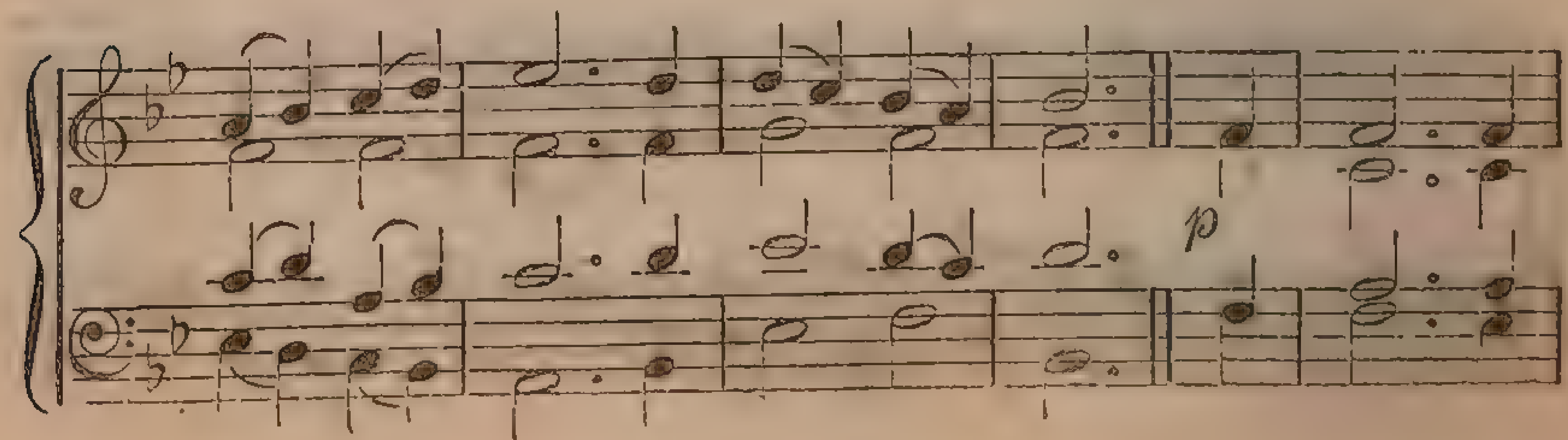
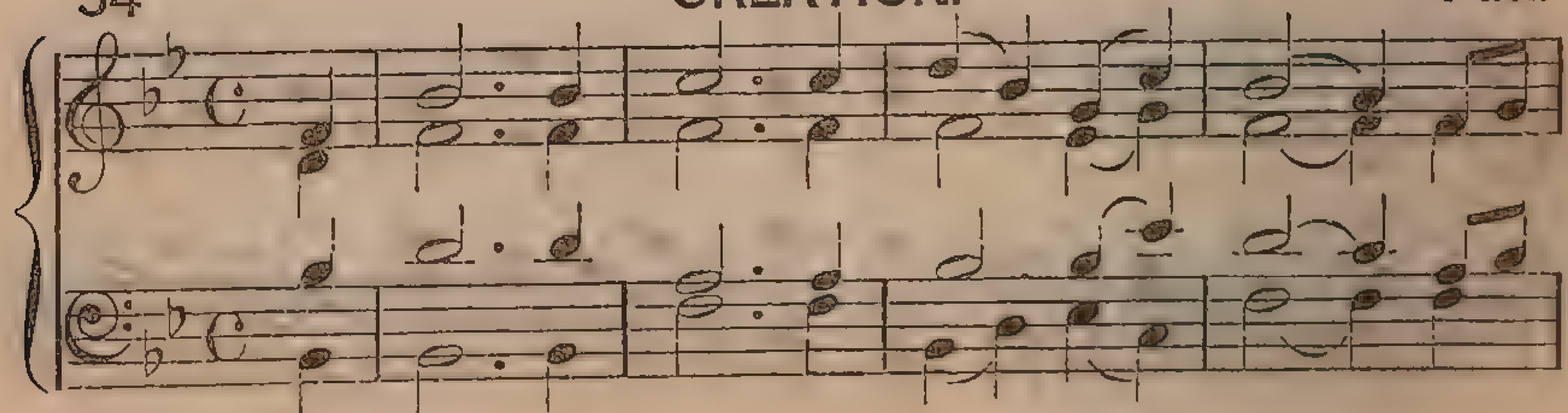
10s. 11s.

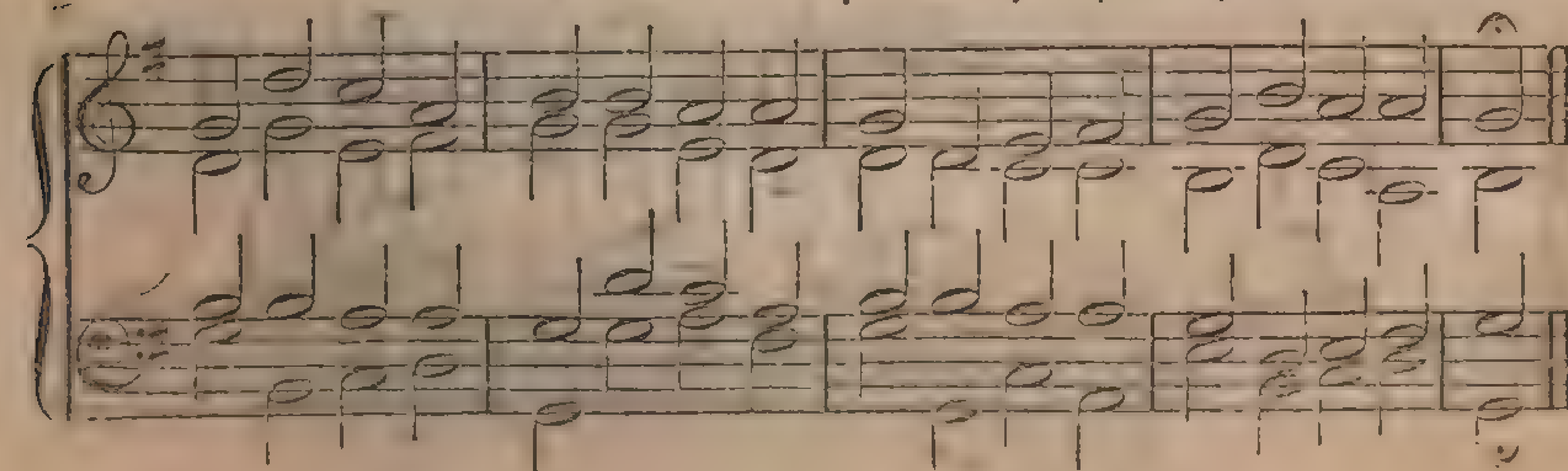
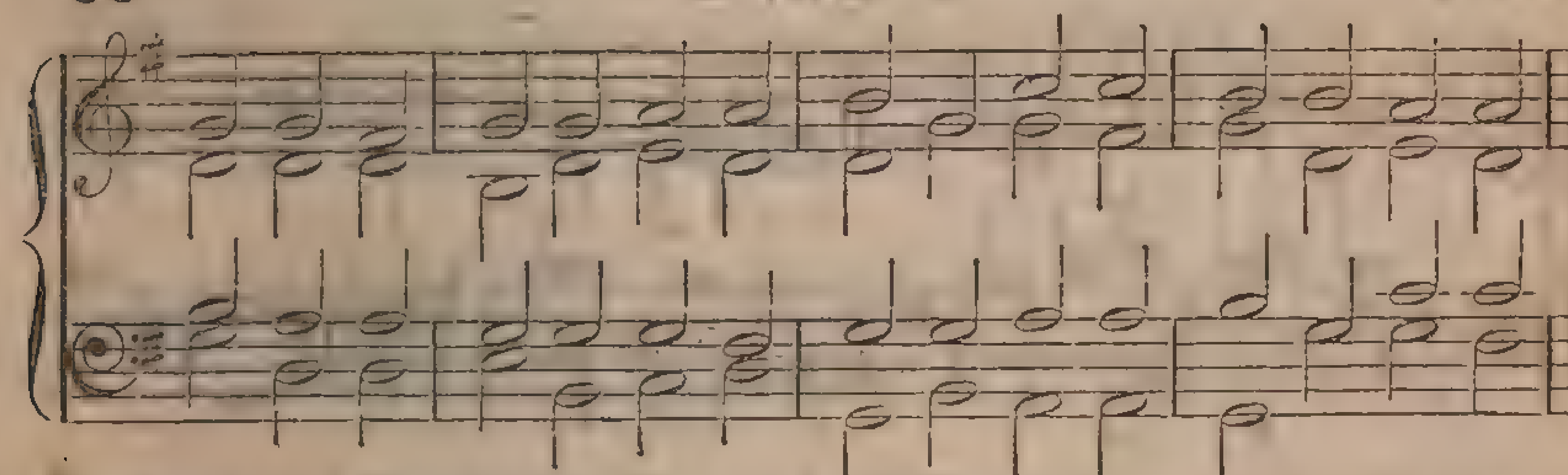
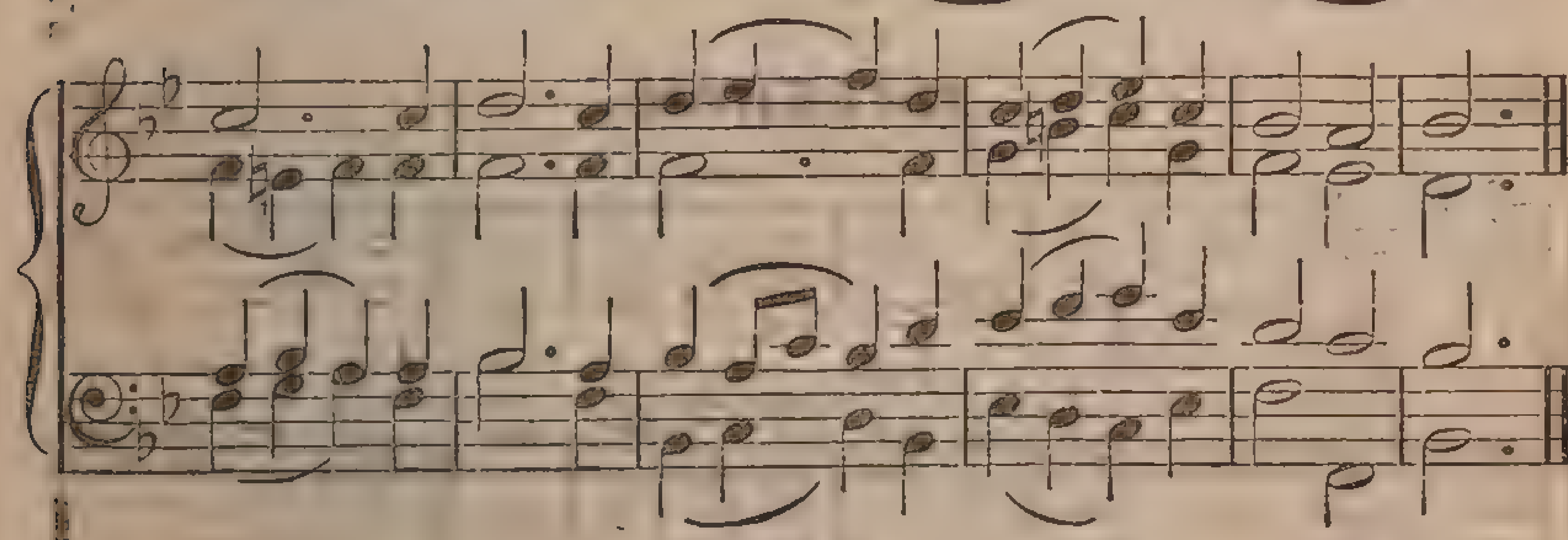
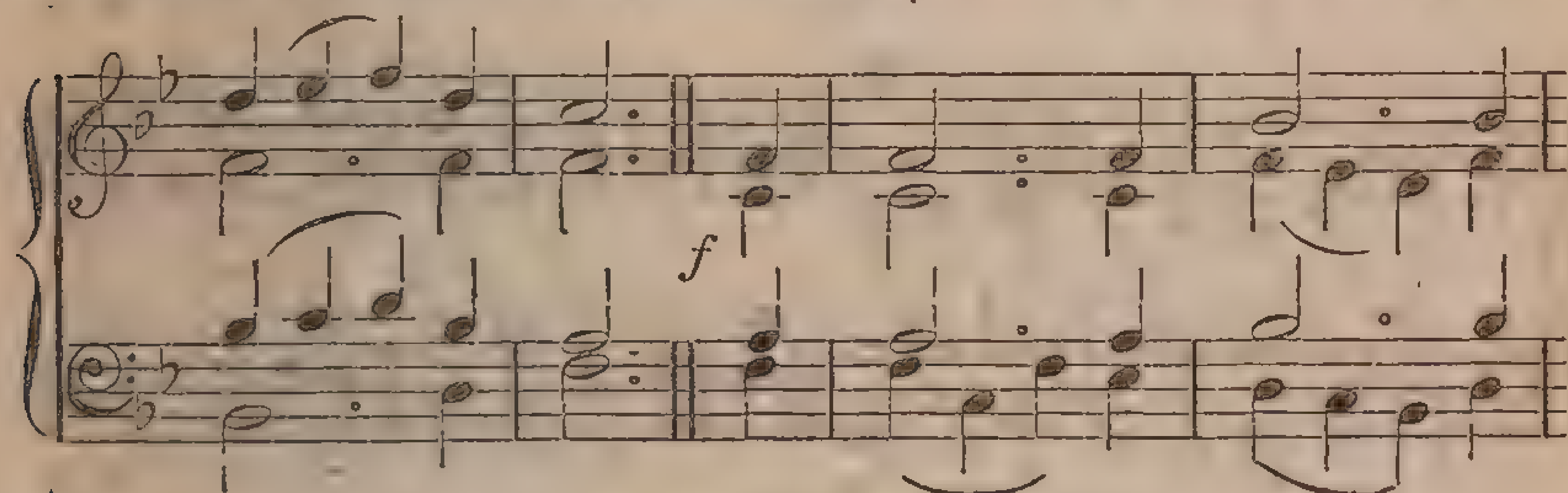
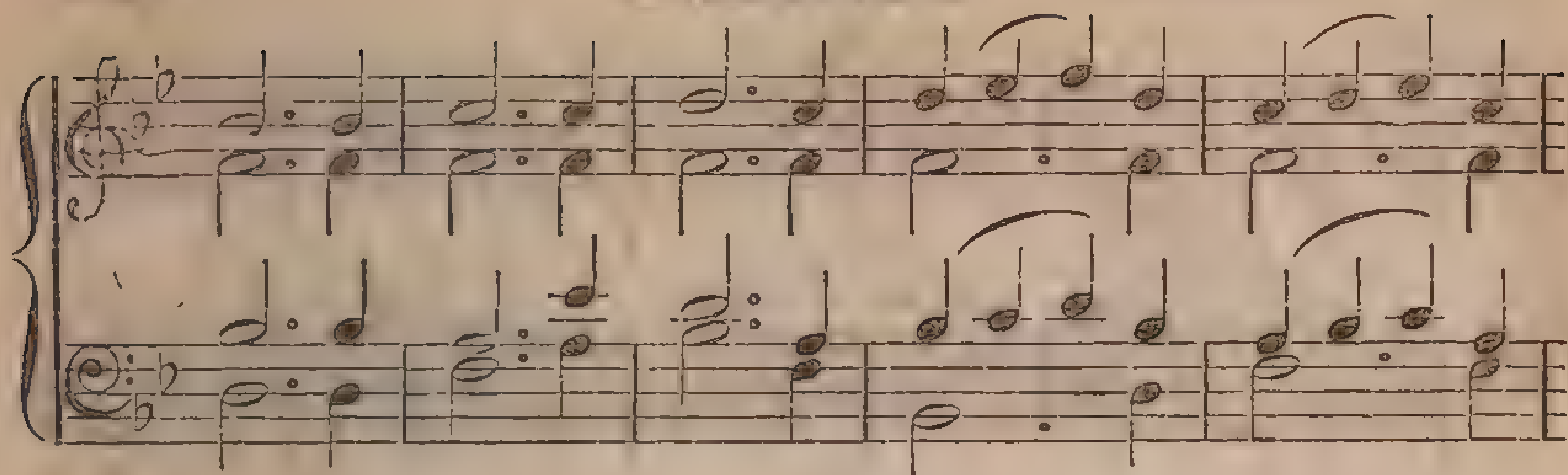


54

CREATION.

P.M.

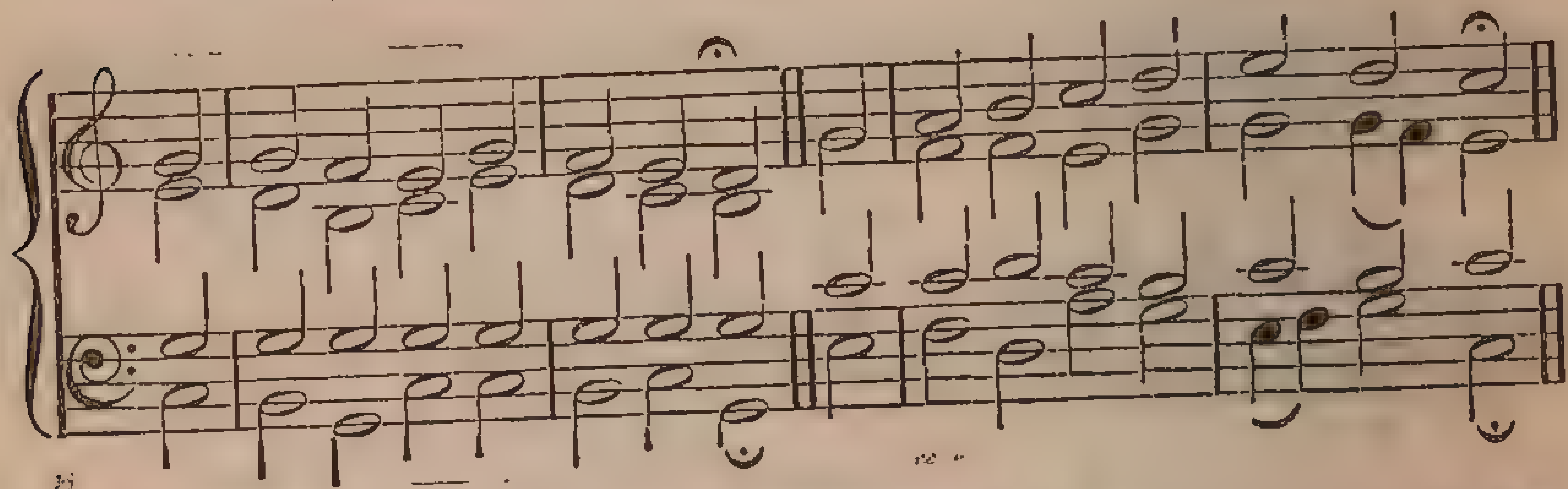
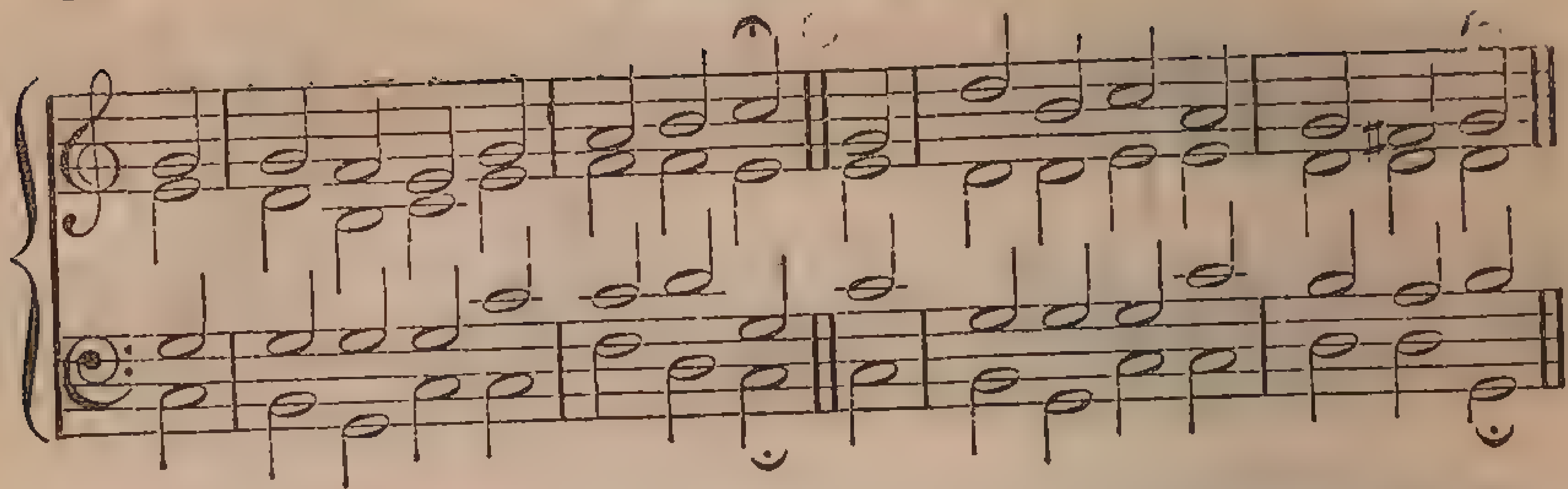




56

COLOGNE.

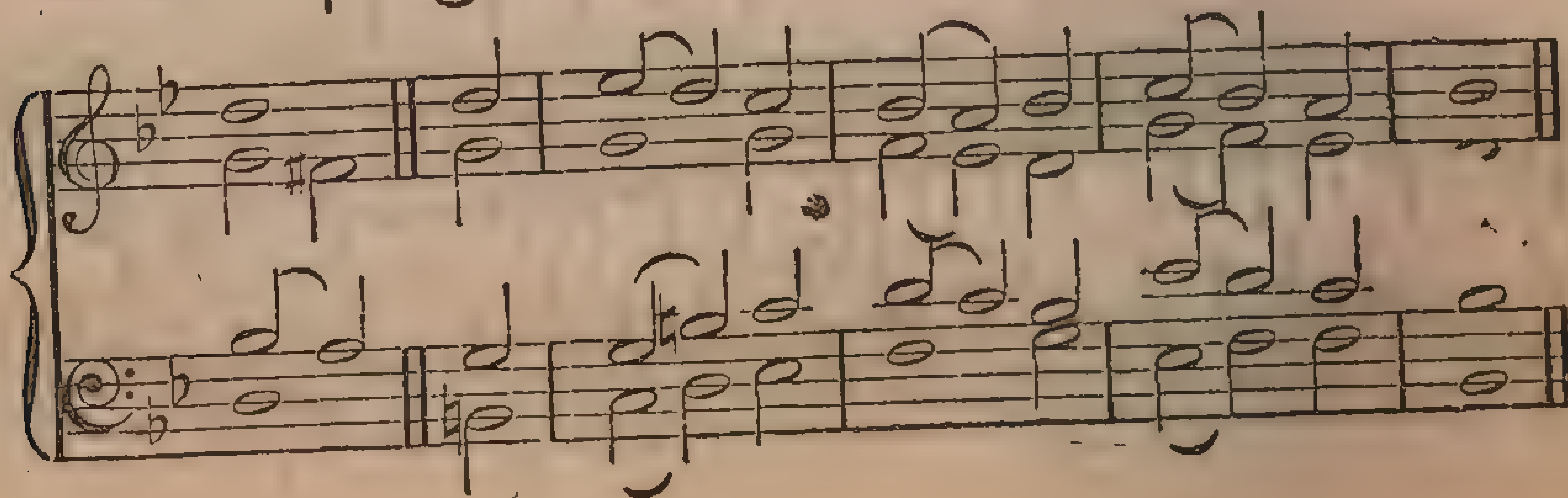
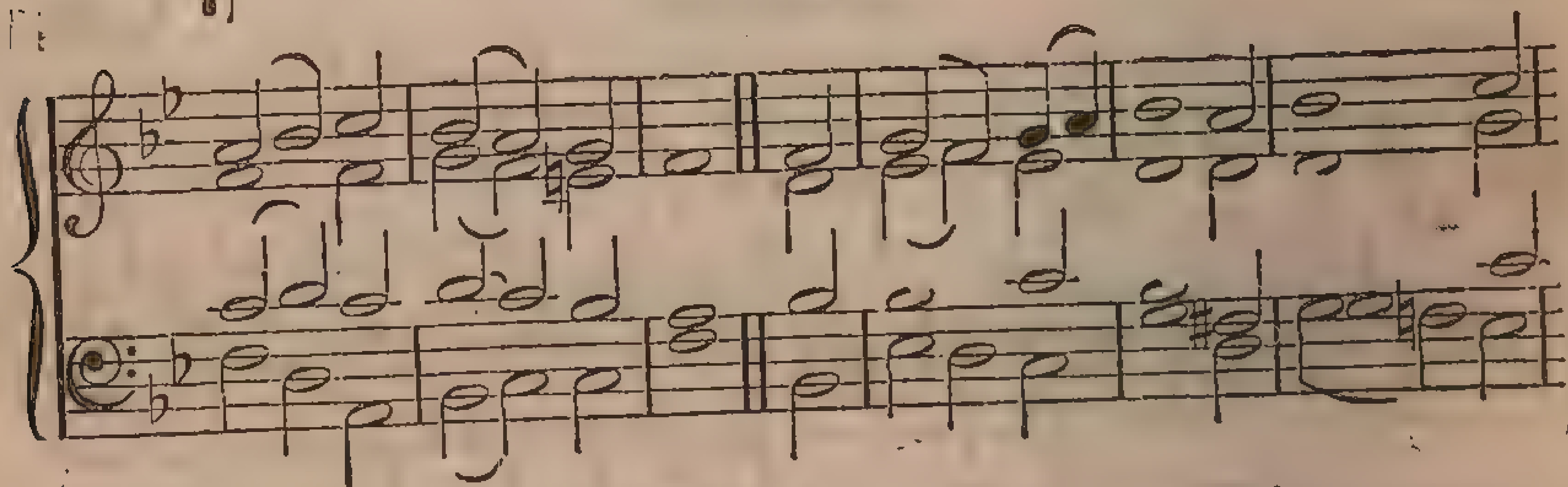
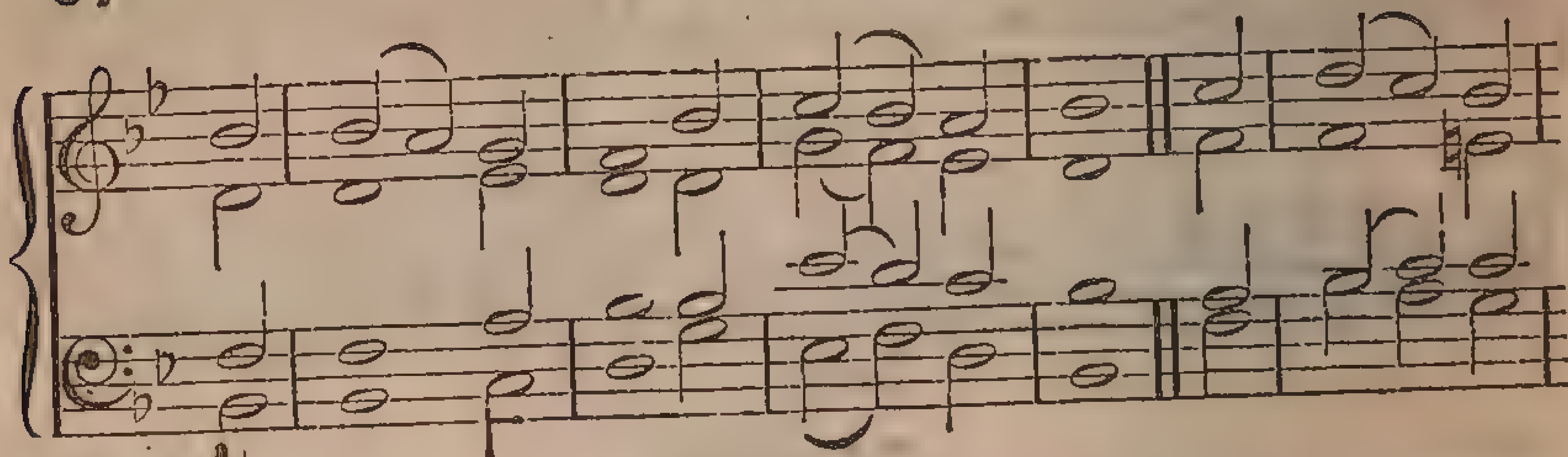
L.M.



57

WAREHAM.

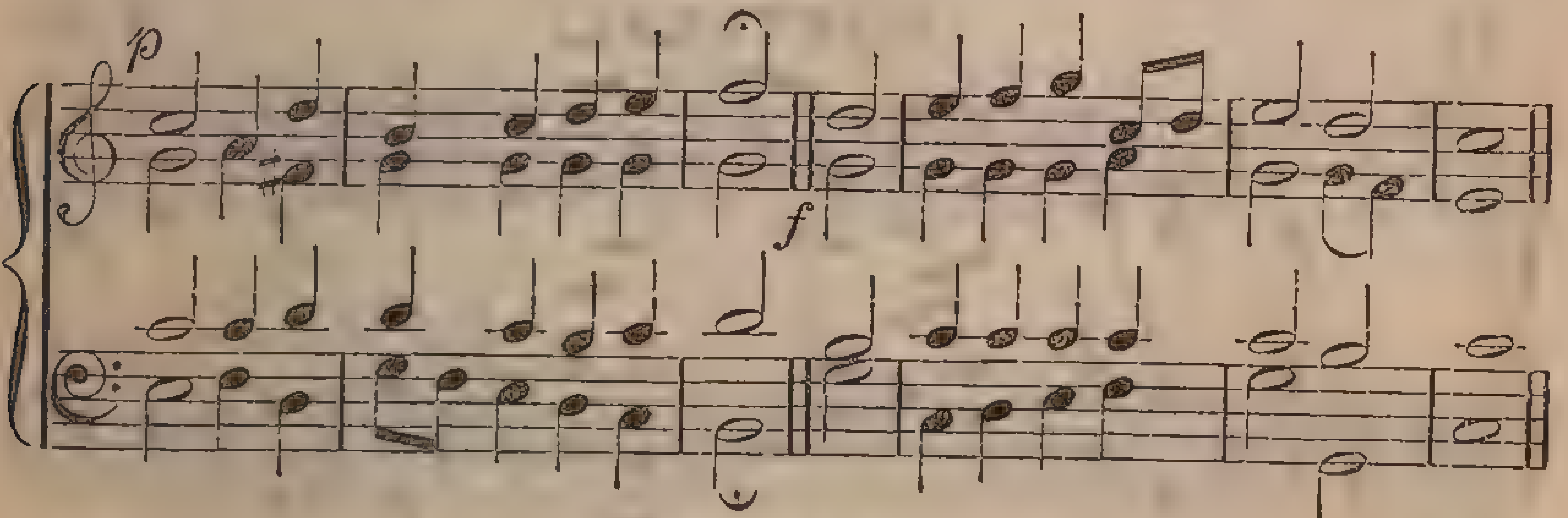
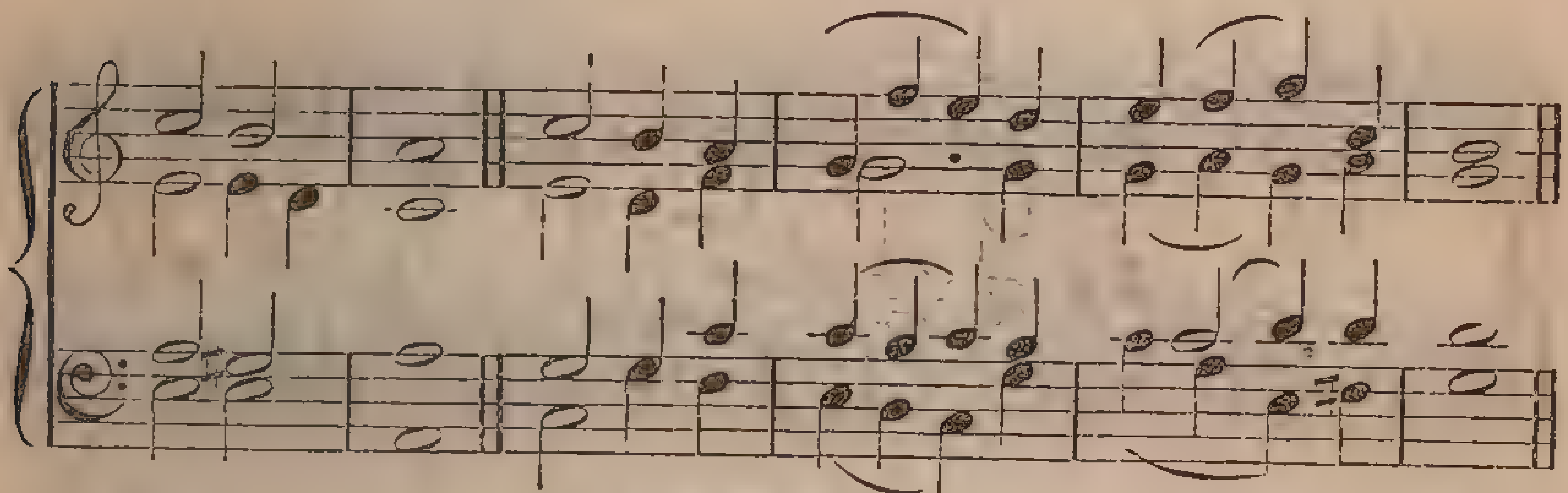
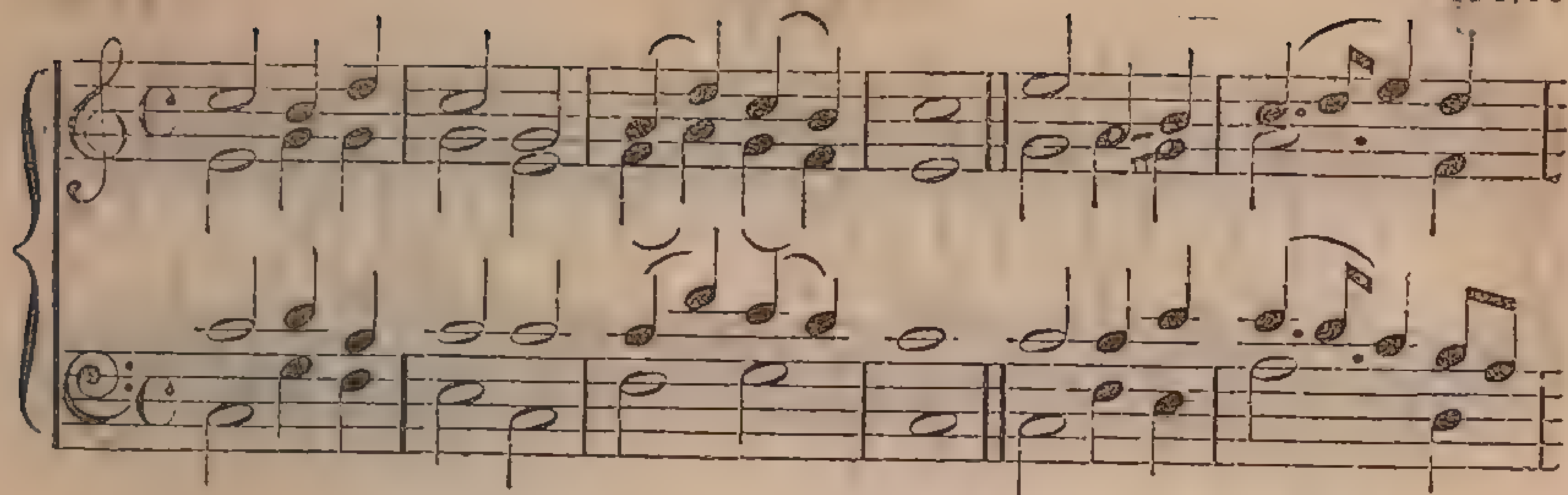
L.M.



58

PERU.

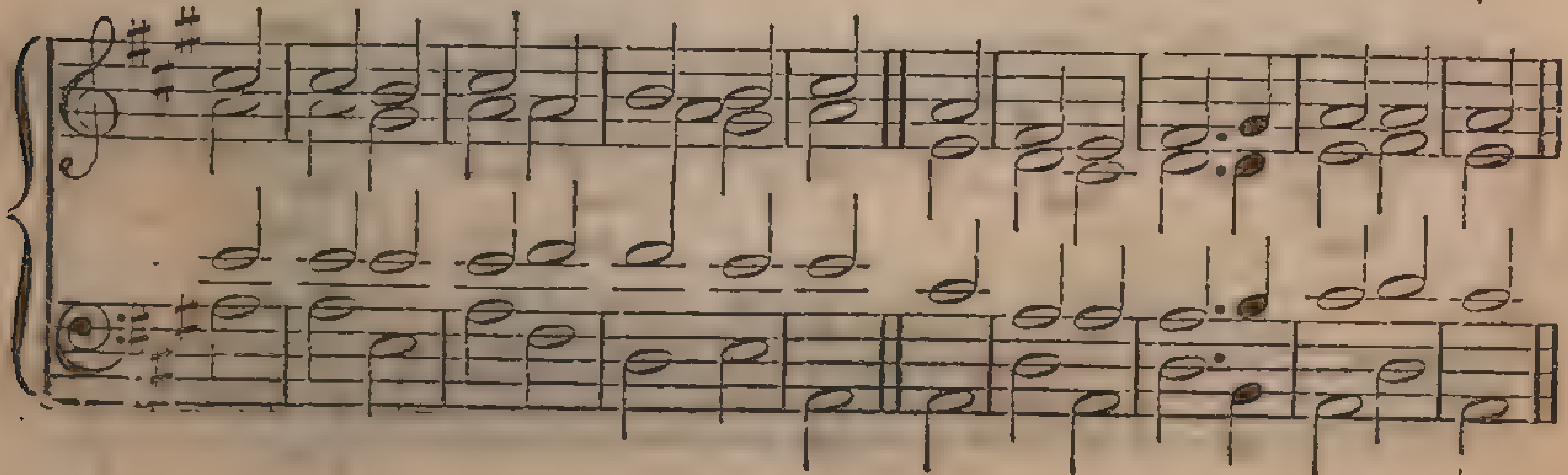
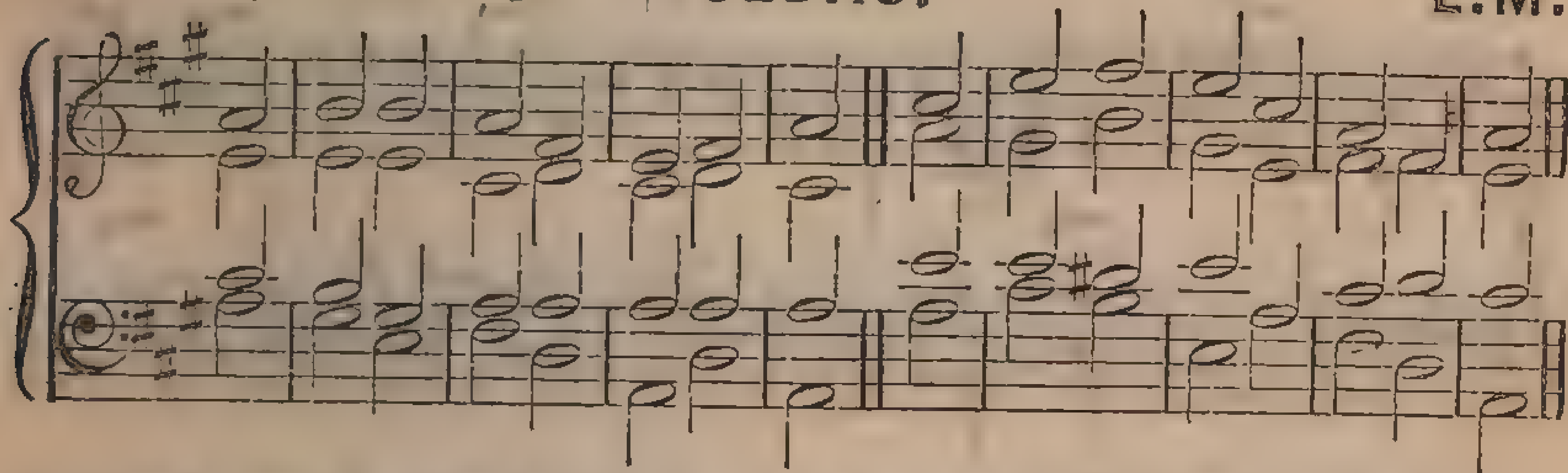
L.M.

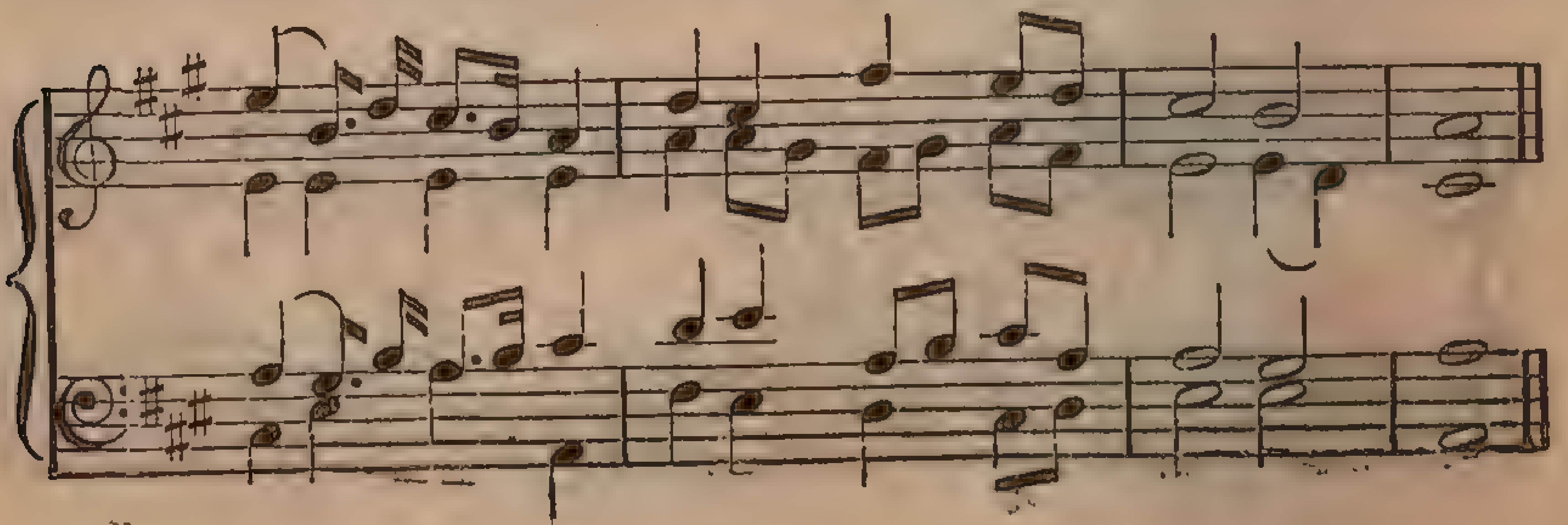
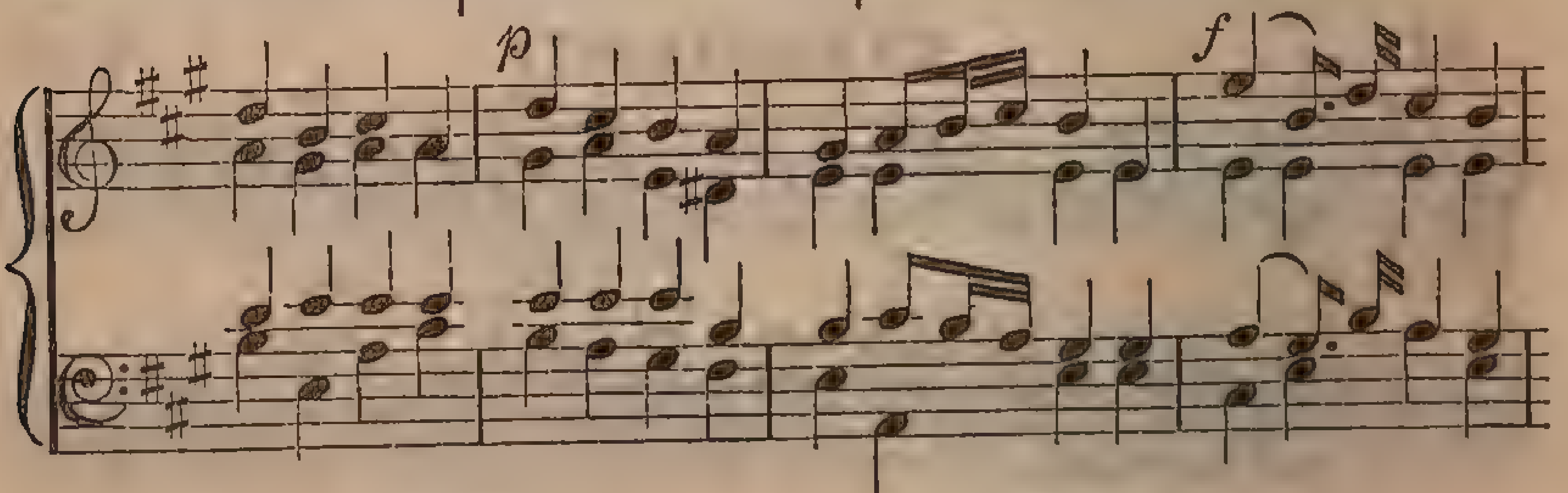
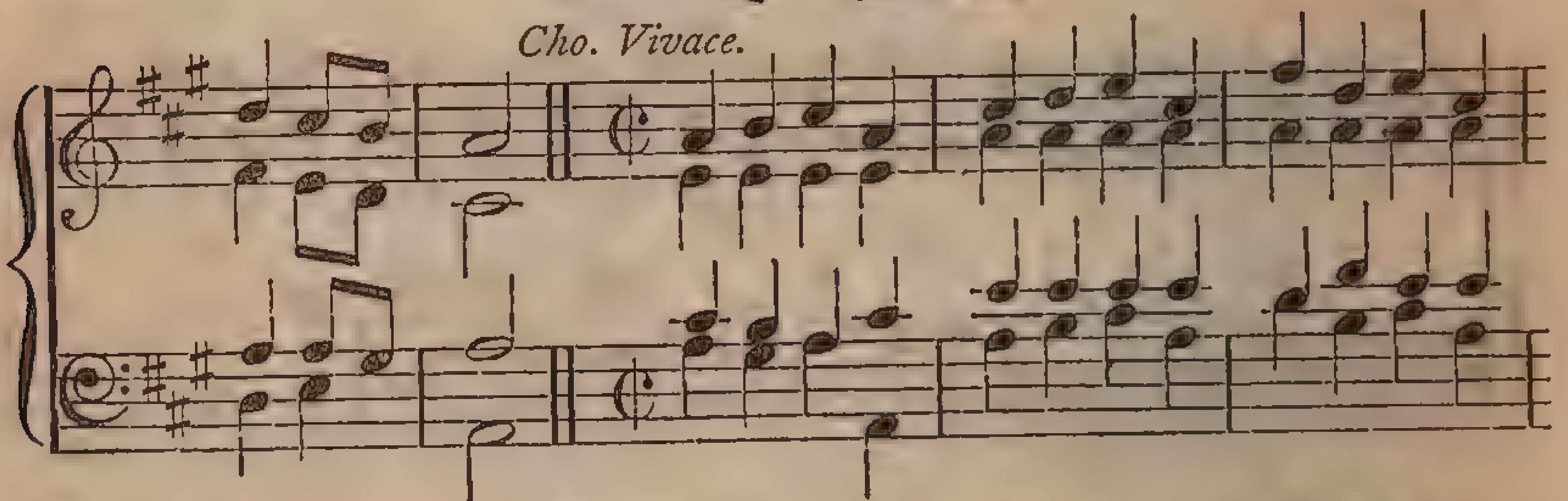
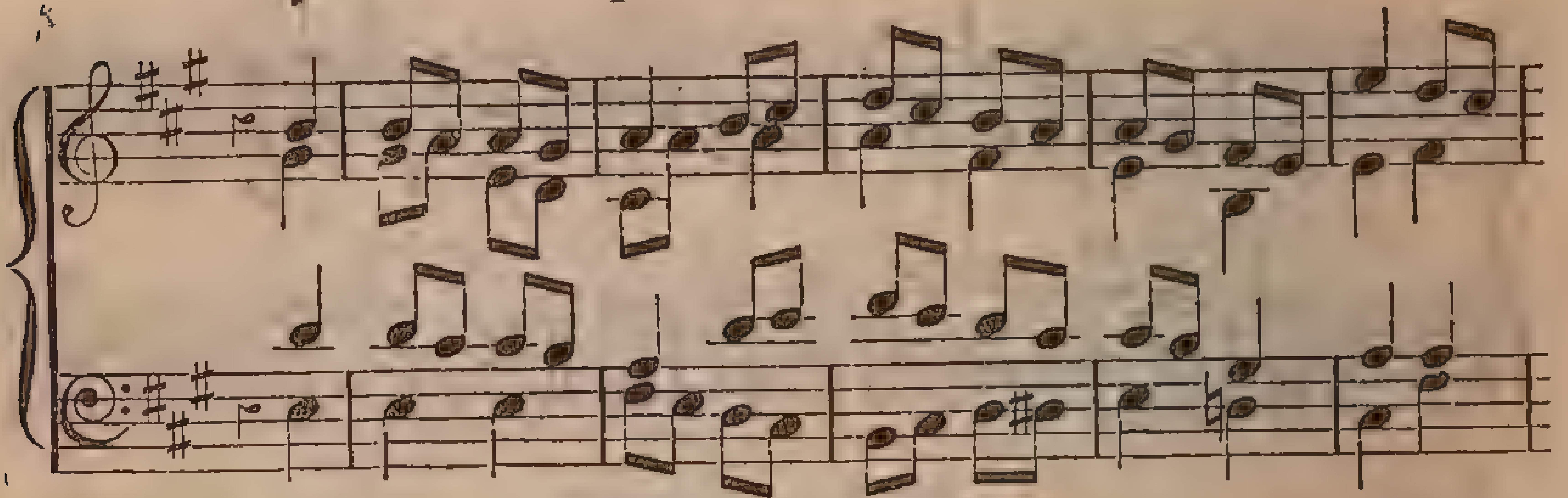
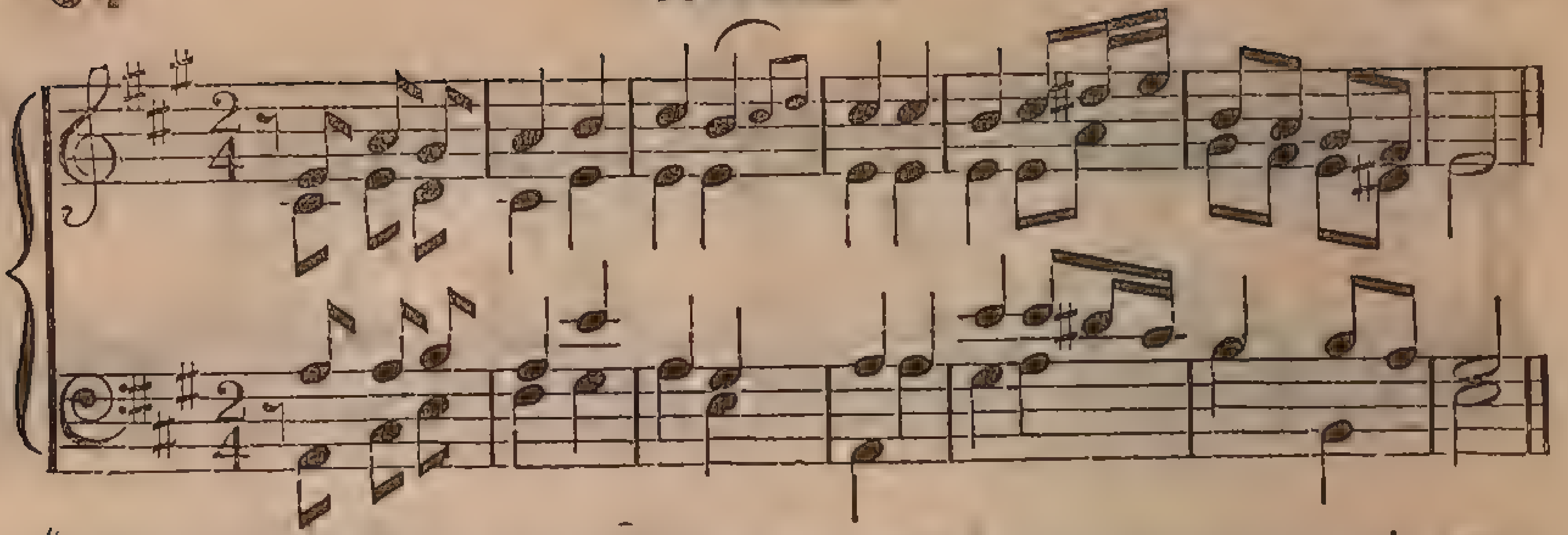


59

SOLDAU.

L.M.

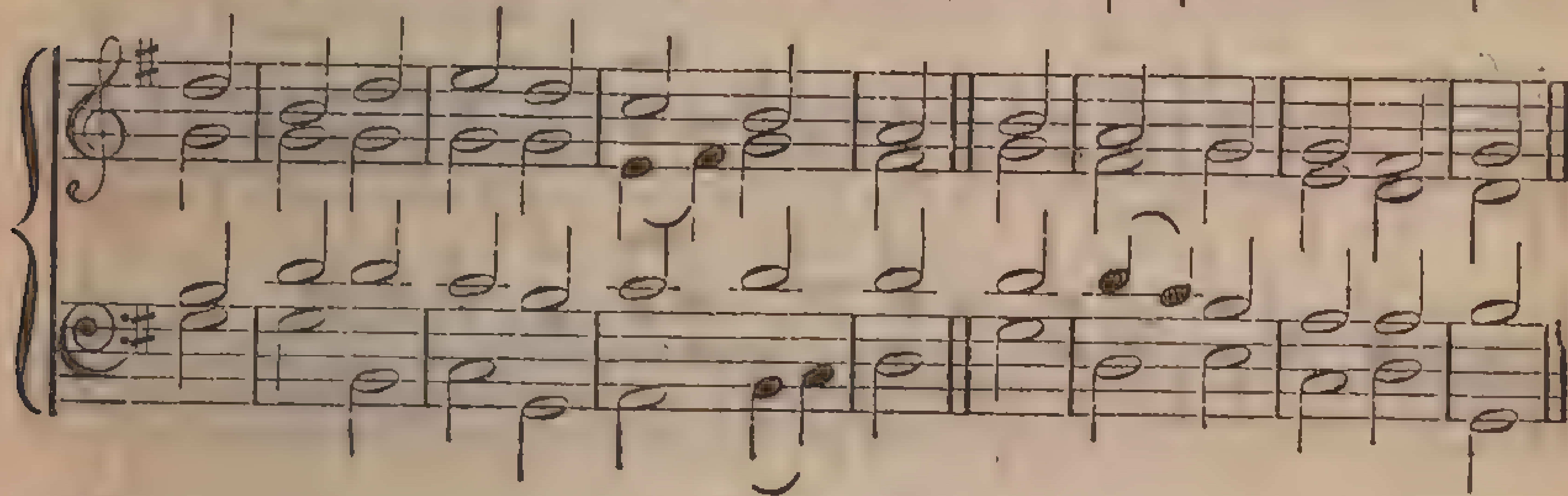
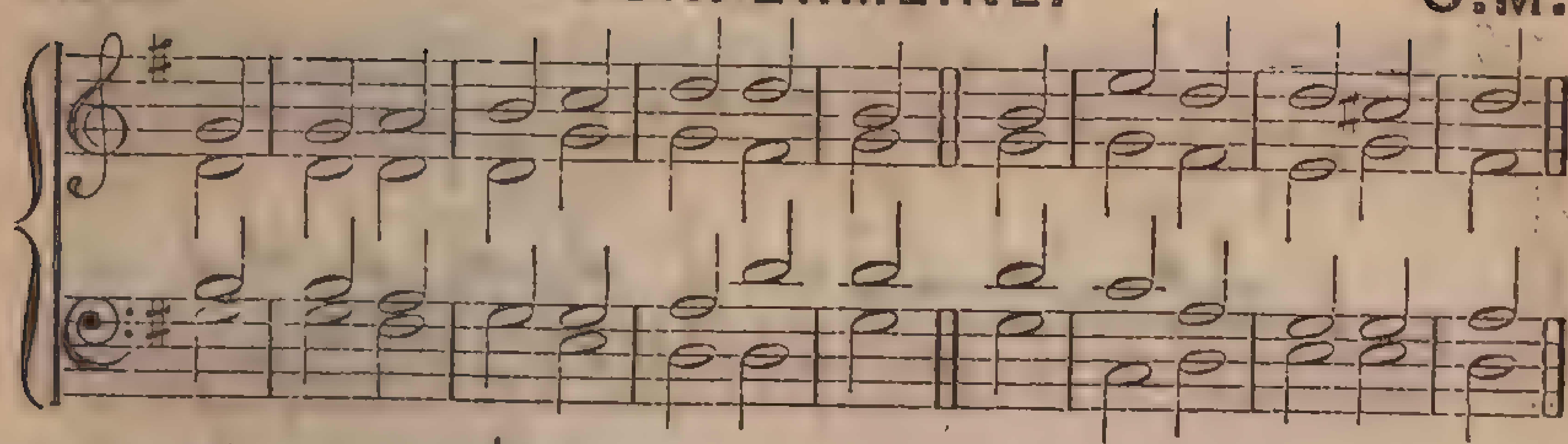




65

DUNFERMLINE.

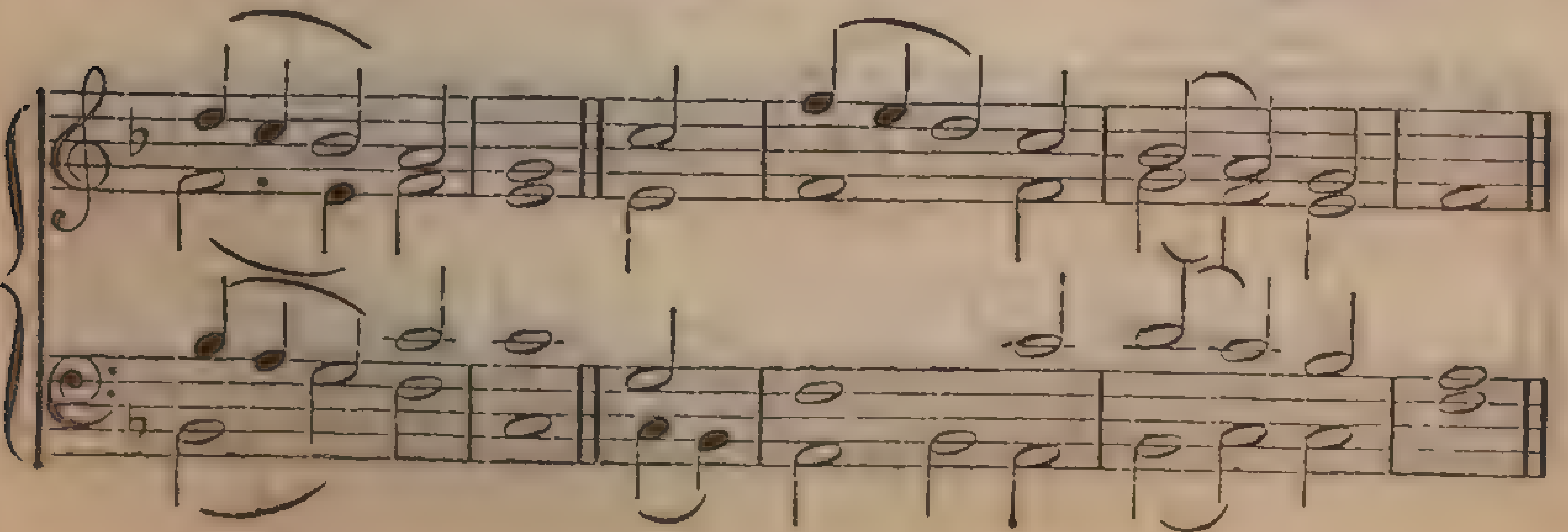
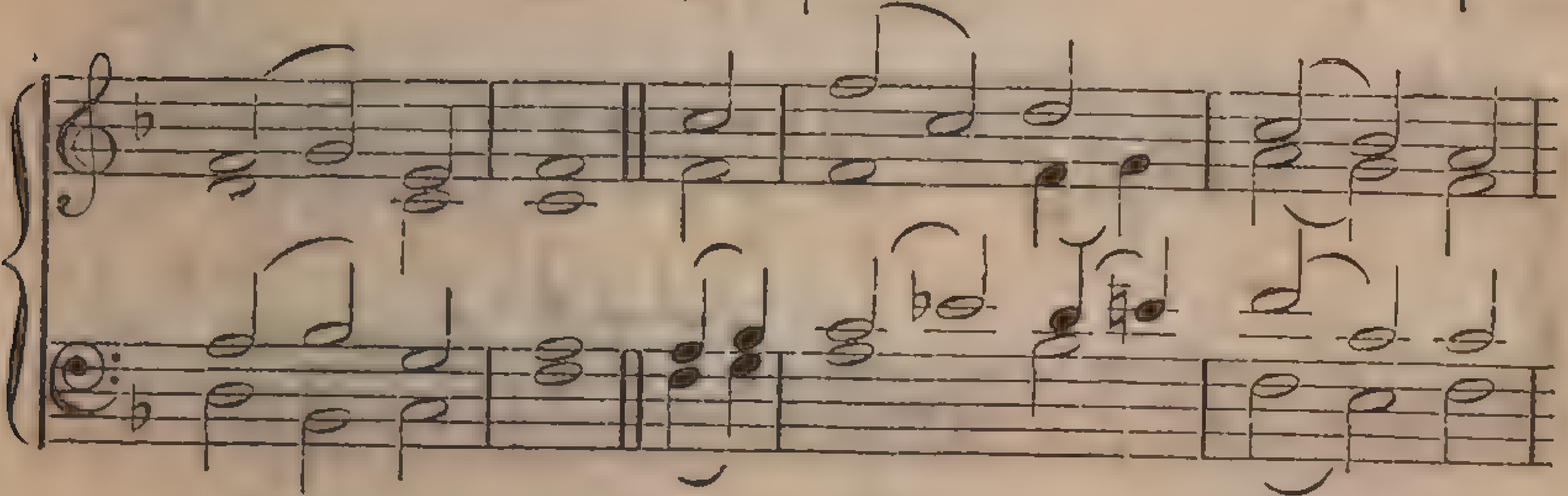
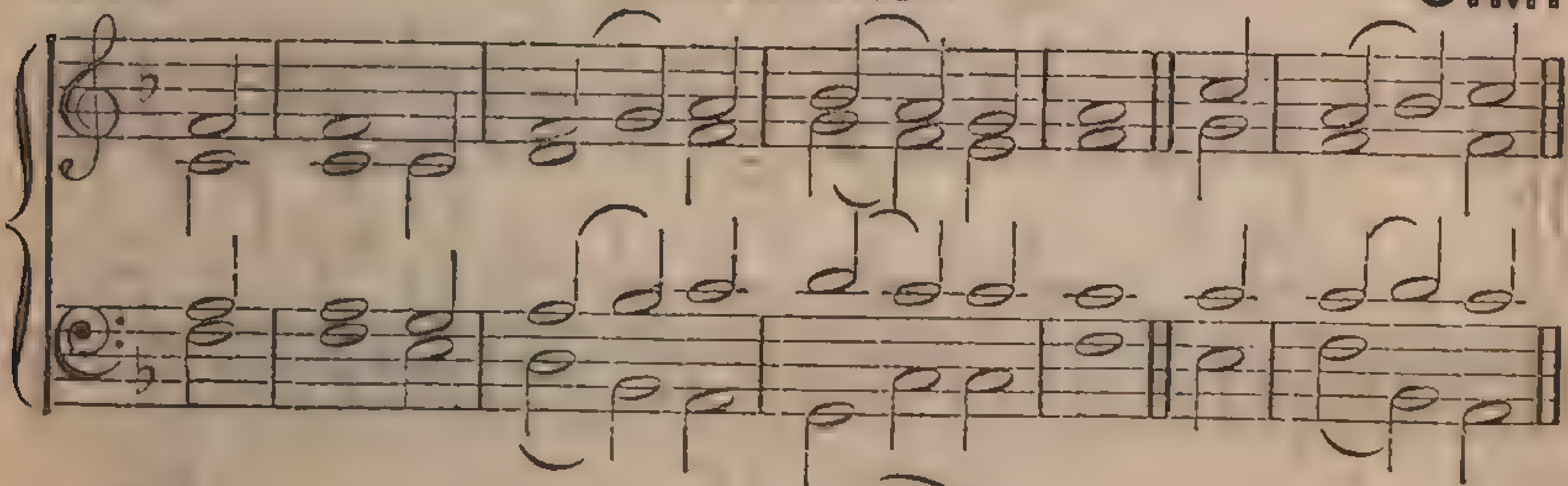
C.M.



66

IRISH.

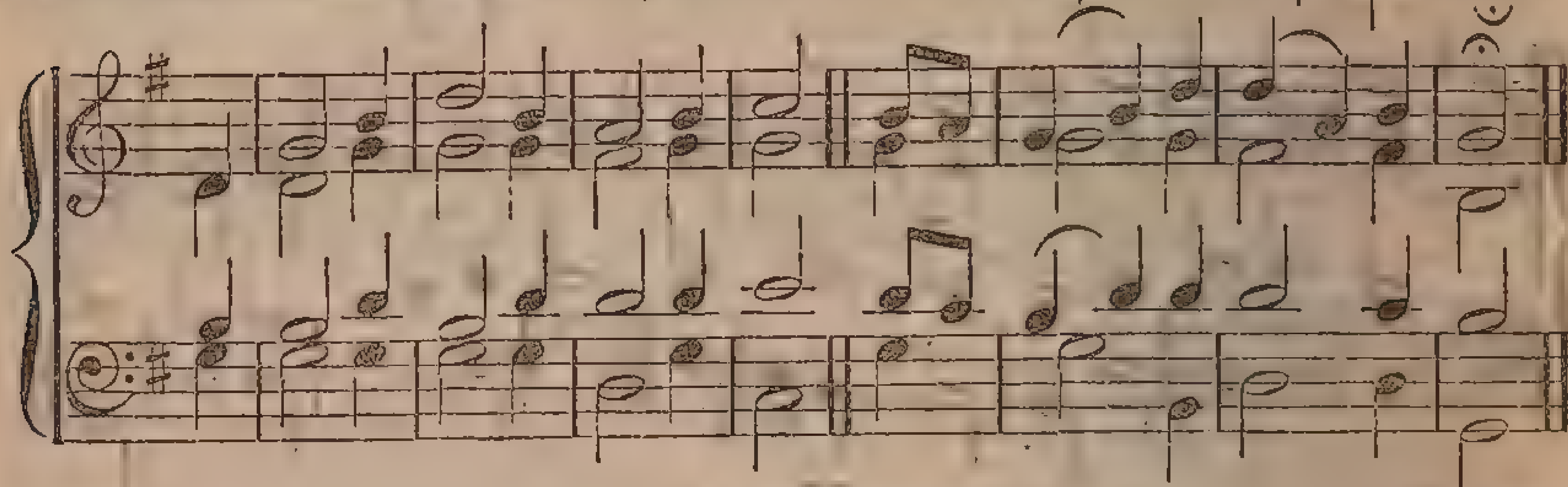
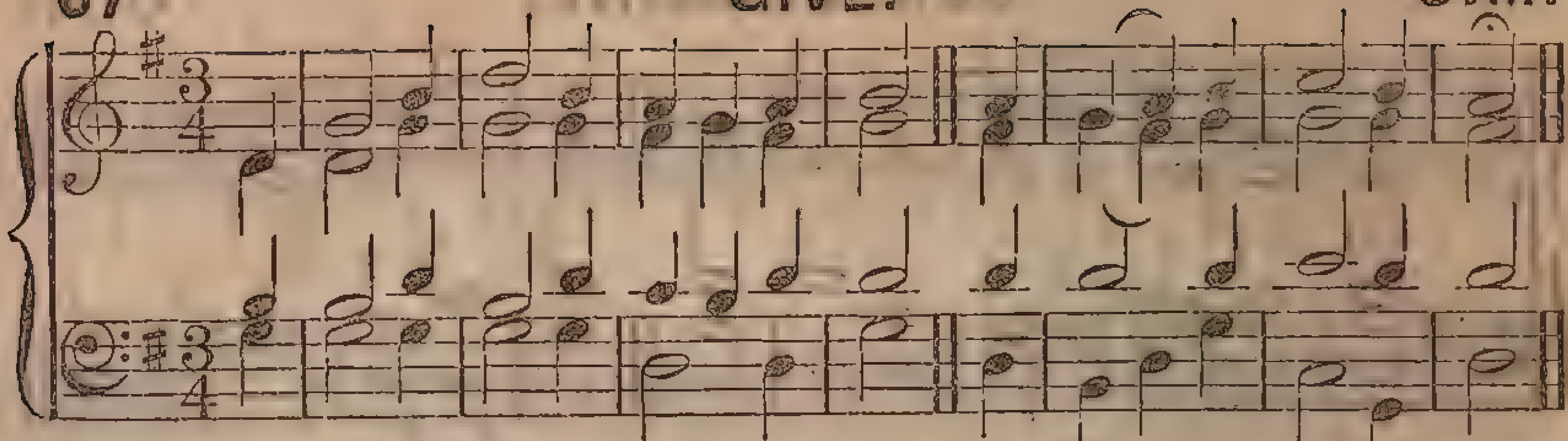
C.M.



67

GIVE.

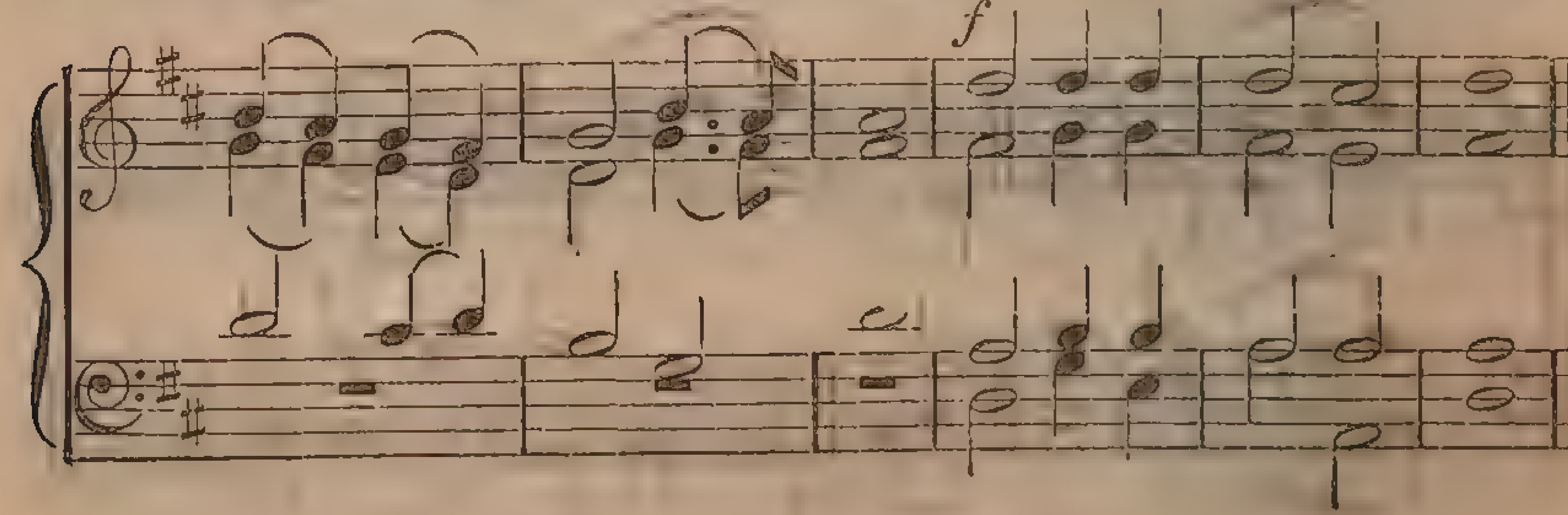
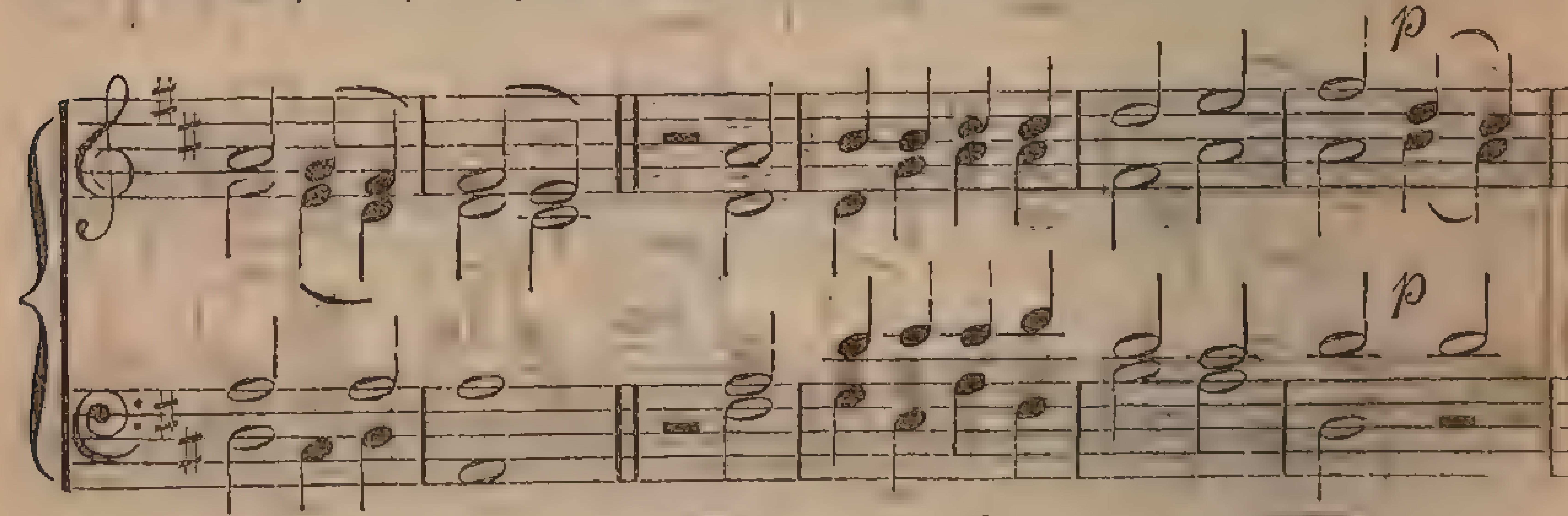
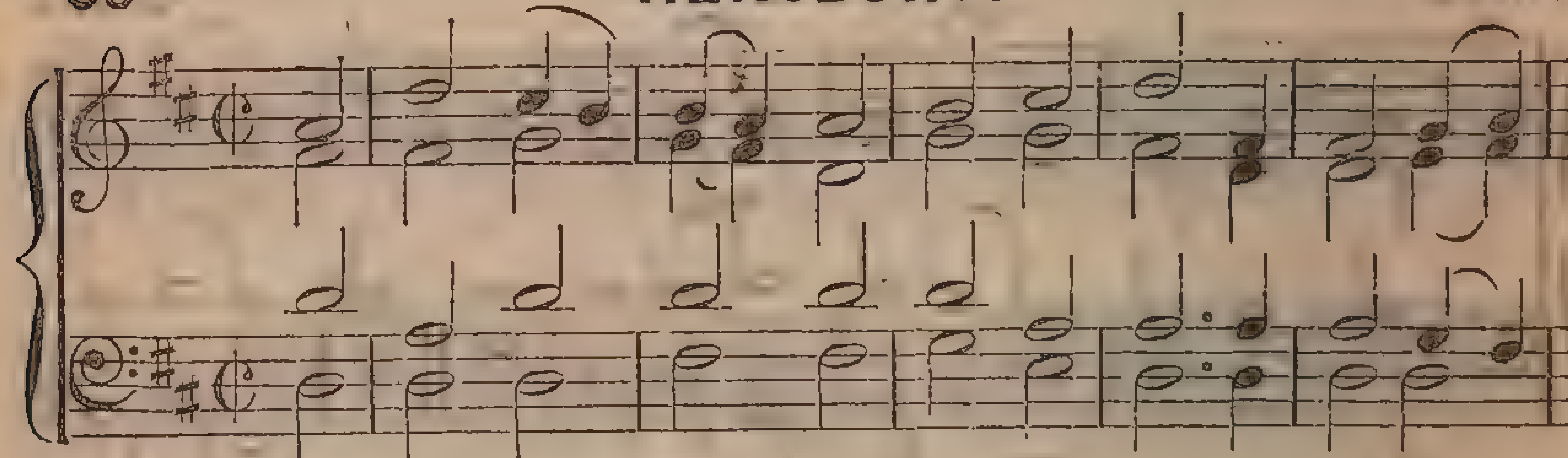
C.M.



68

HENS BURY.

C.M.



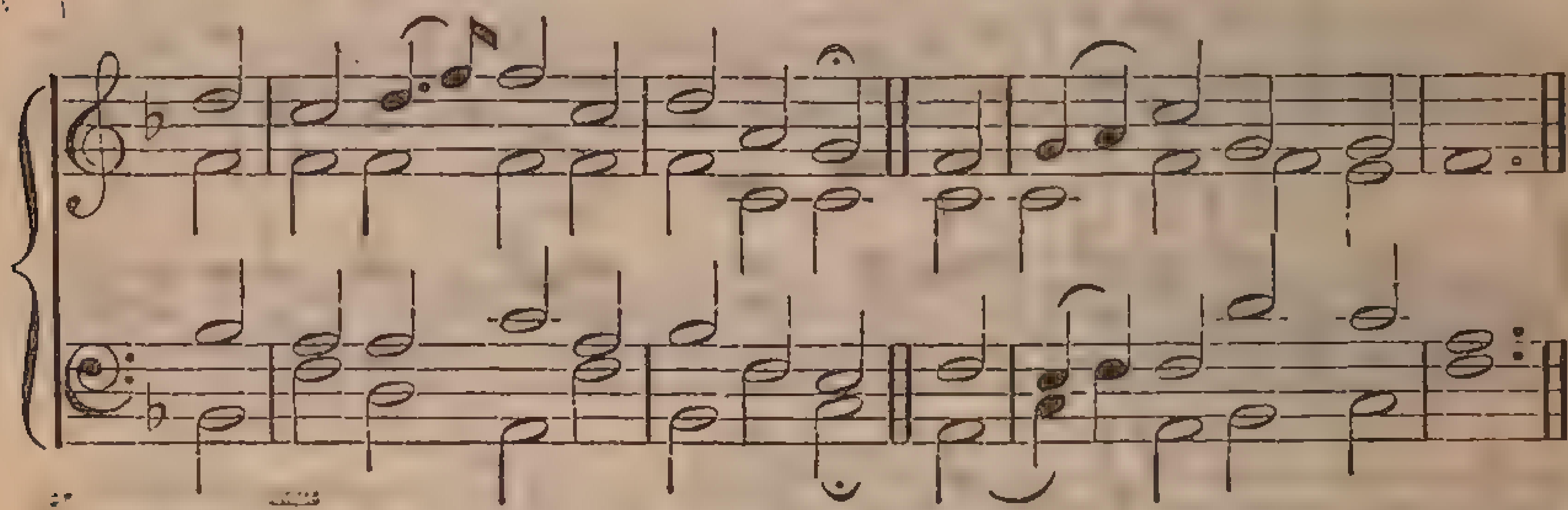
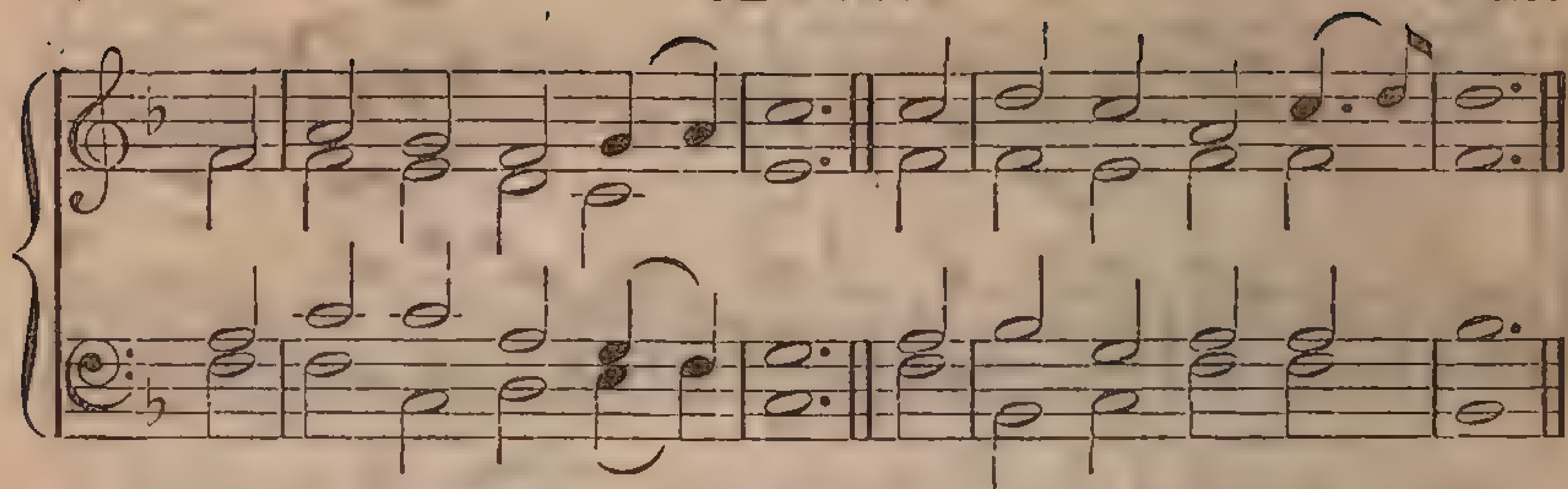
Handwritten musical score for 'LYDIA' in C.M. time signature. The score is written on three systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The first system contains 8 measures, the second system contains 8 measures, and the third system contains 8 measures. The music features various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first system. Dynamics include a forte 'f' marking above the first measure of the third system and a piano 'p' marking above the first measure of the second system. A double bar line with repeat dots is located in the first measure of the third system.

Handwritten musical score for 'ST. MARY' in C.M. time signature. The score is written on two systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The first system contains 8 measures, and the second system contains 8 measures. The music features various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first system.

71

SELMA.

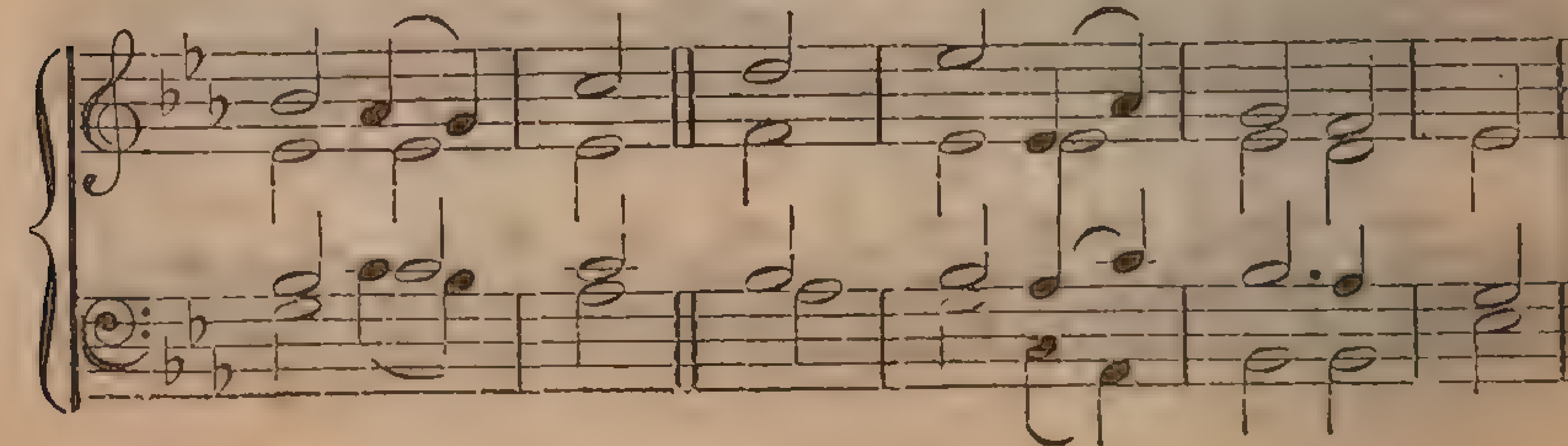
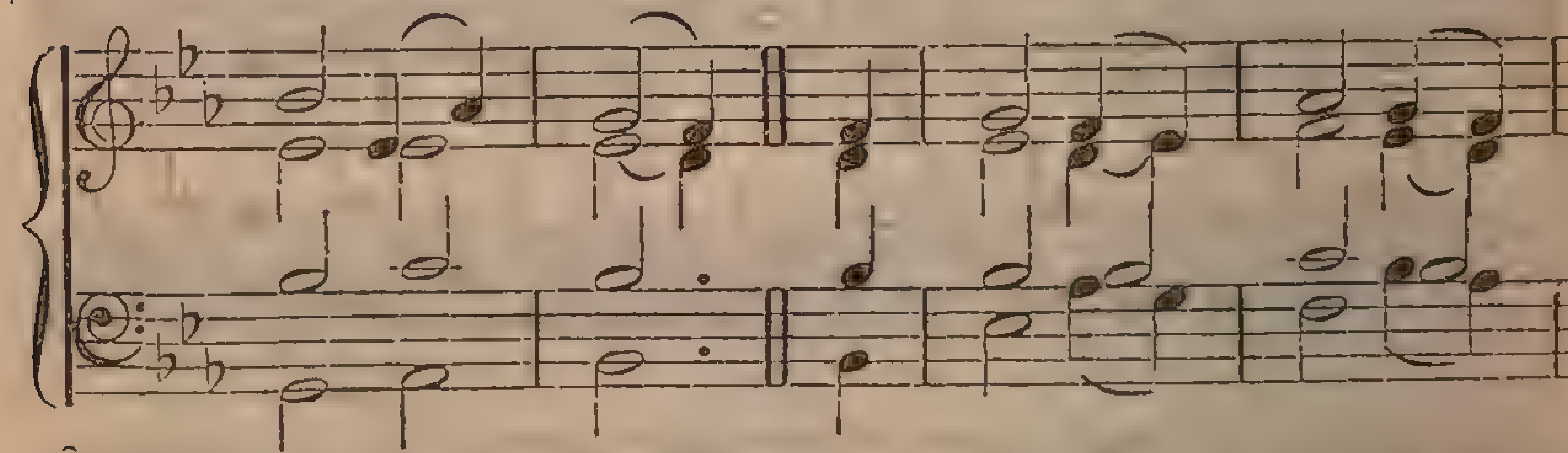
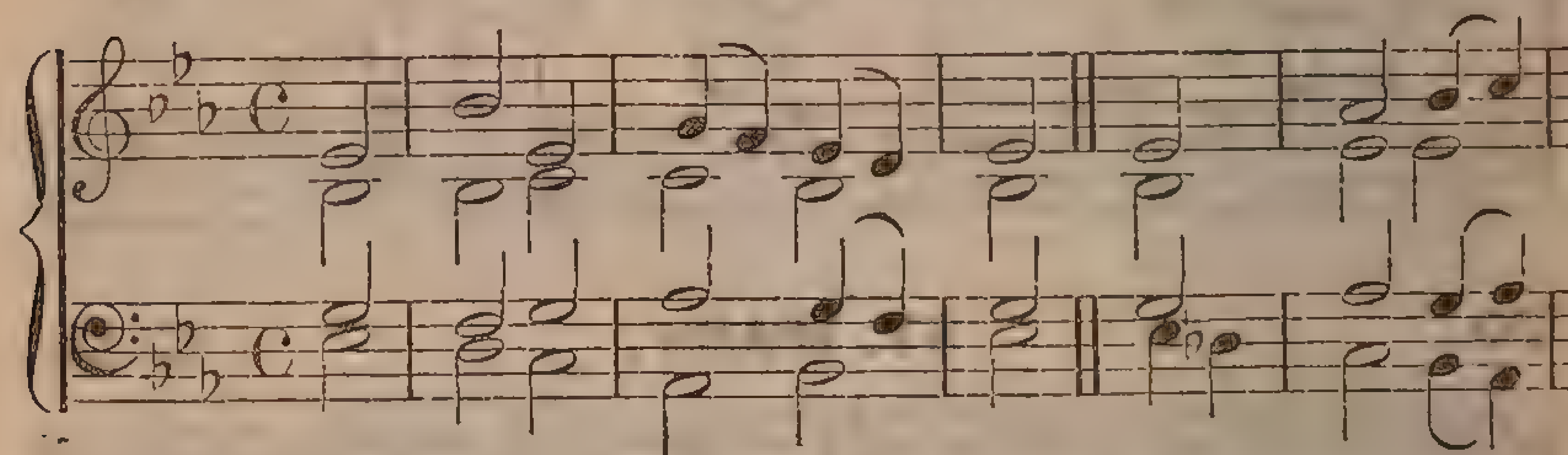
S.M.



72

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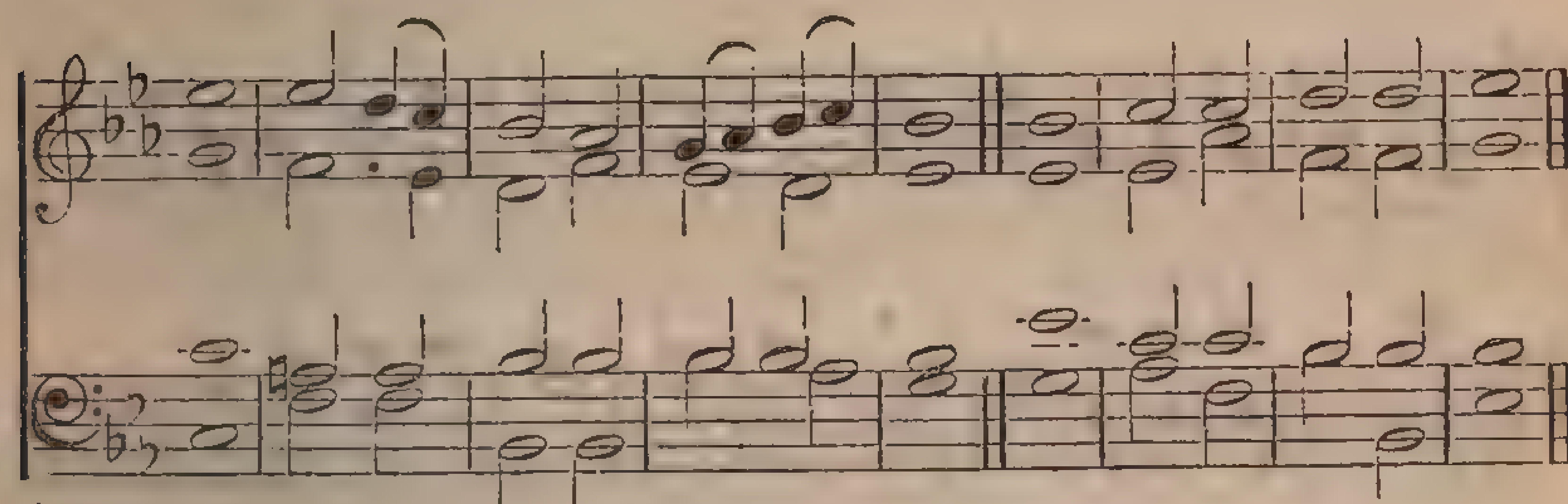
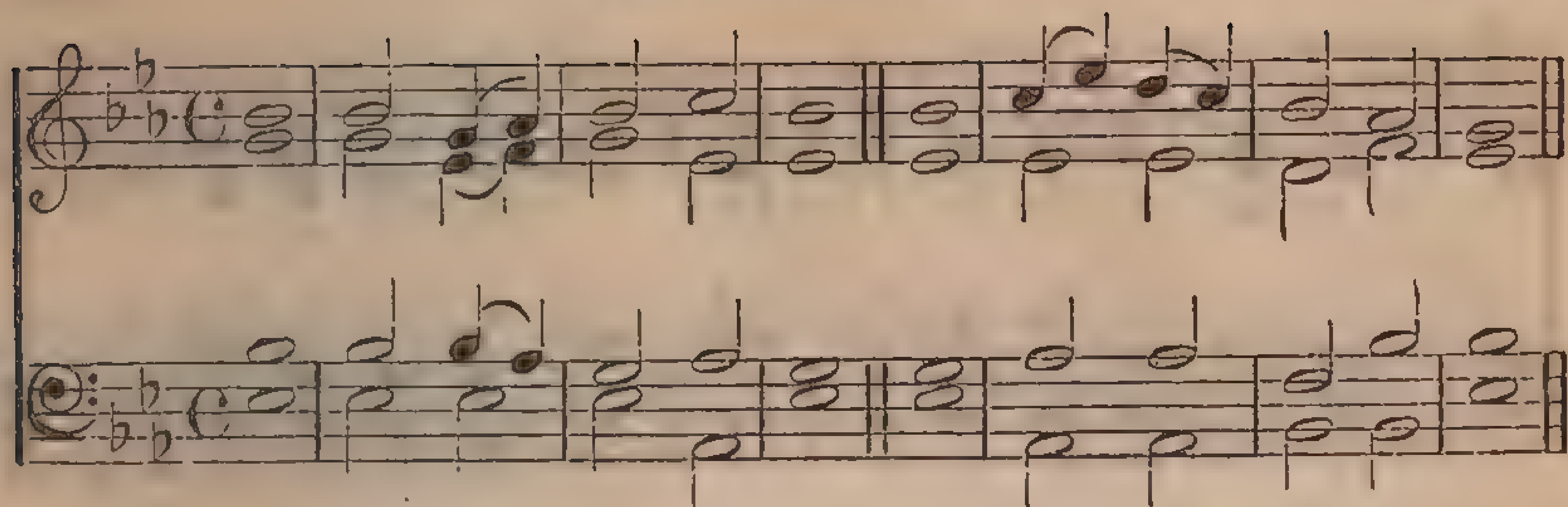
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73

SILCHESTER.

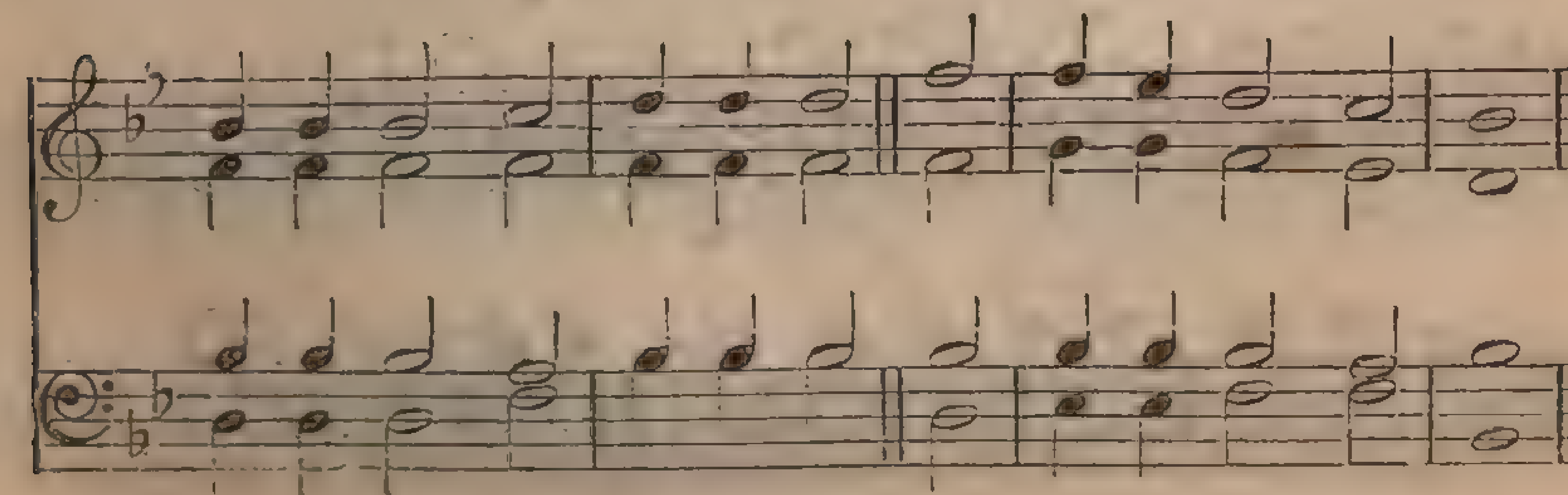
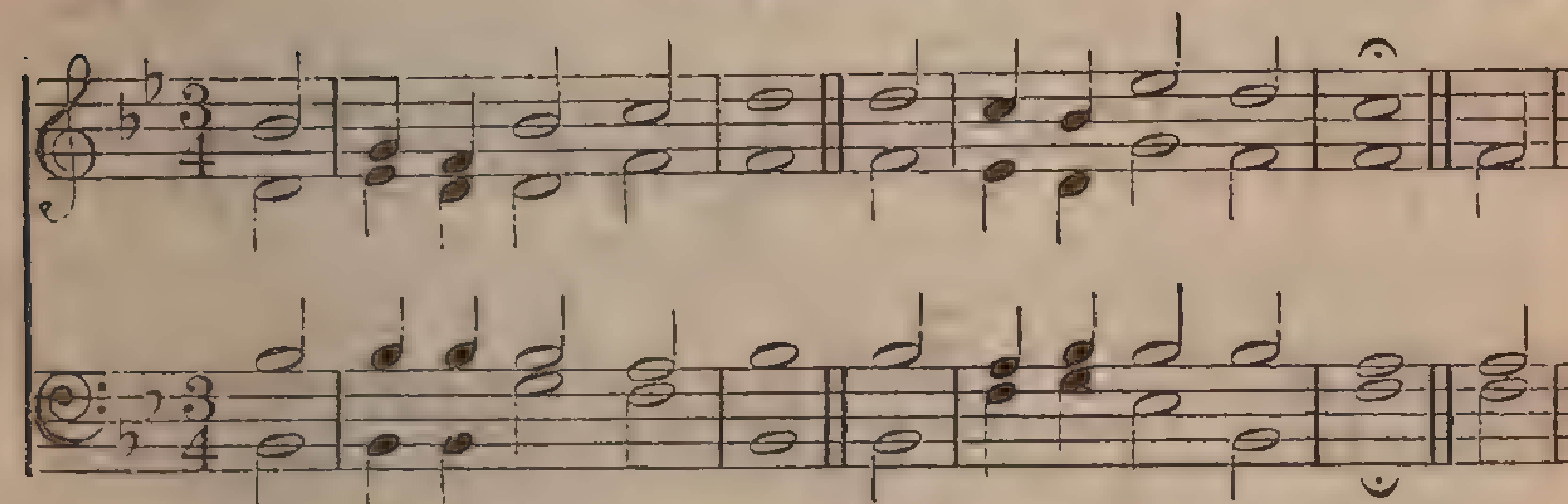
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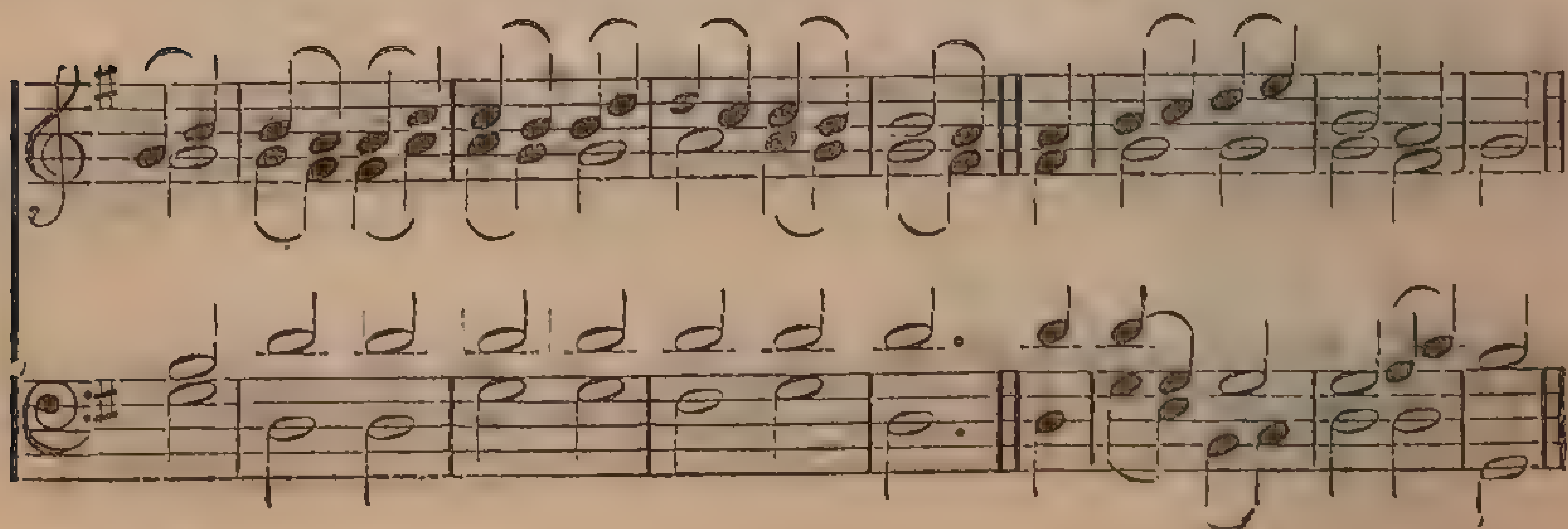
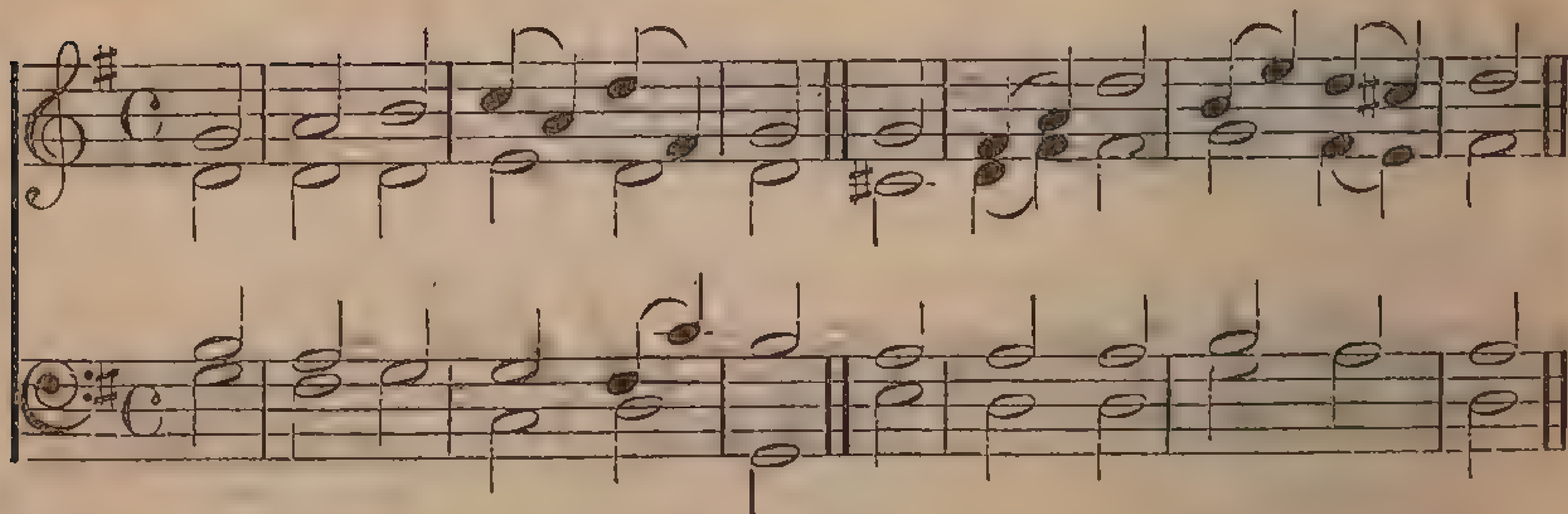
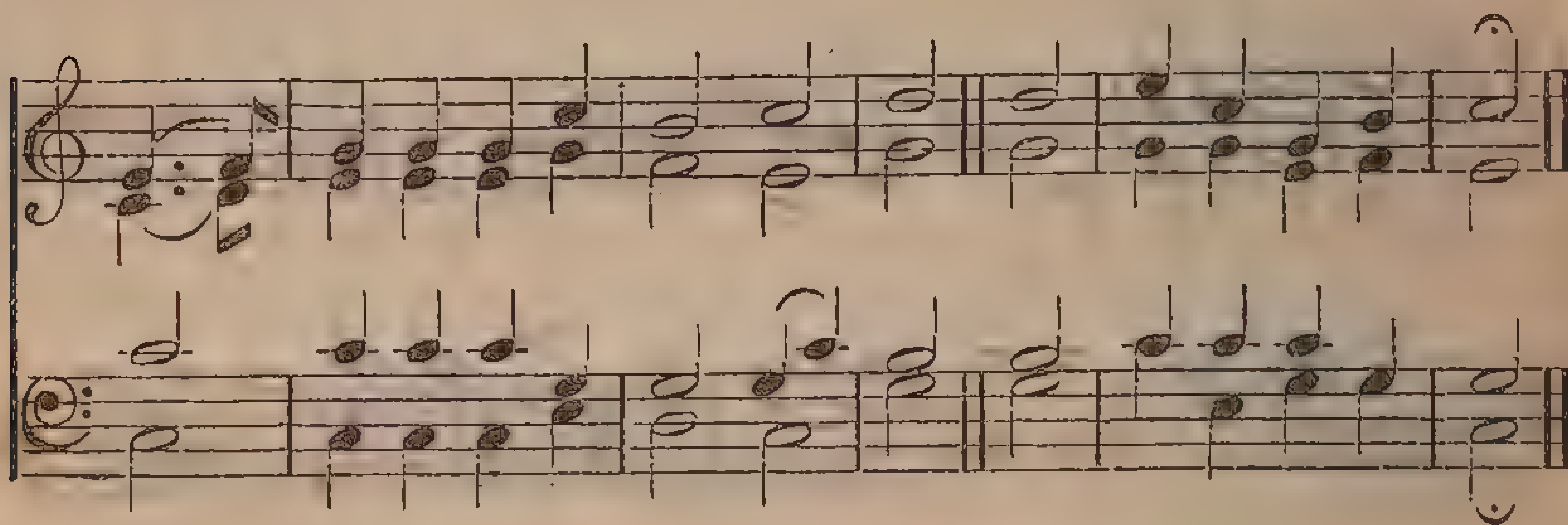
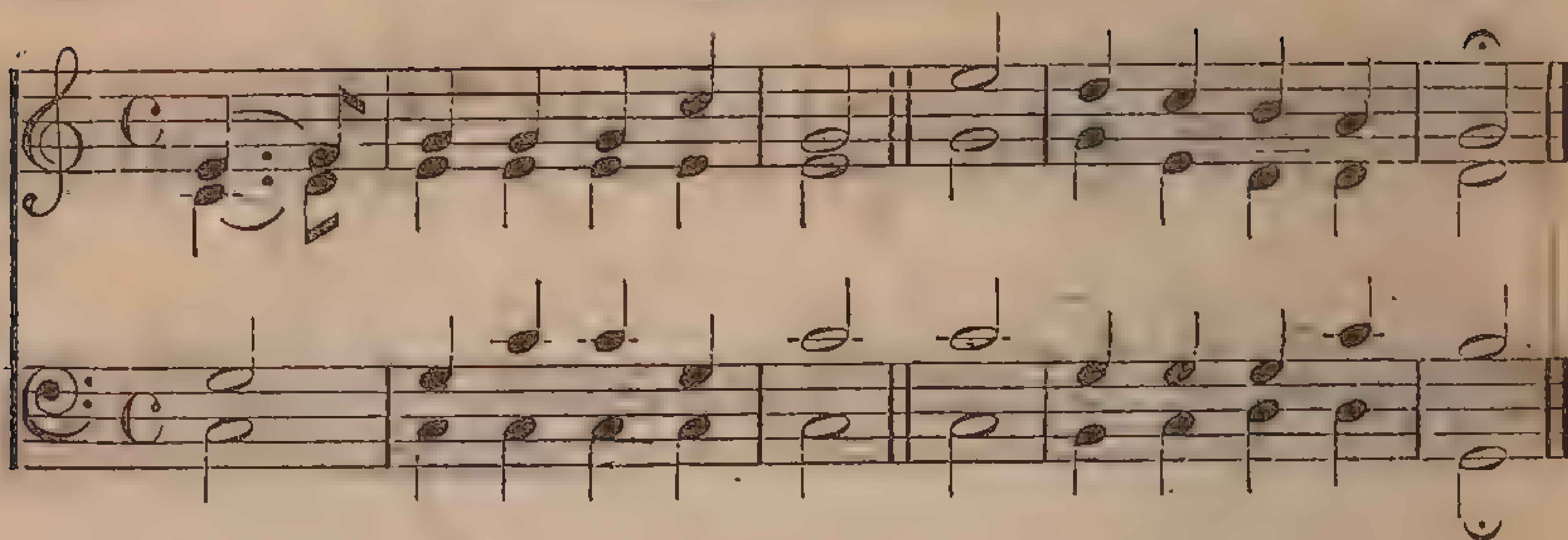


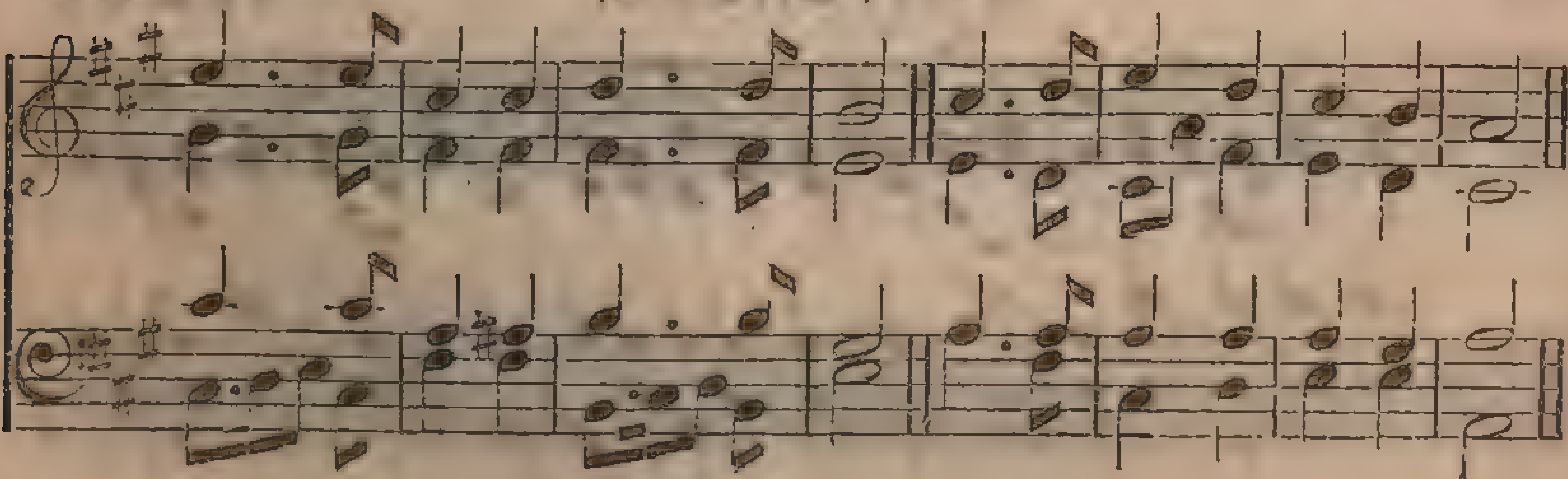
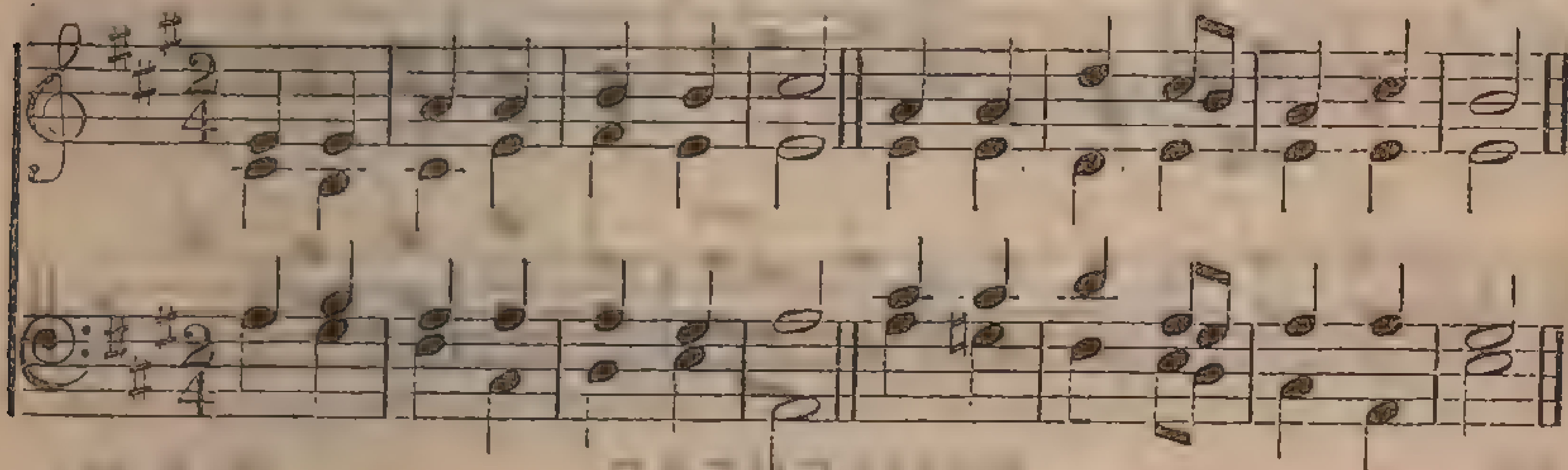
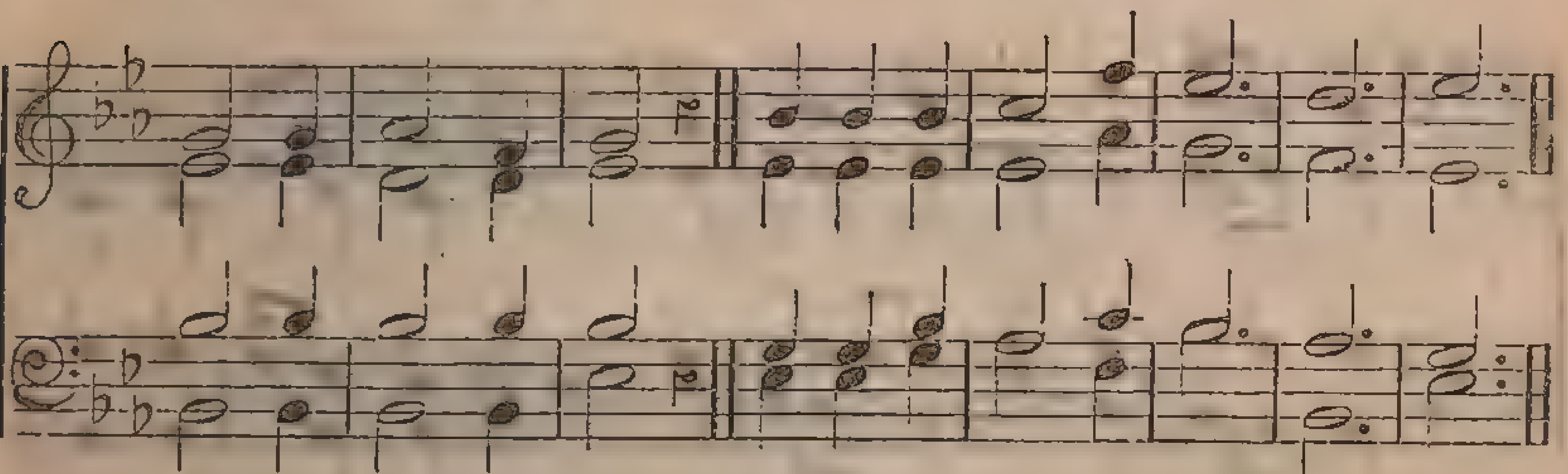
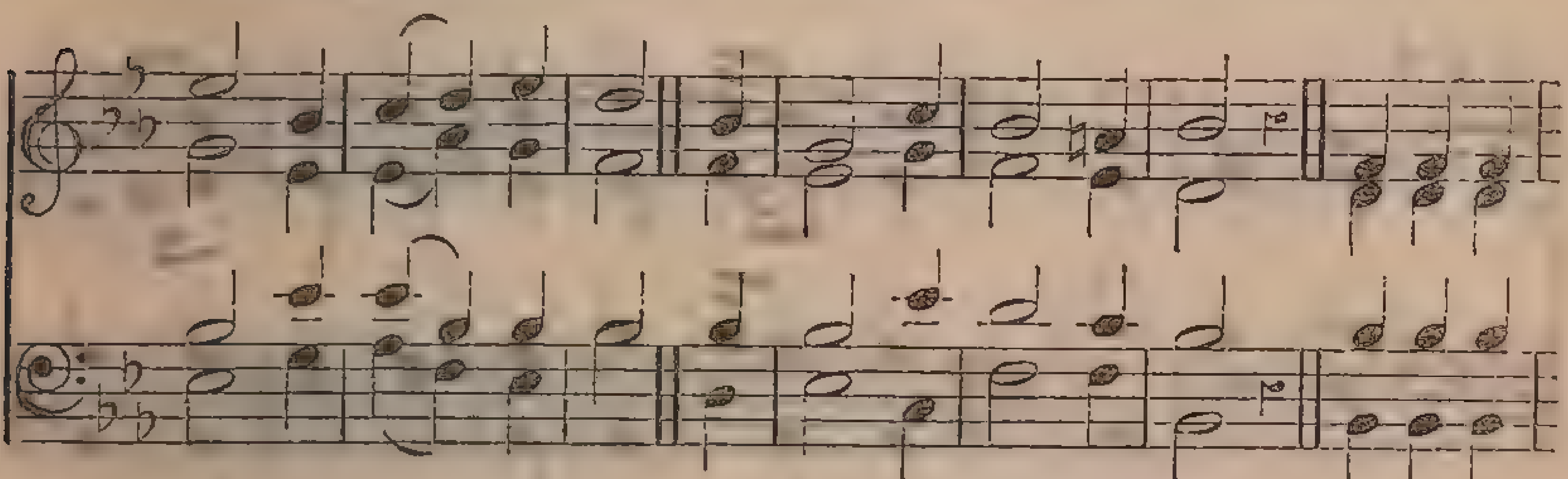
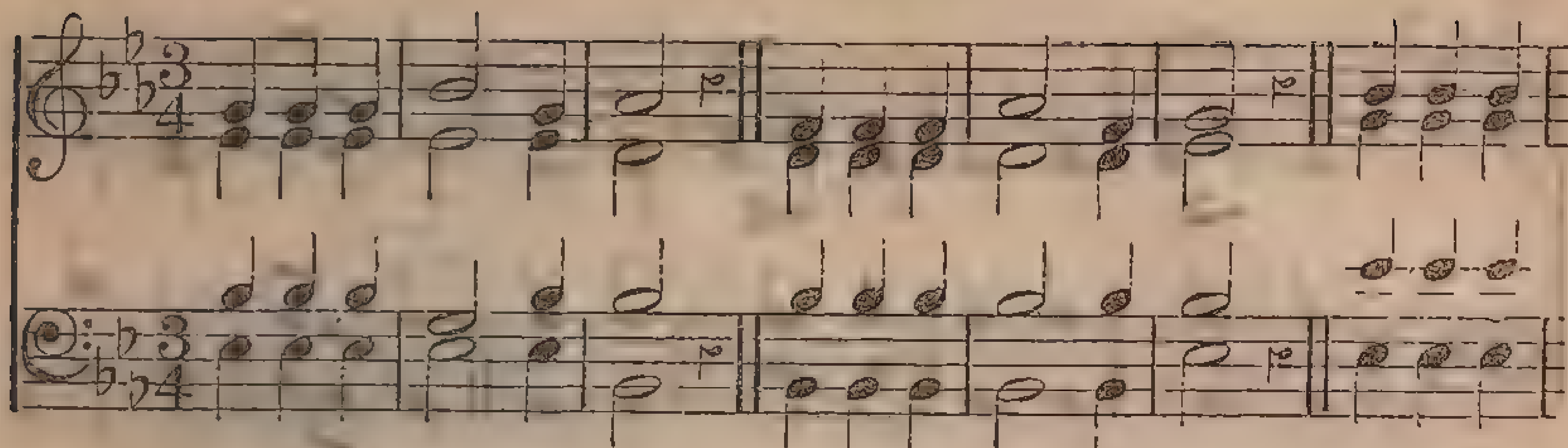
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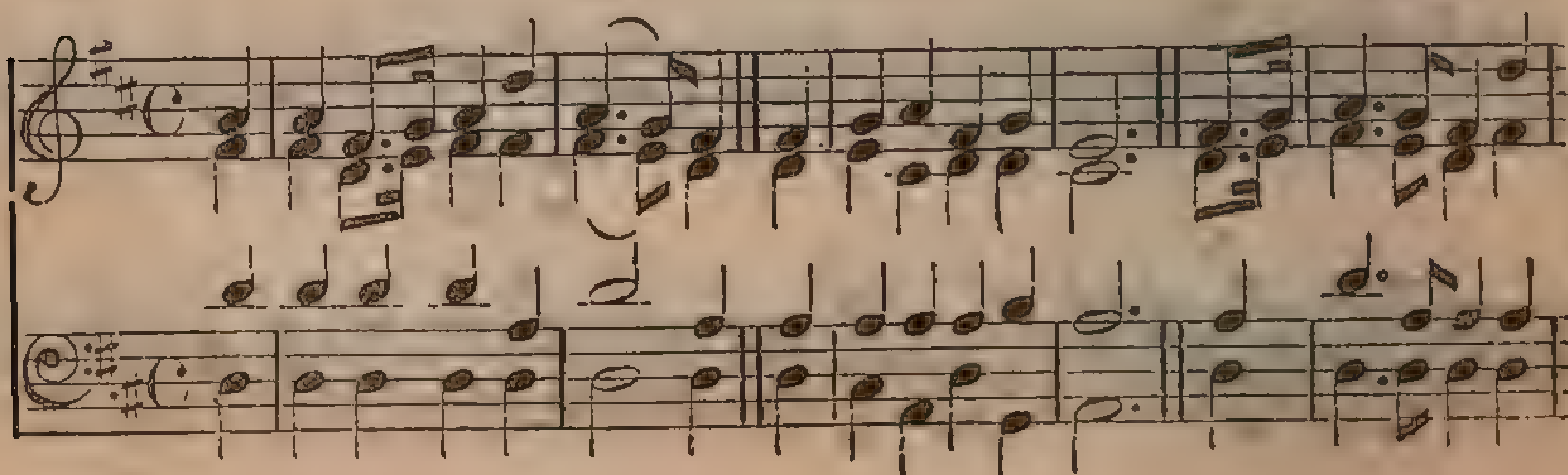
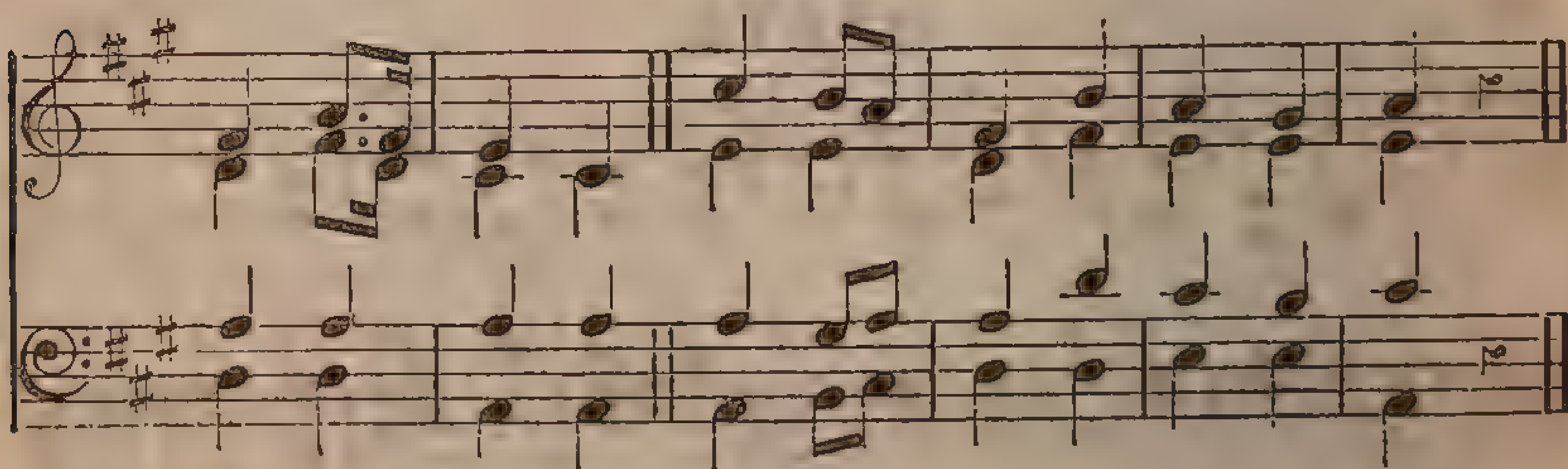
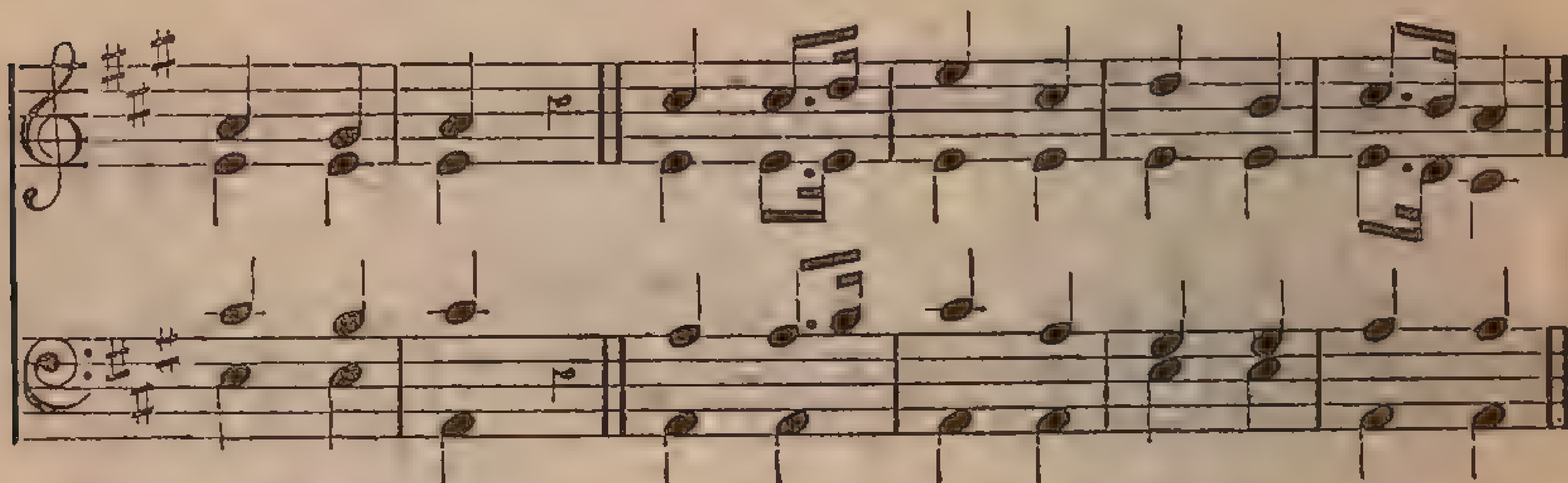
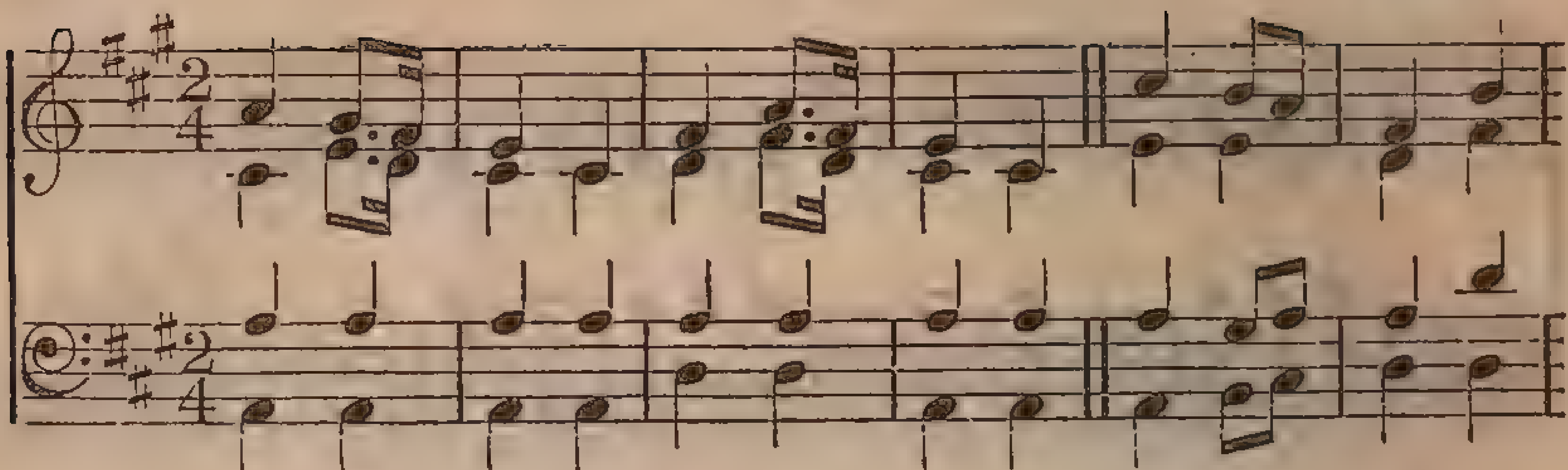
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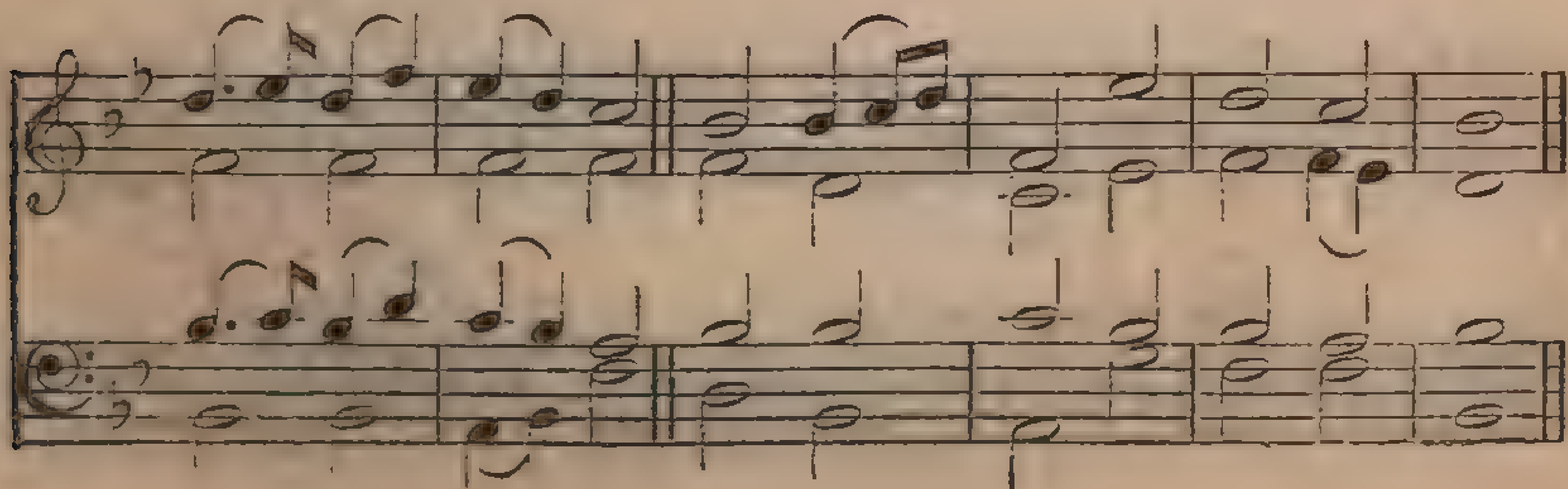
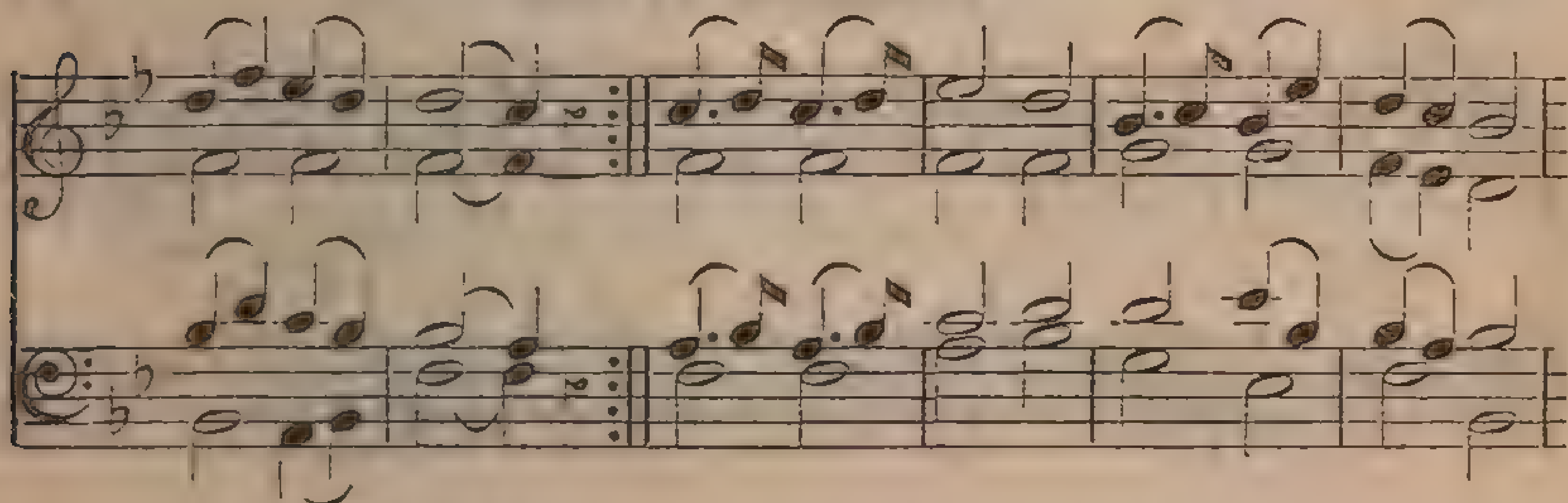
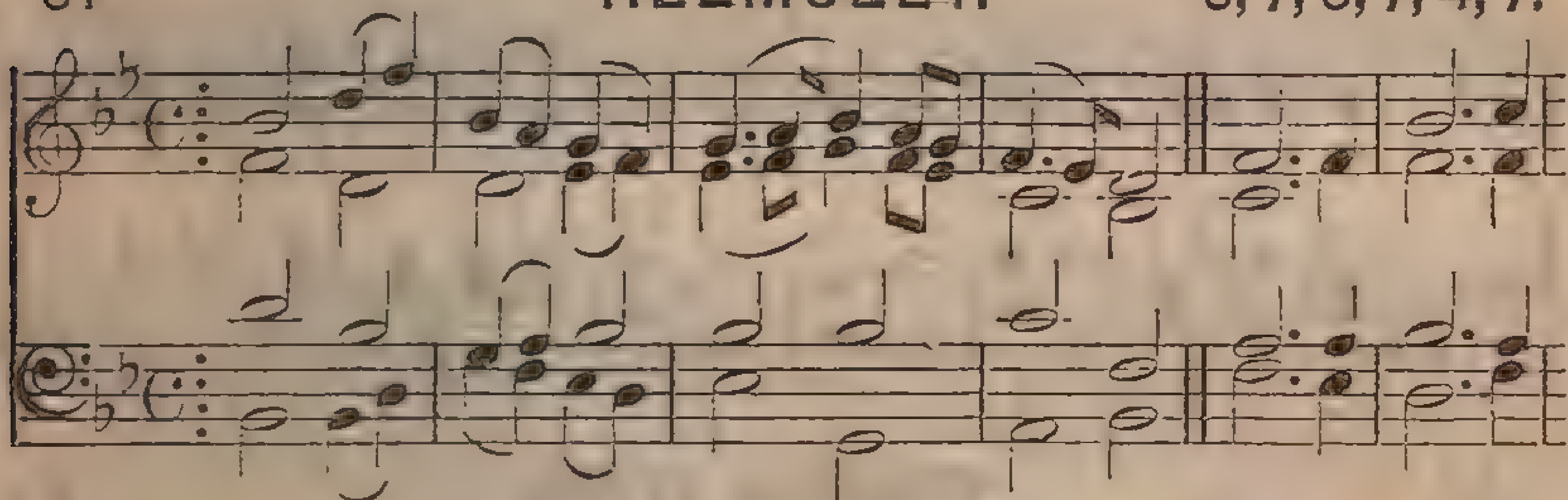
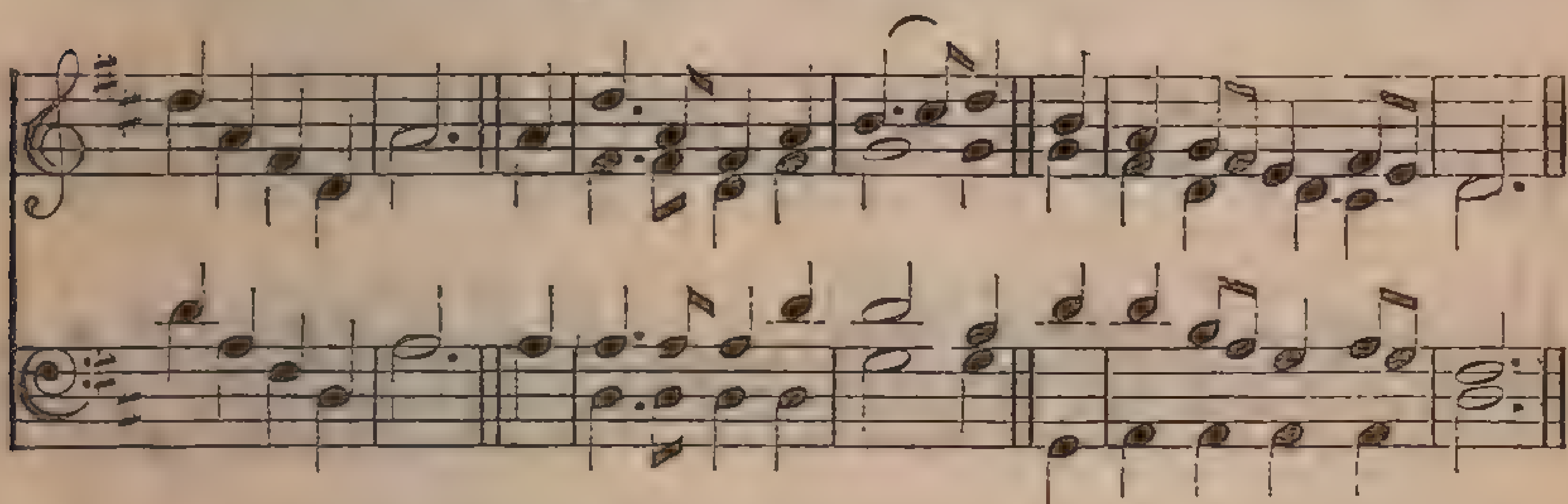
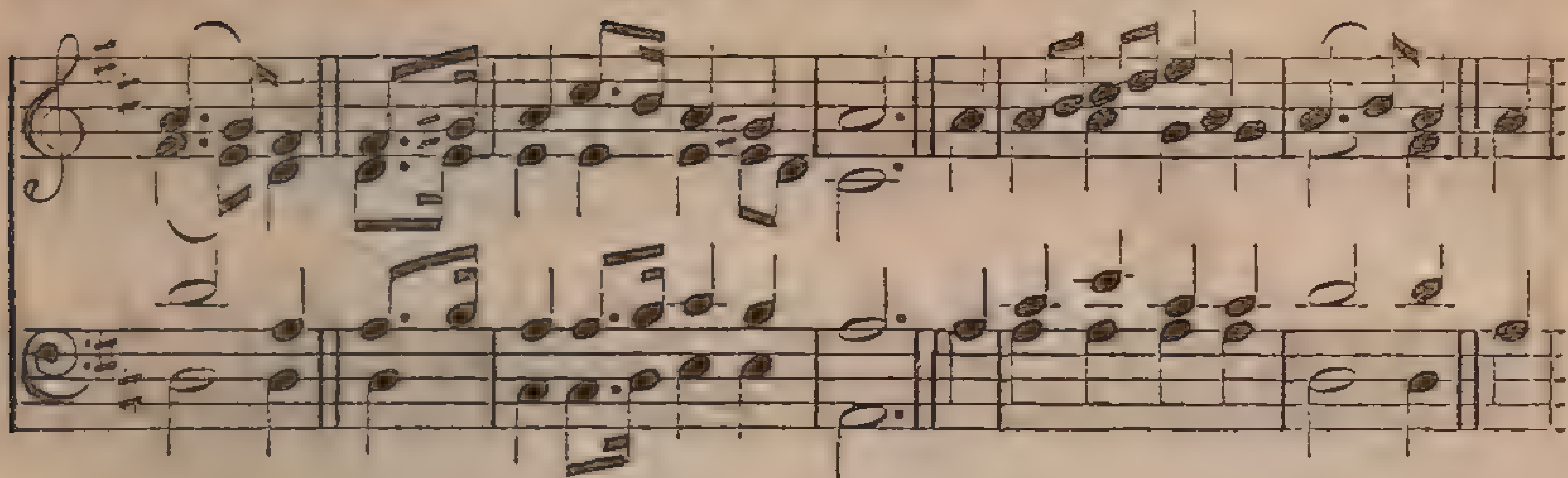
S. M.

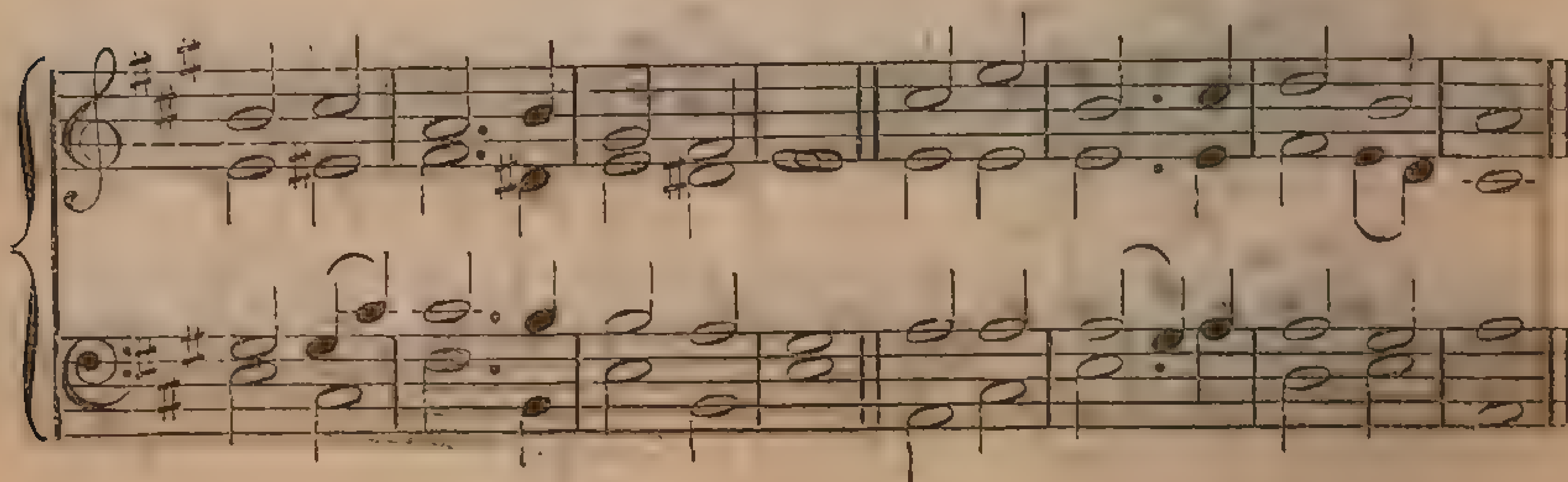
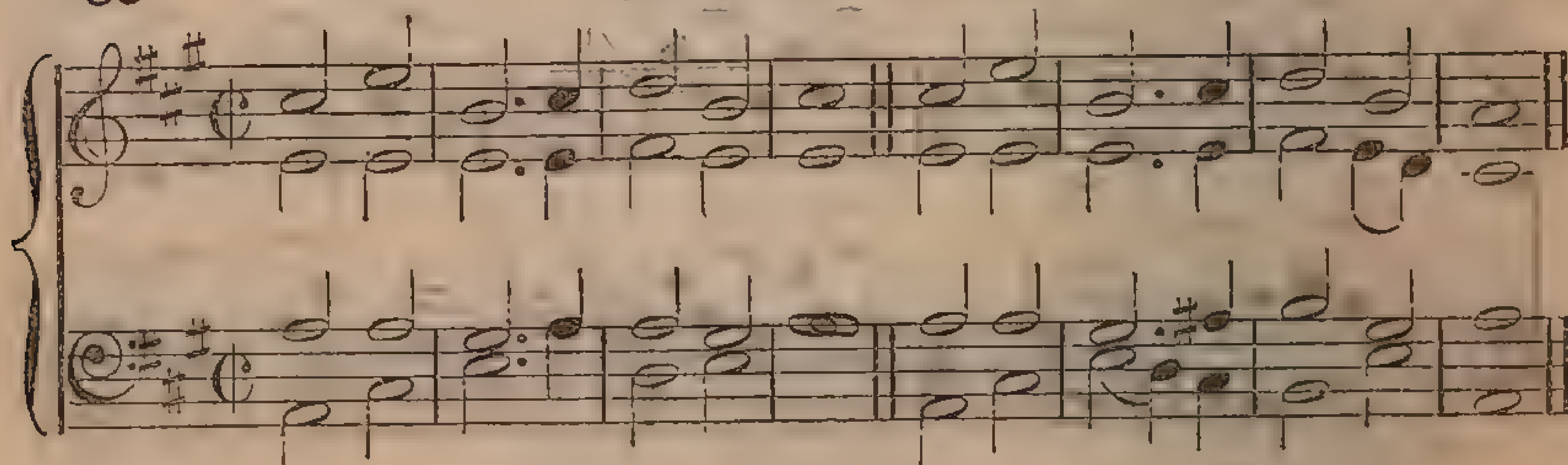
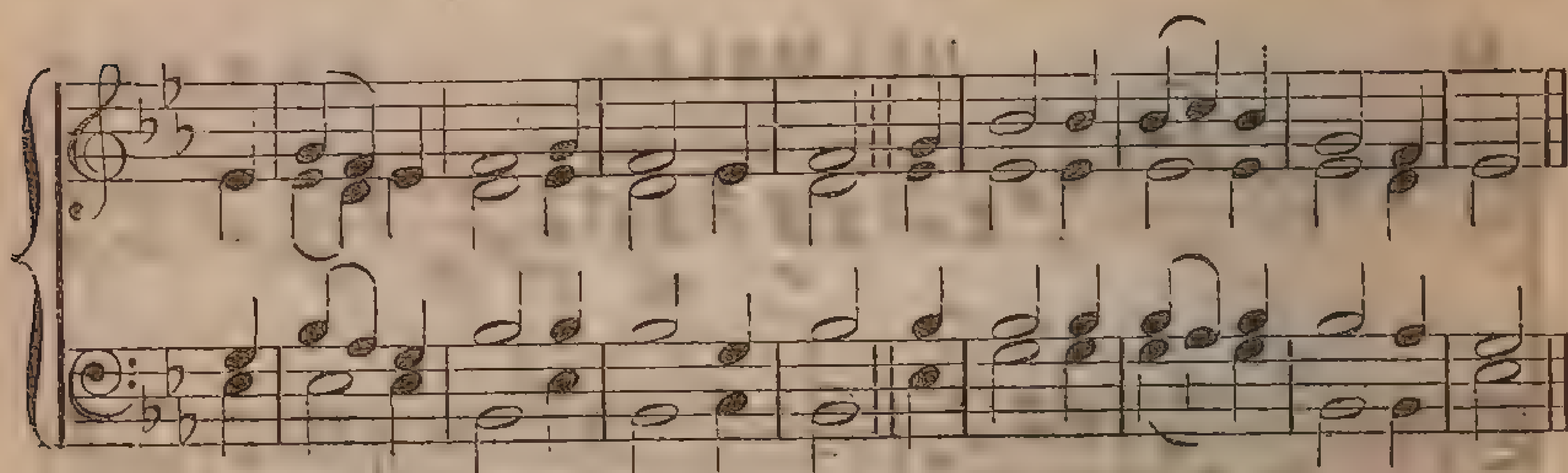
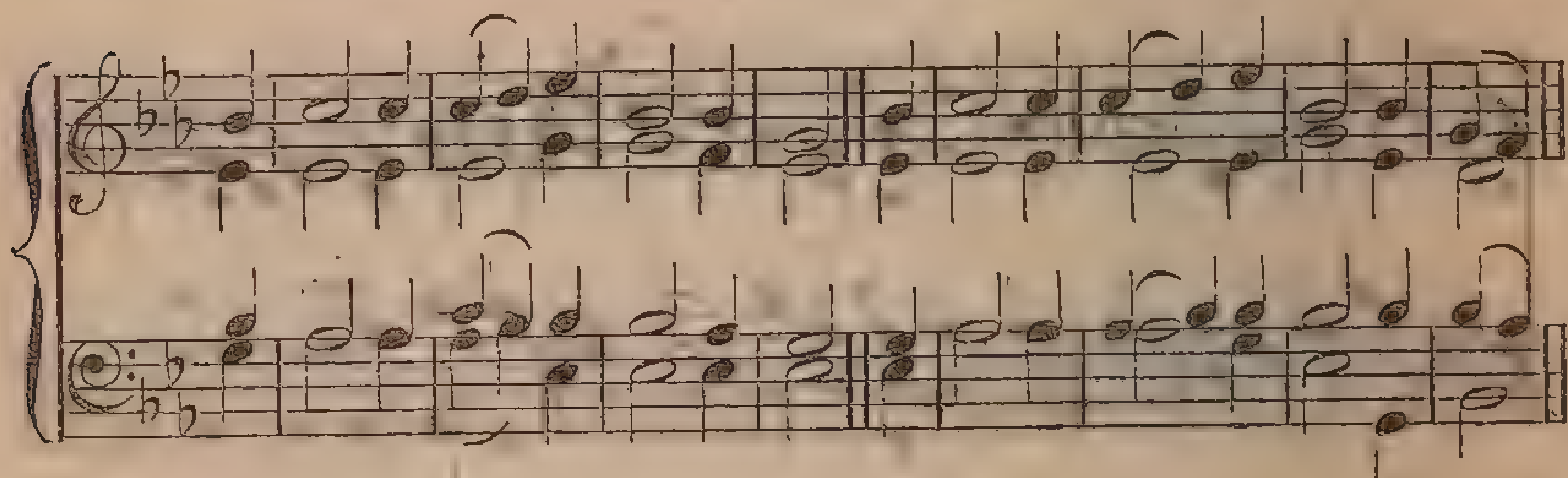
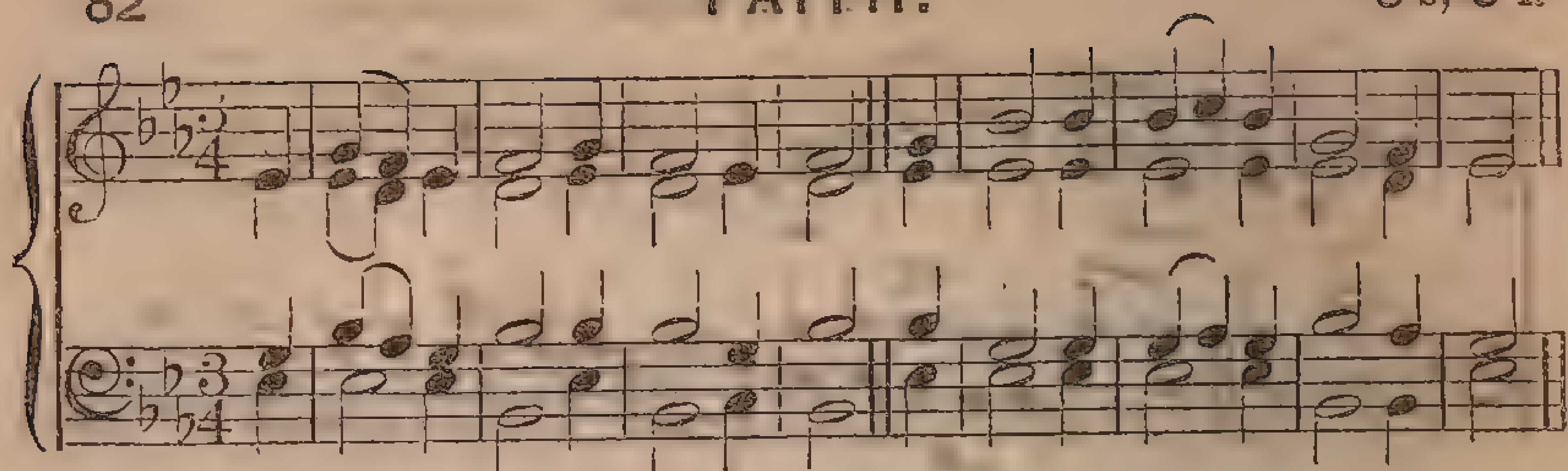


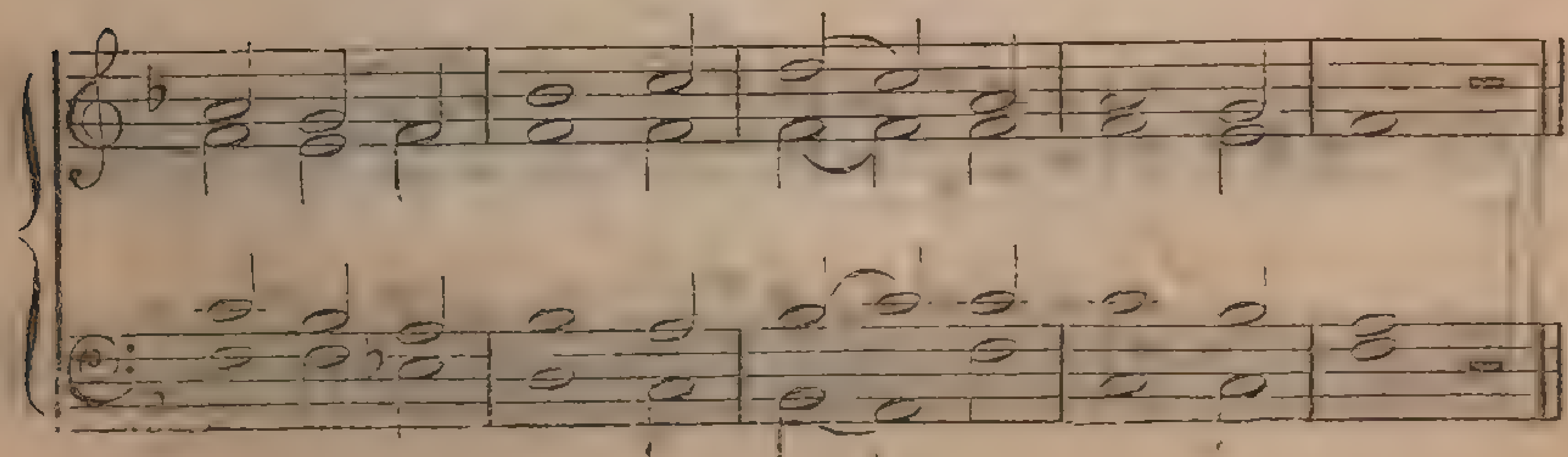
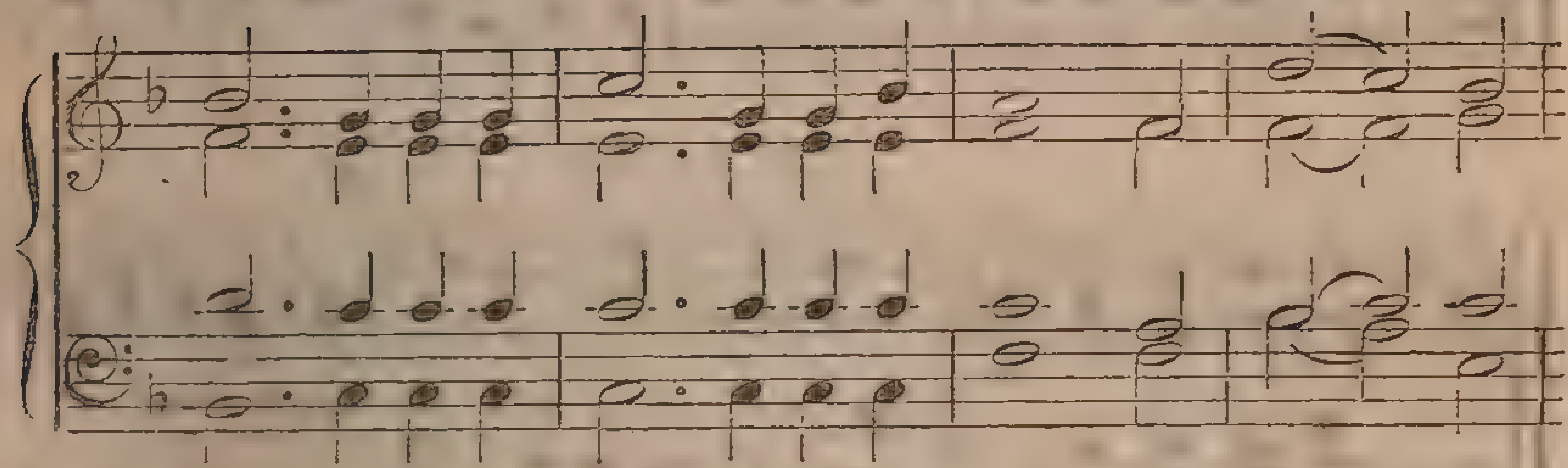
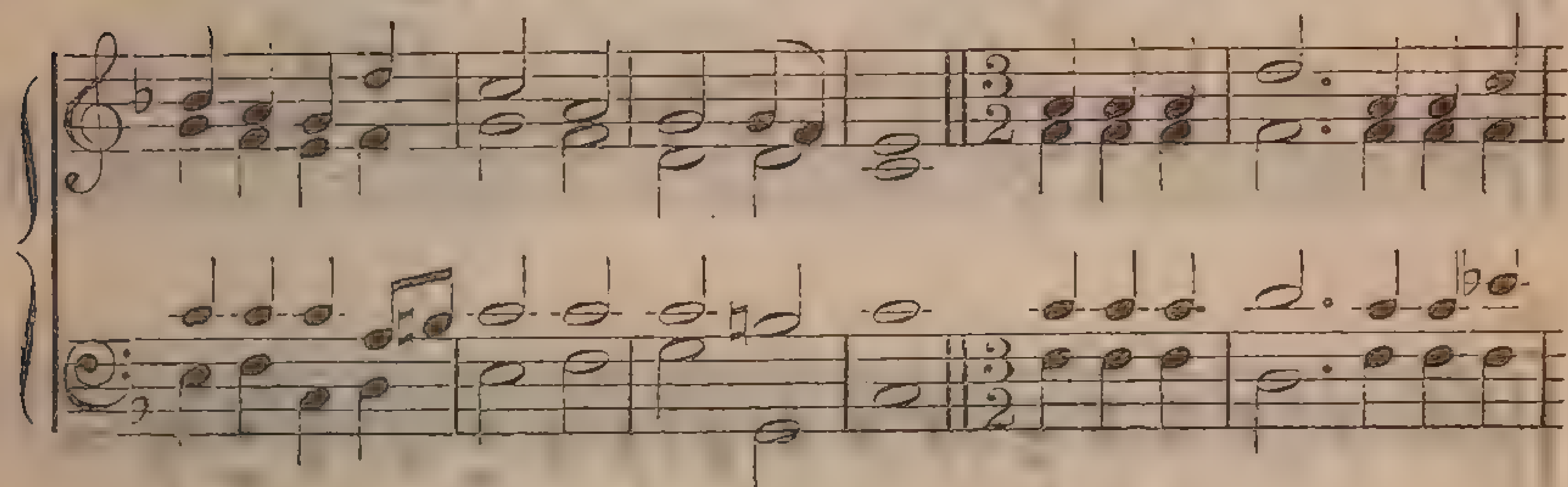
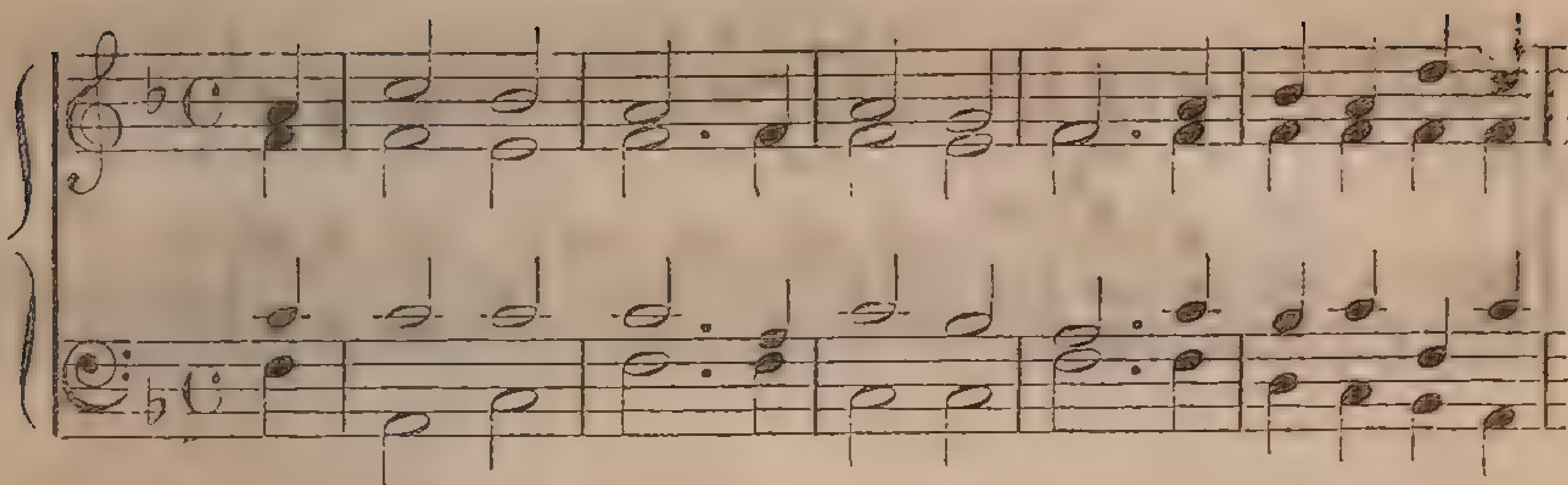






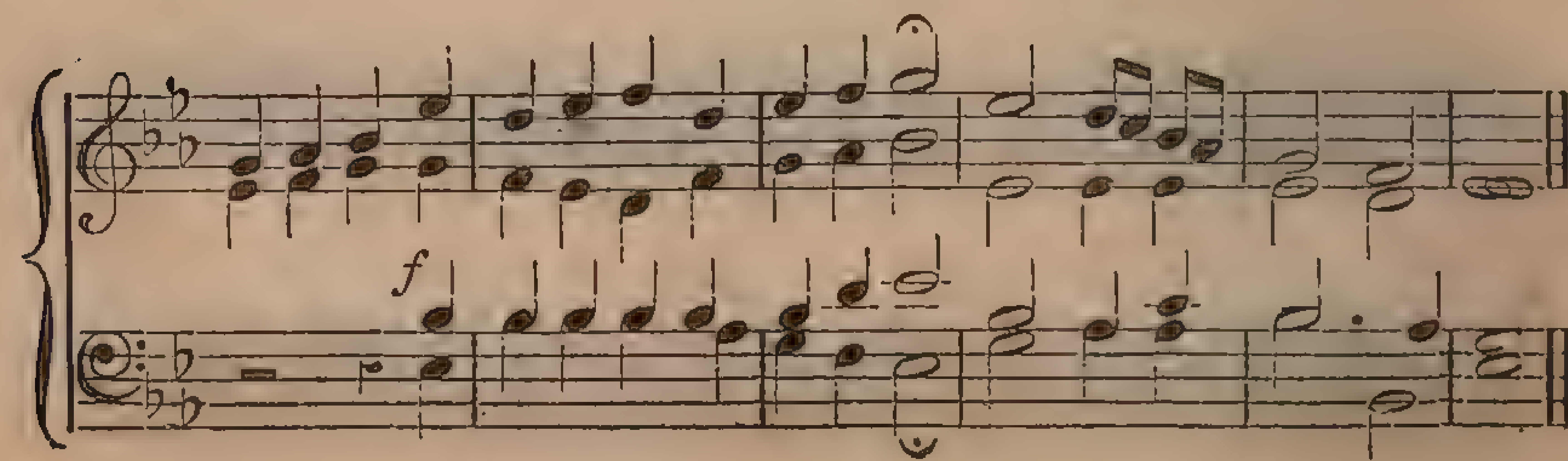
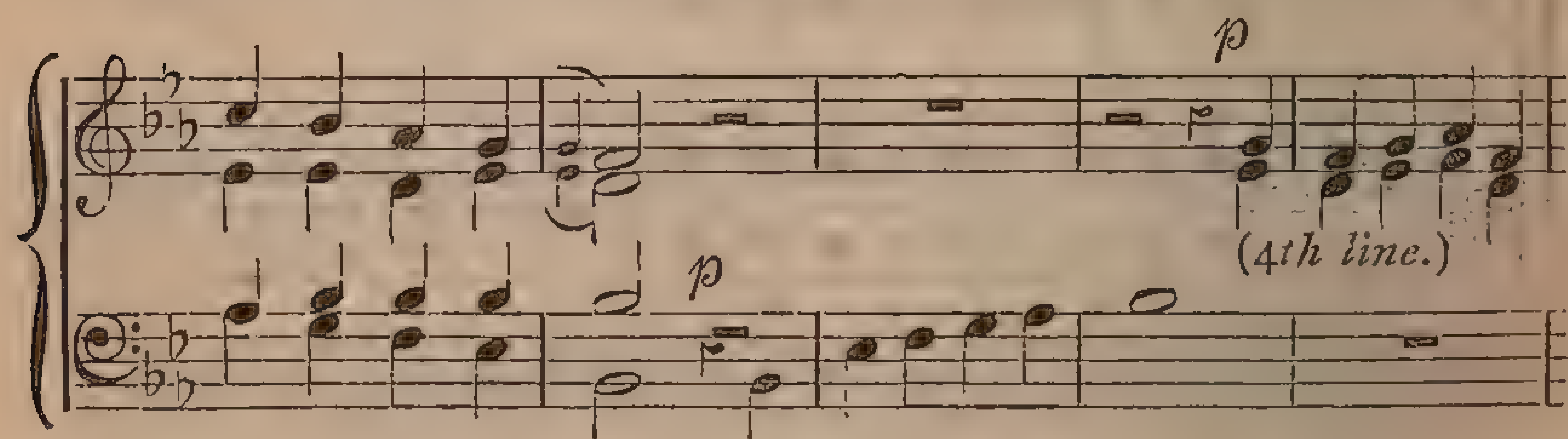
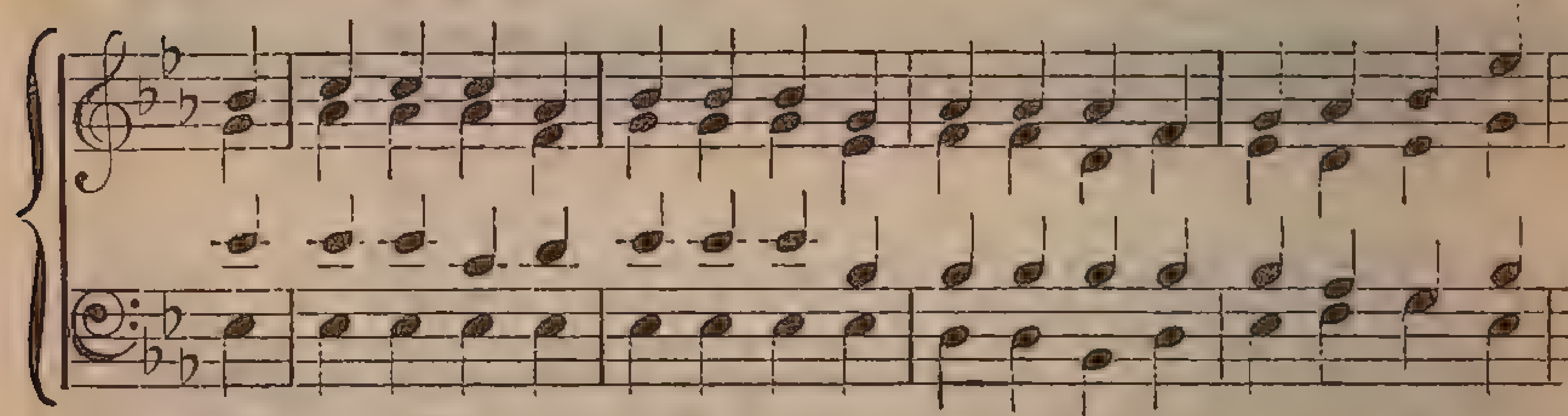
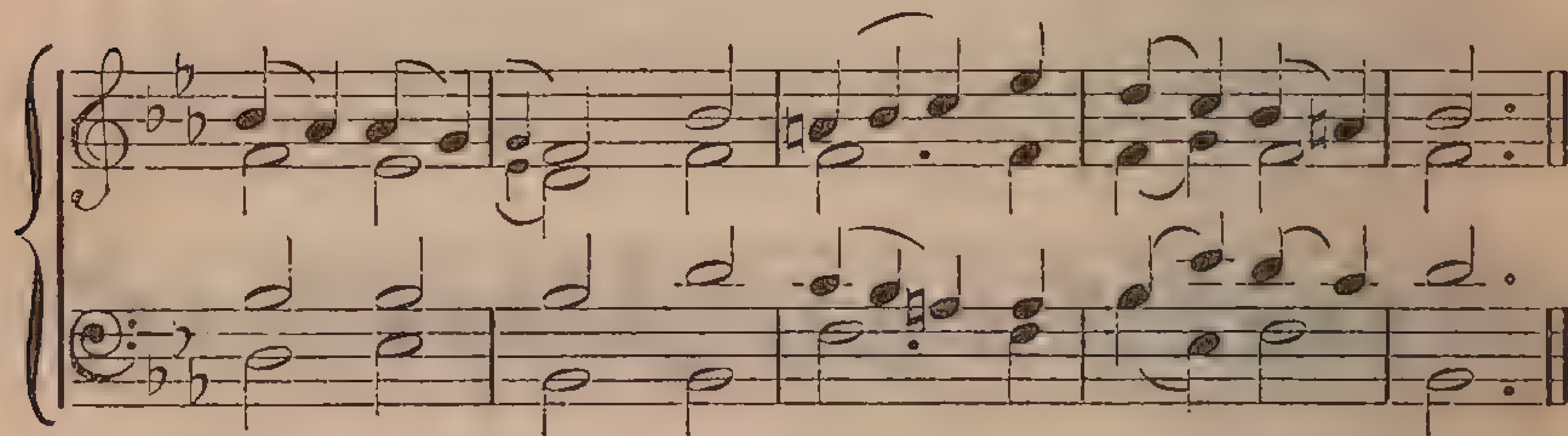
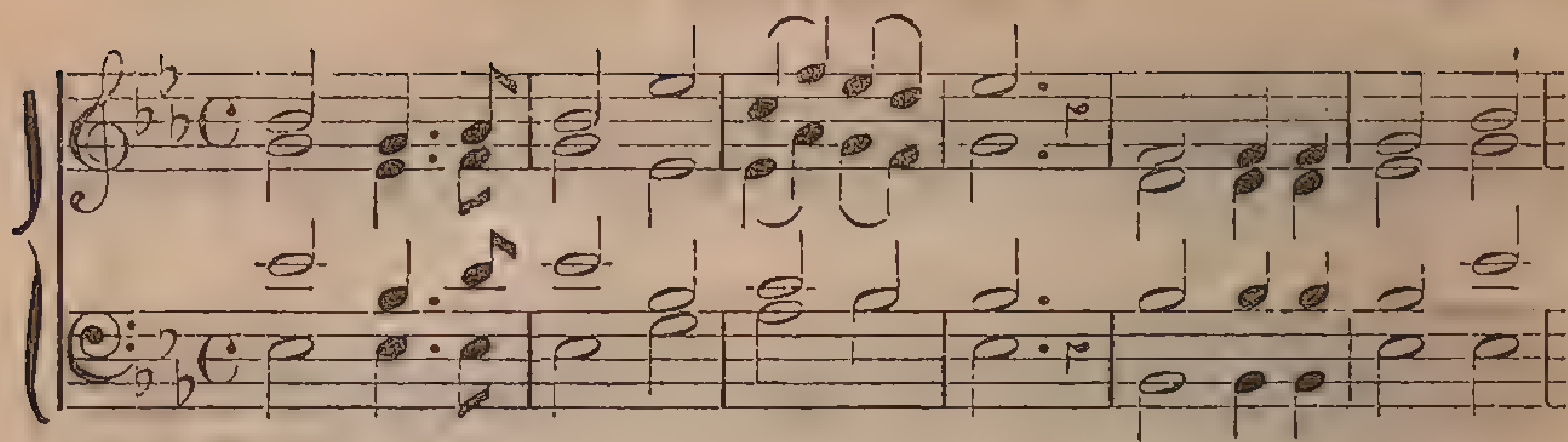






PRAISE.

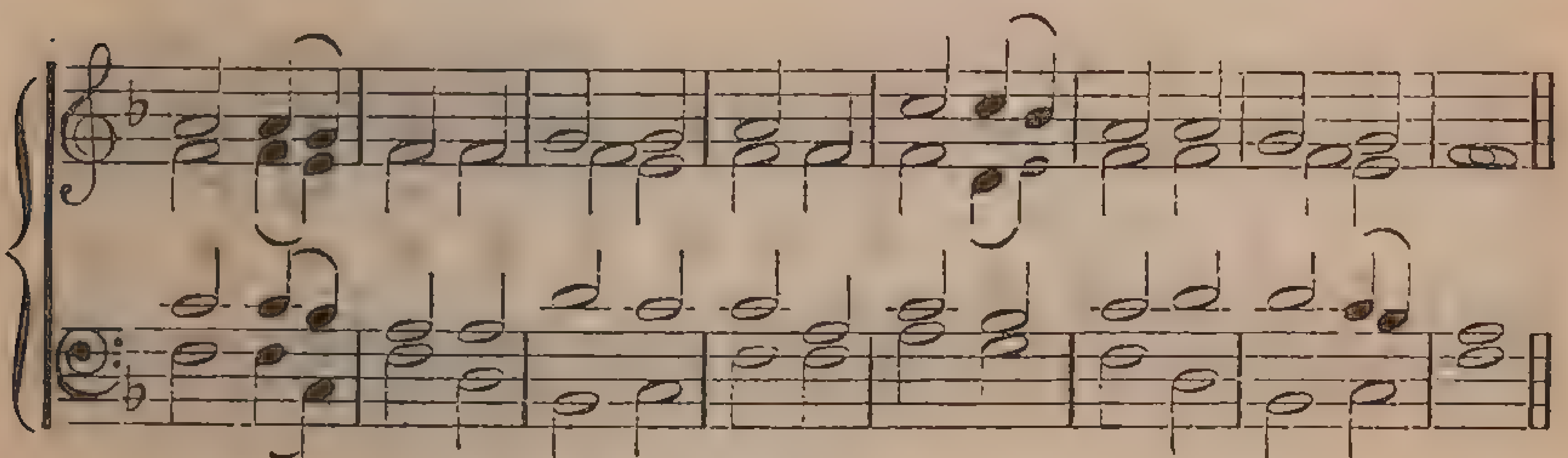
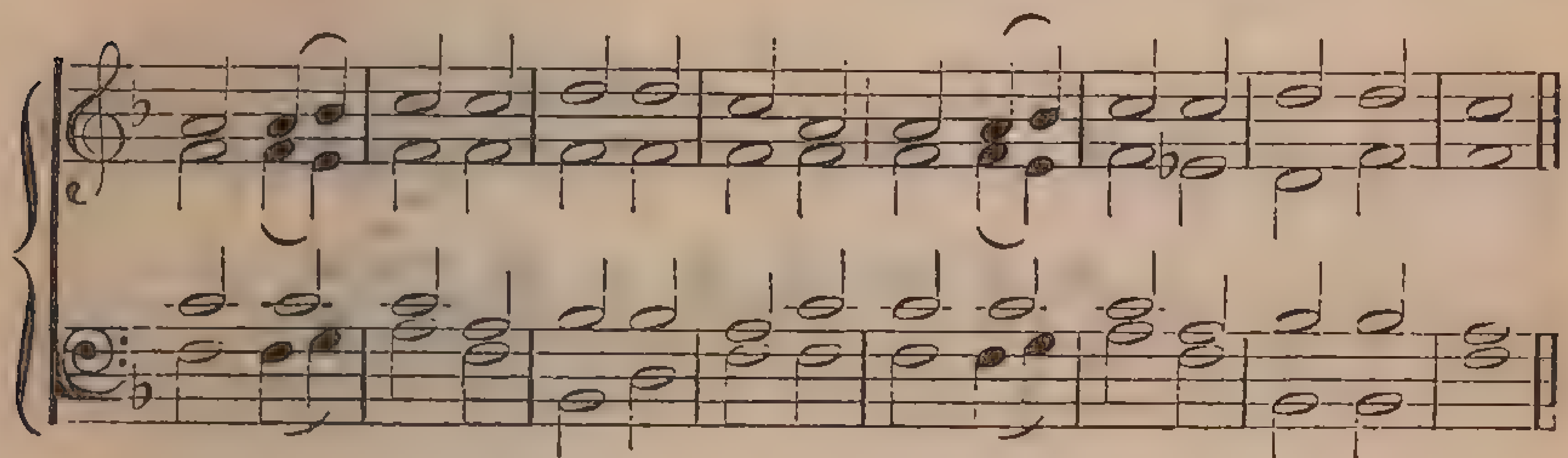
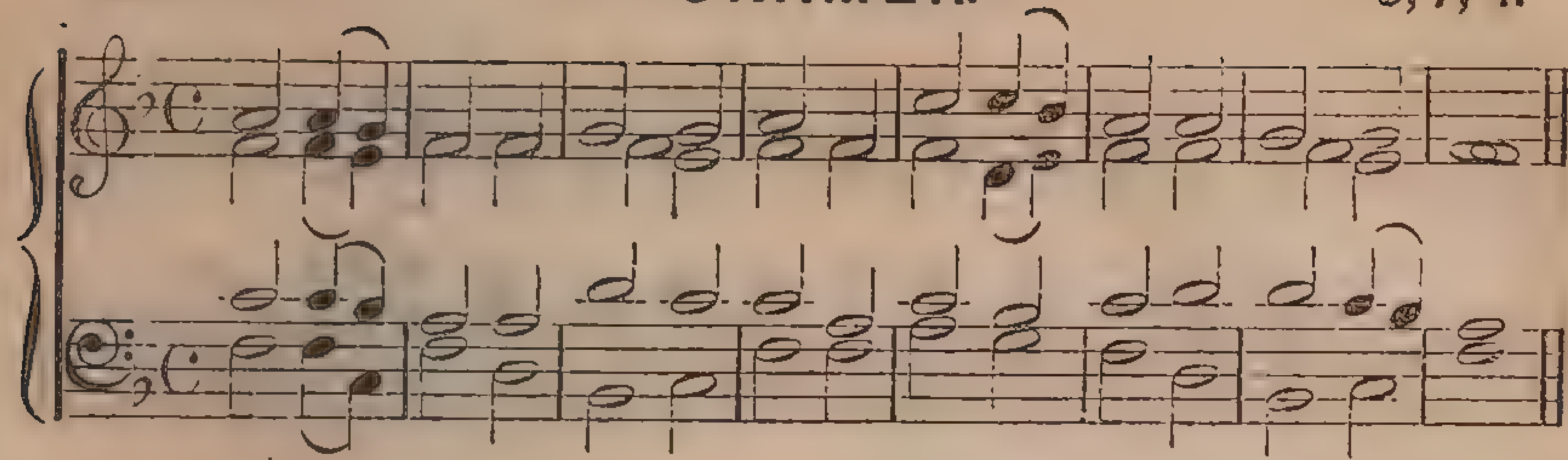
8, 8, 6.



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CRAMER.

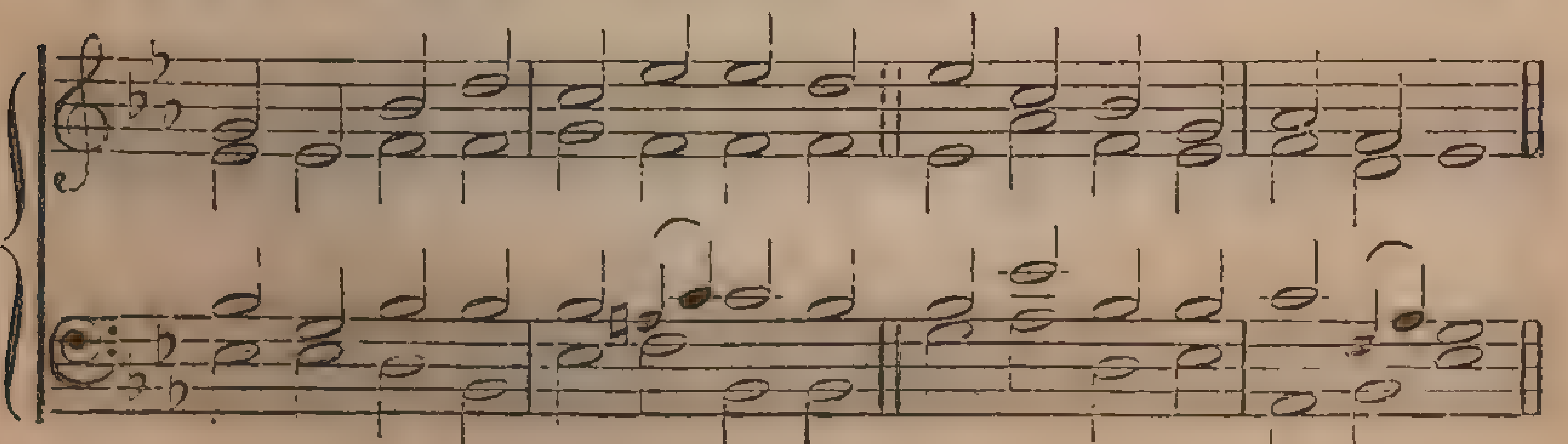
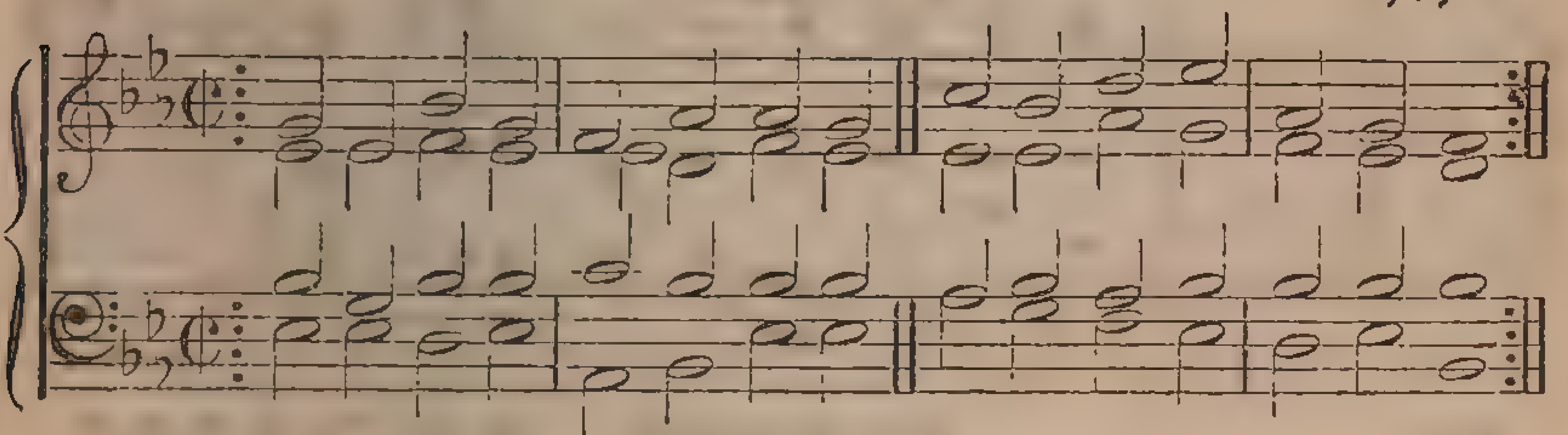
8, 7, 4.

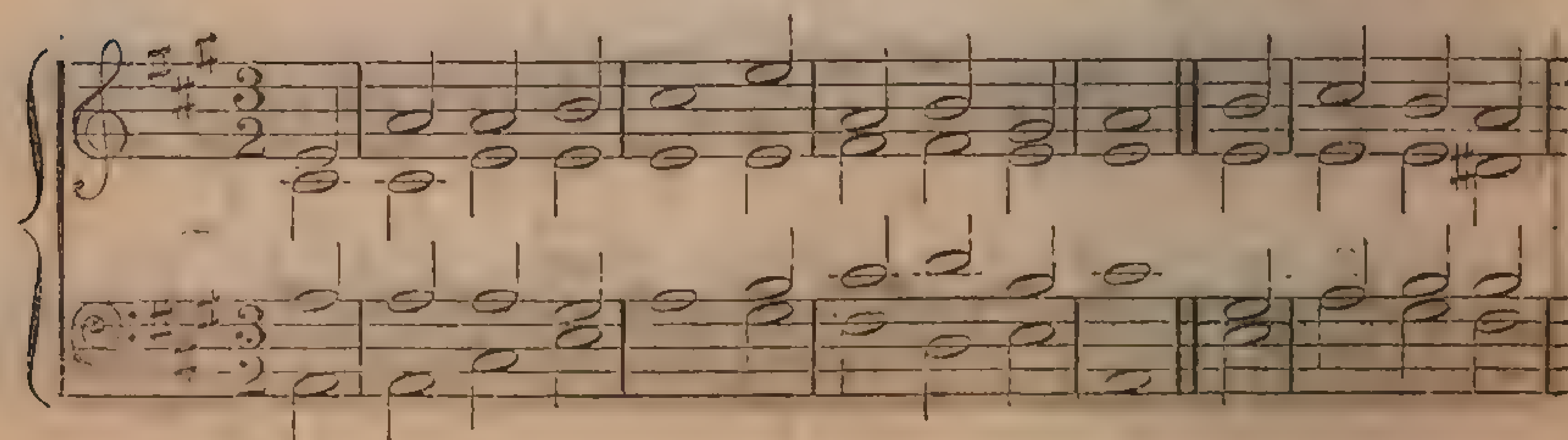
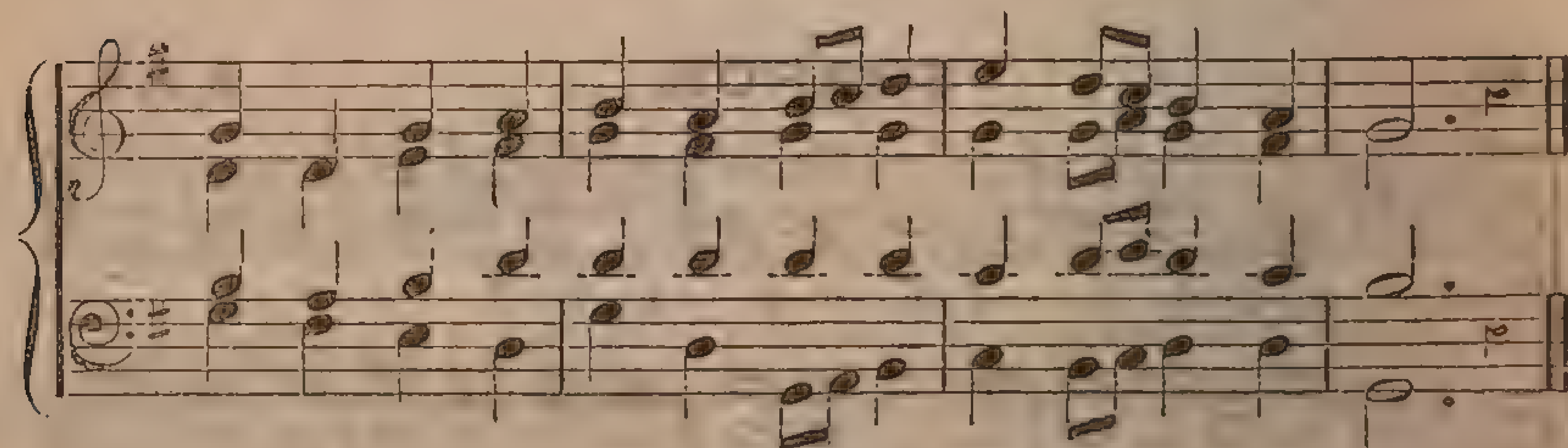
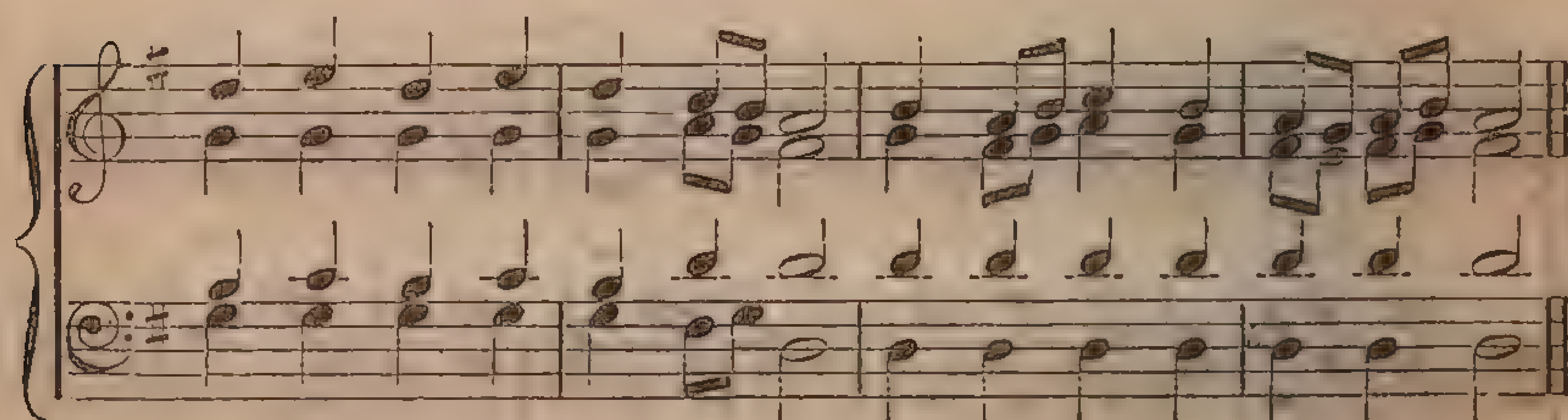
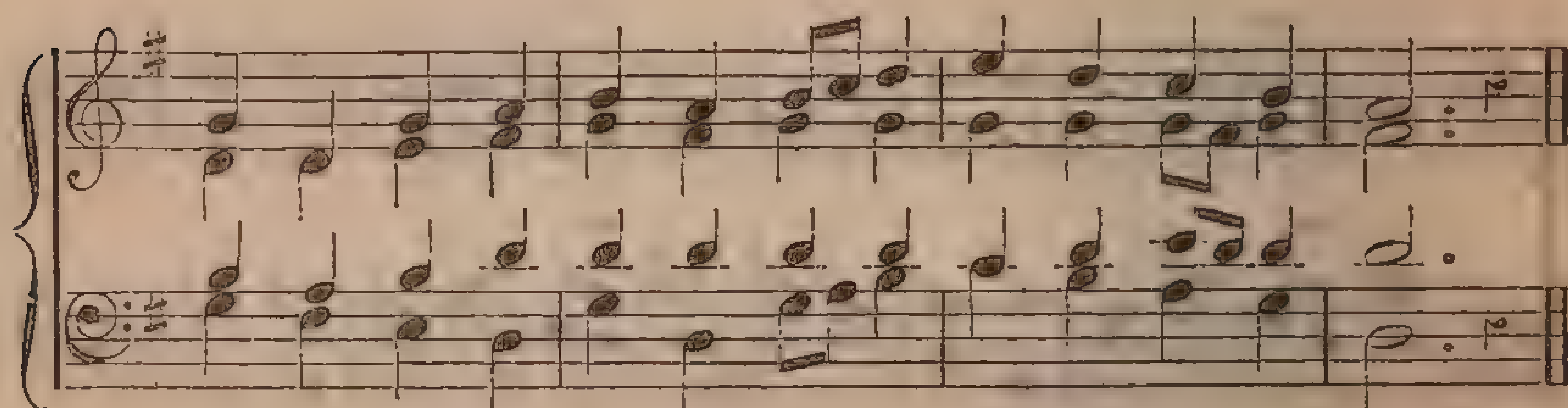
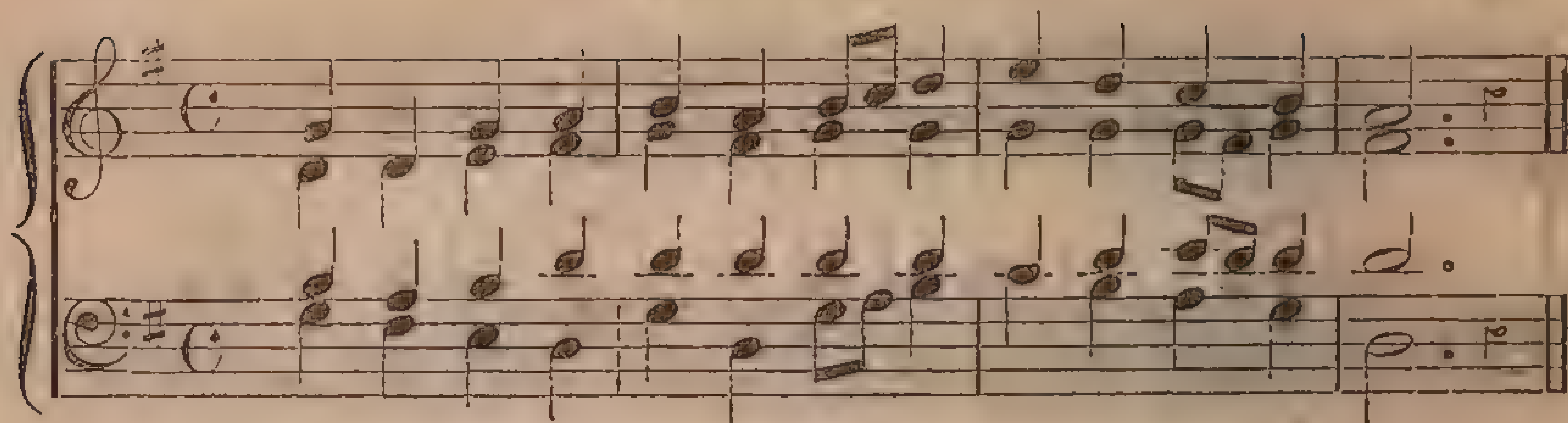


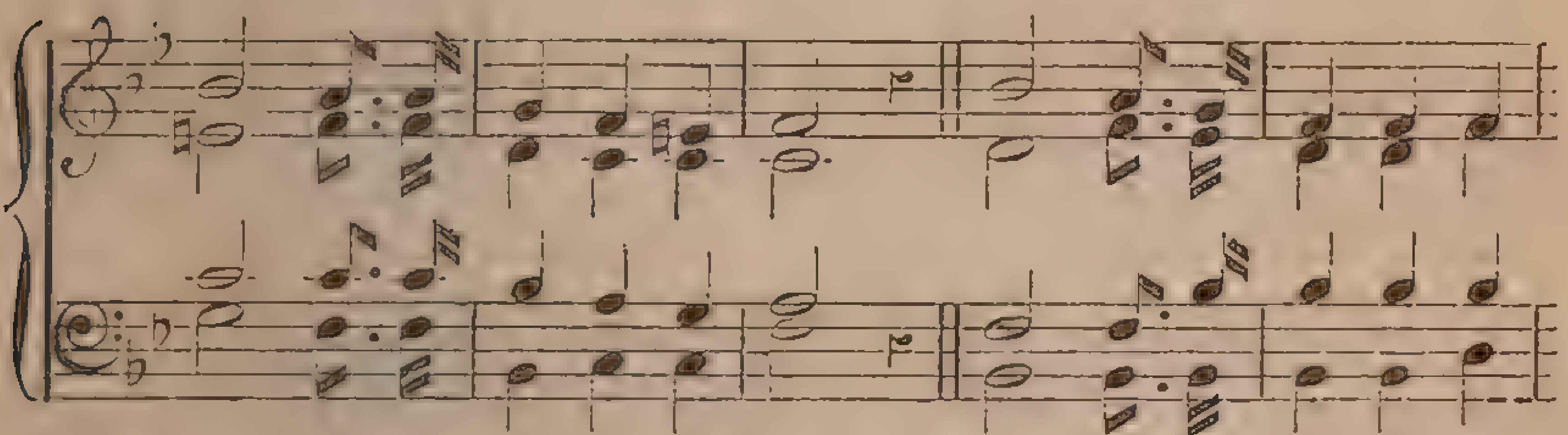
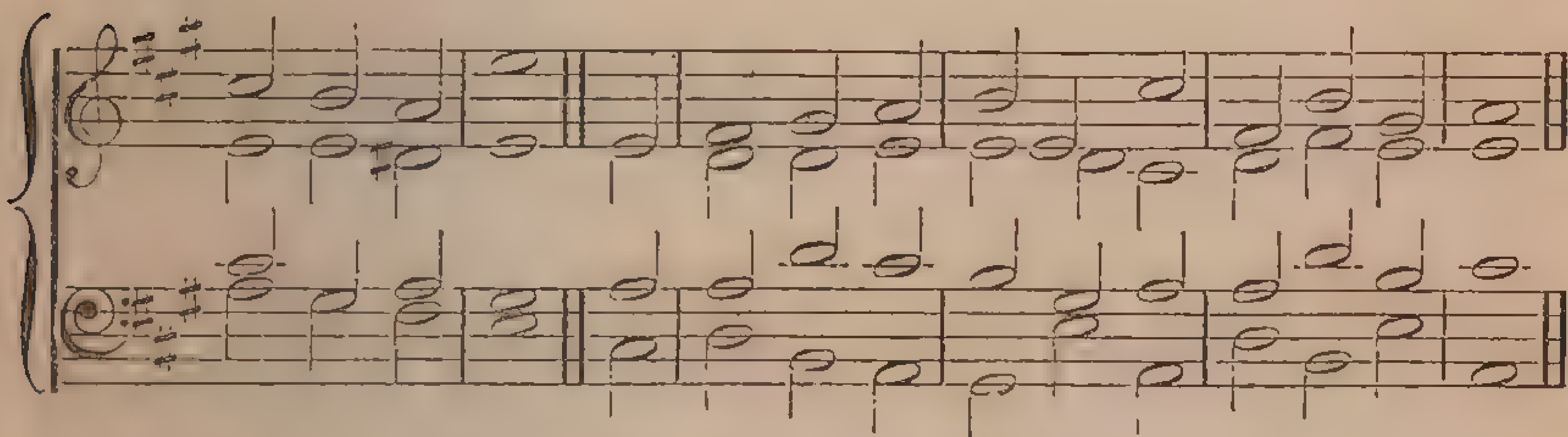
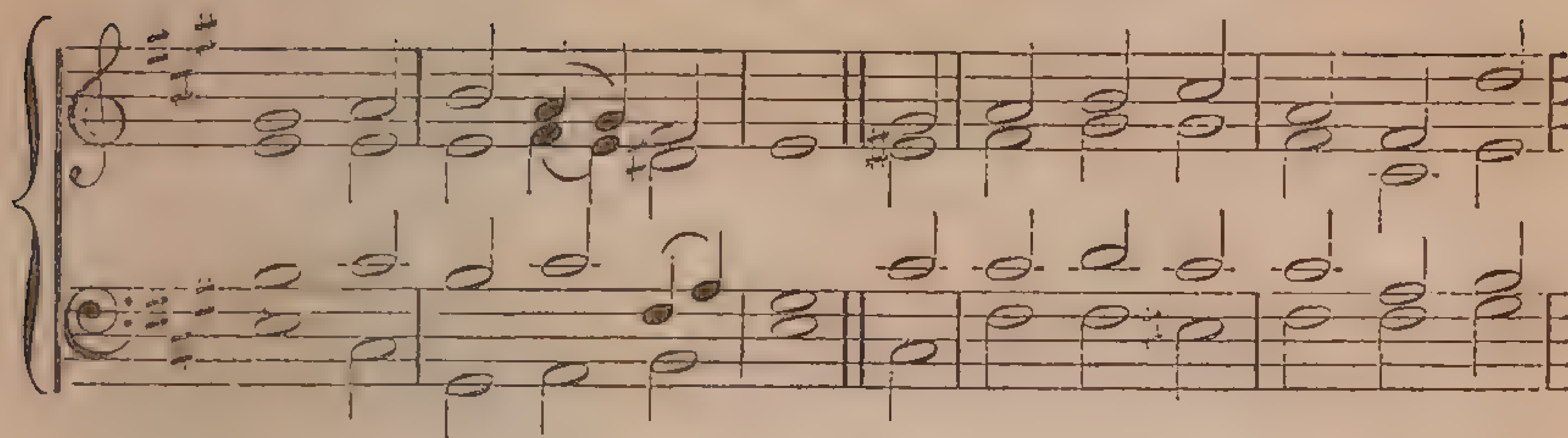
87

SHARON.

8, 7, 4.

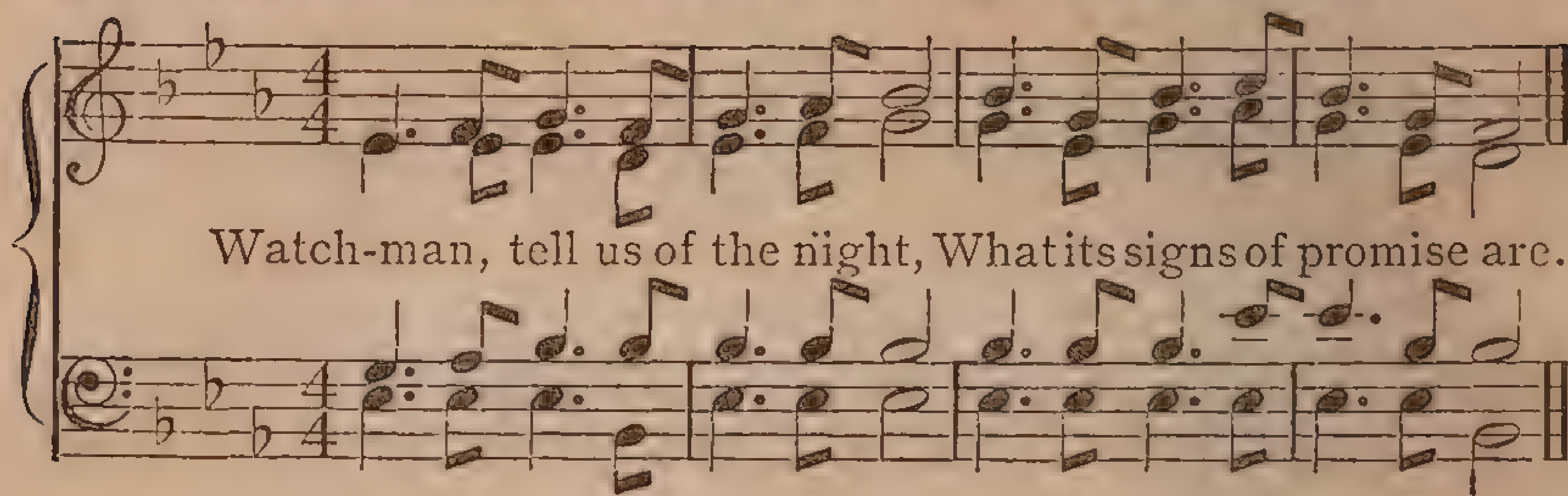




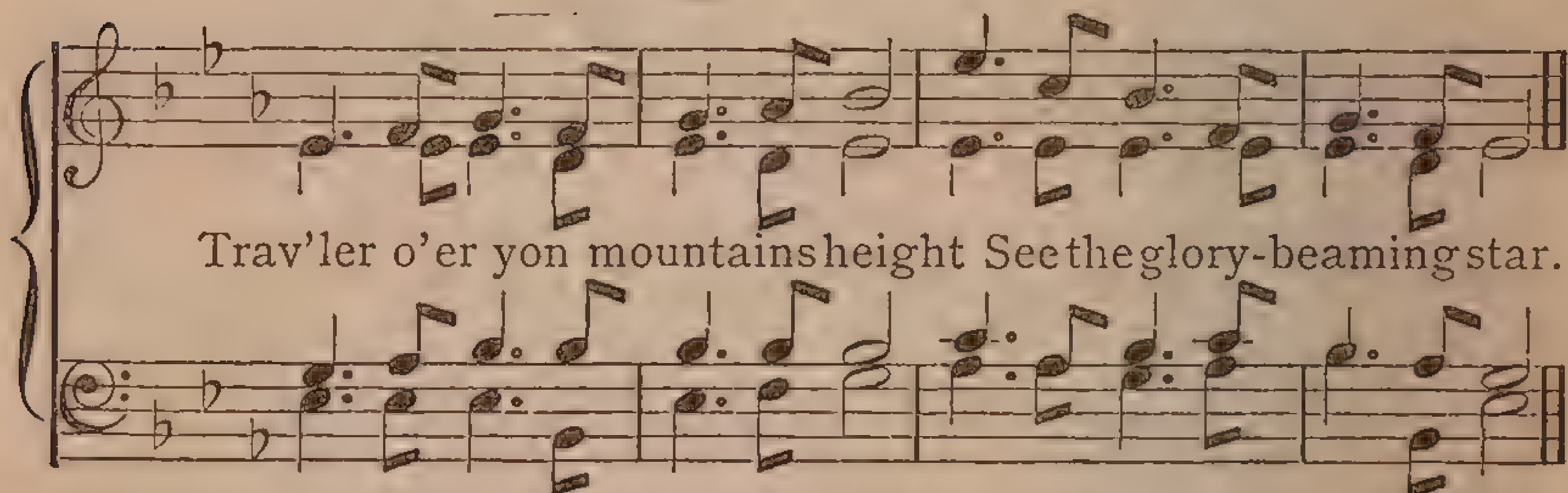


MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS WITH TUNES.

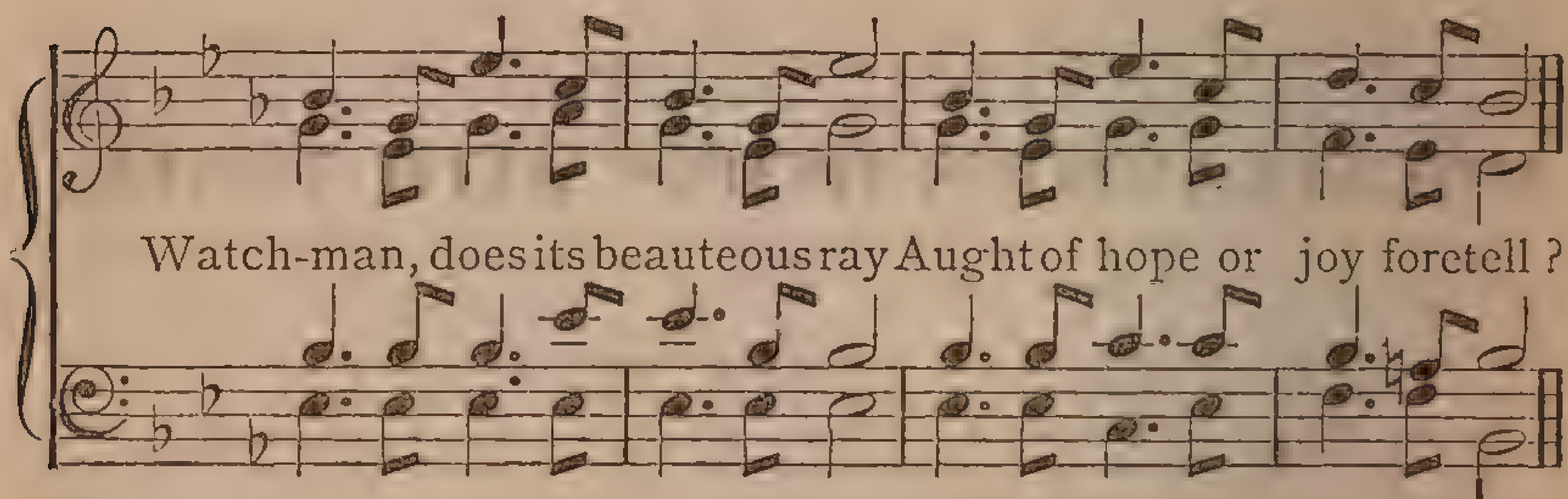
237 WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.



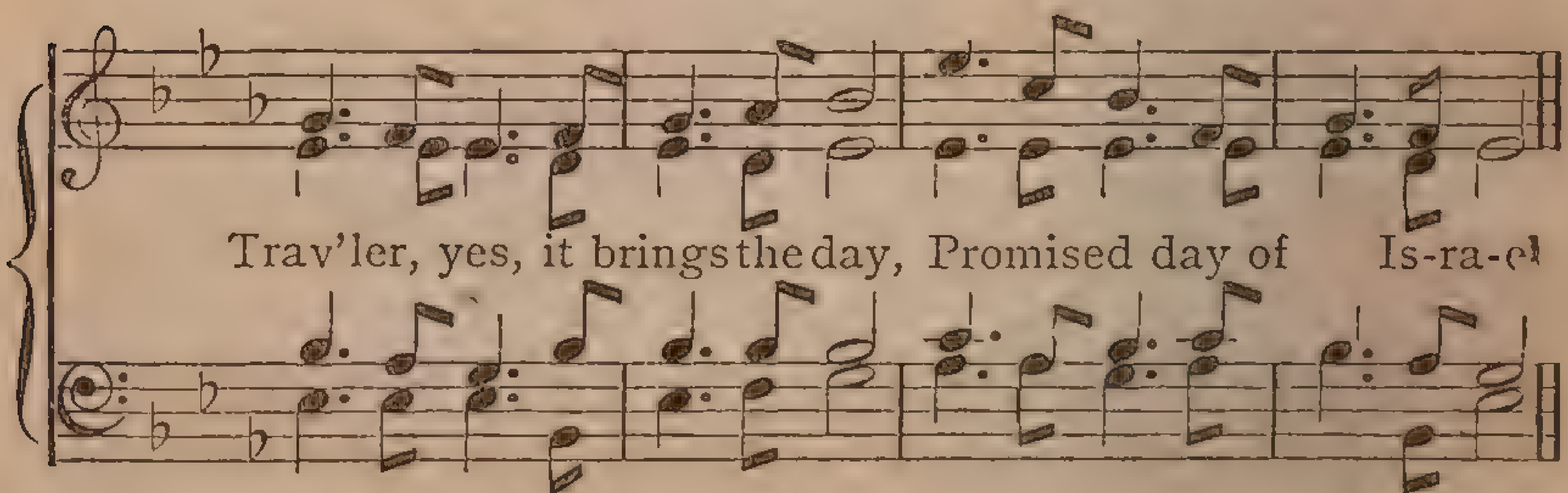
Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.



Trav'ler o'er yon mountains height See the glory-beaming star.



Watch-man, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?



Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course
portends.

Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them
birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

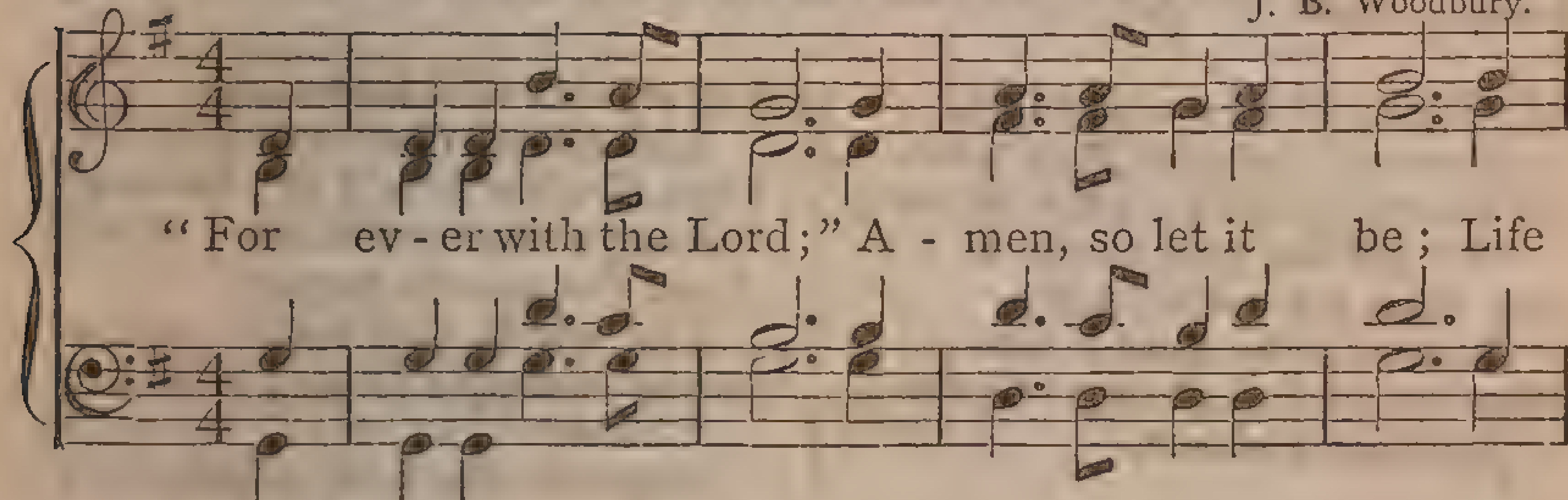
WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.—(*Continued.*)

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to
dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its
flight;
Doubt and terror are with-
drawn.

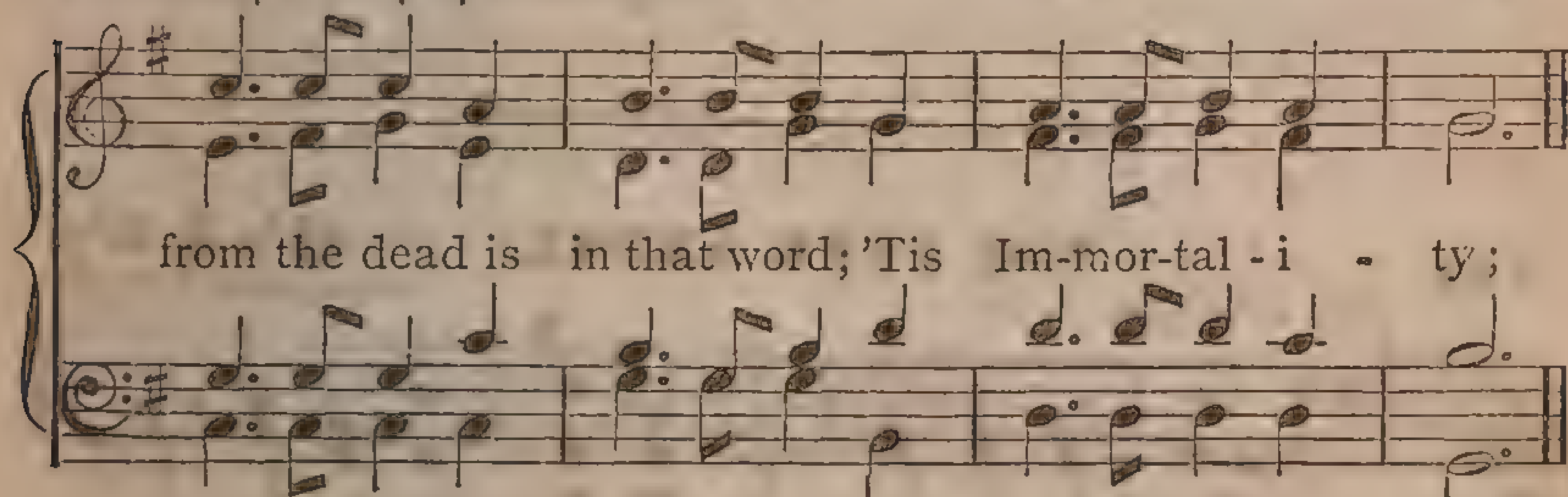
Watchman, let thy wandering
cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

238 "FOR EVER WITH THE LORD." S.M.

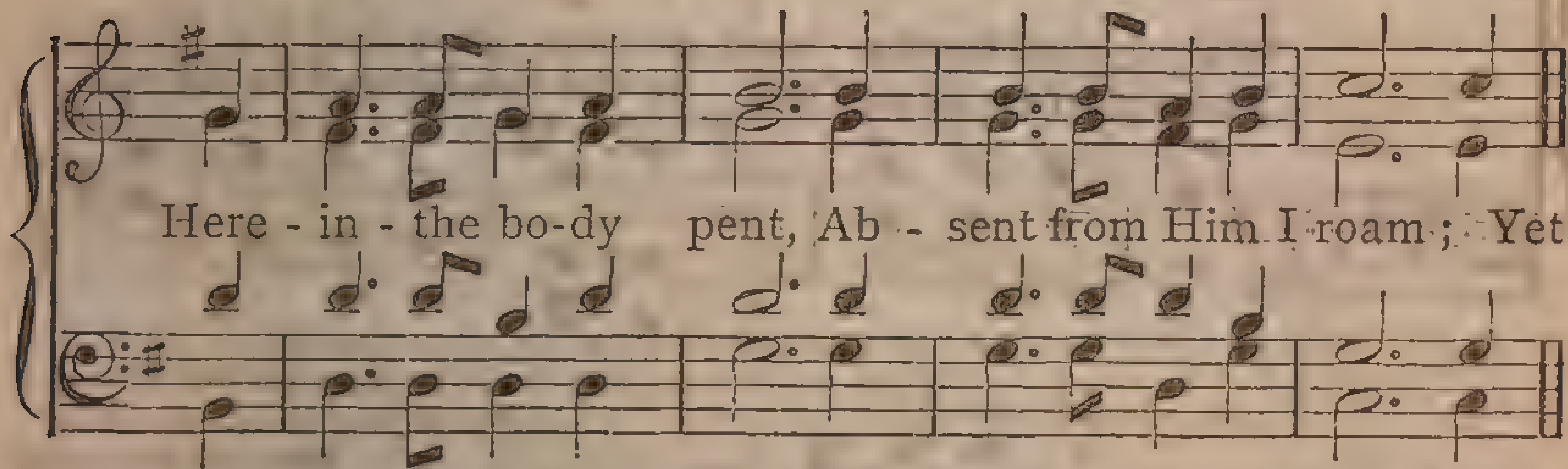
J. B. Woodbury.



"For ev - er with the Lord;" A - men, so let it be; Life



from the dead is in that word; 'Tis Im-mor-tal - i - ty;

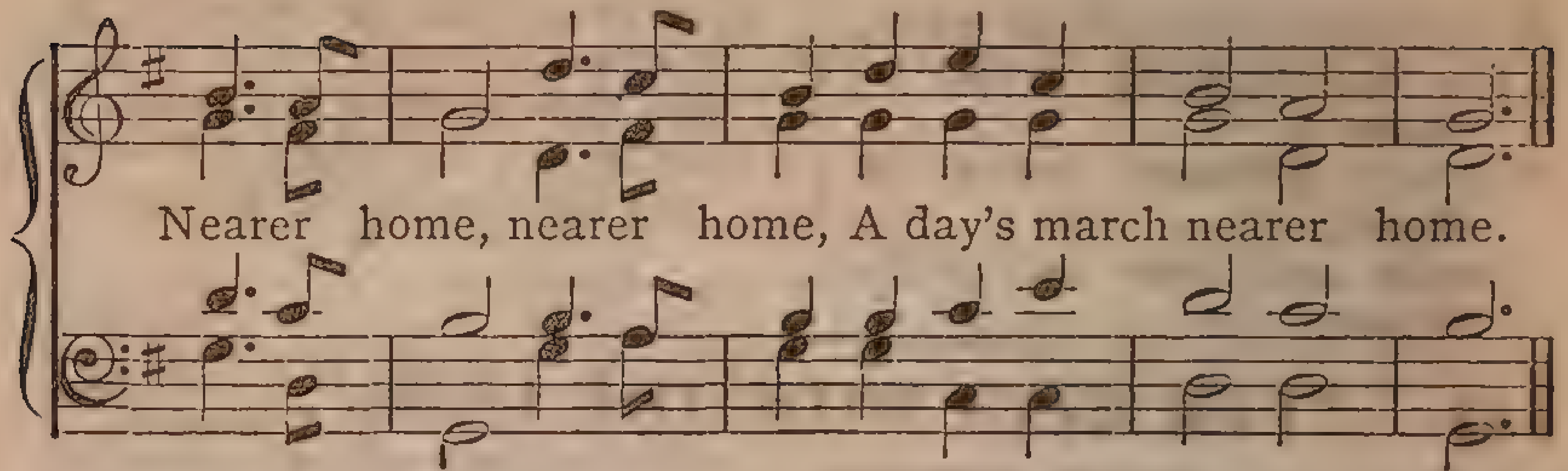


Here - in - the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet



night-ly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home,

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."—(*Continued.*)



Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened
heart
Expands the bow of peace.

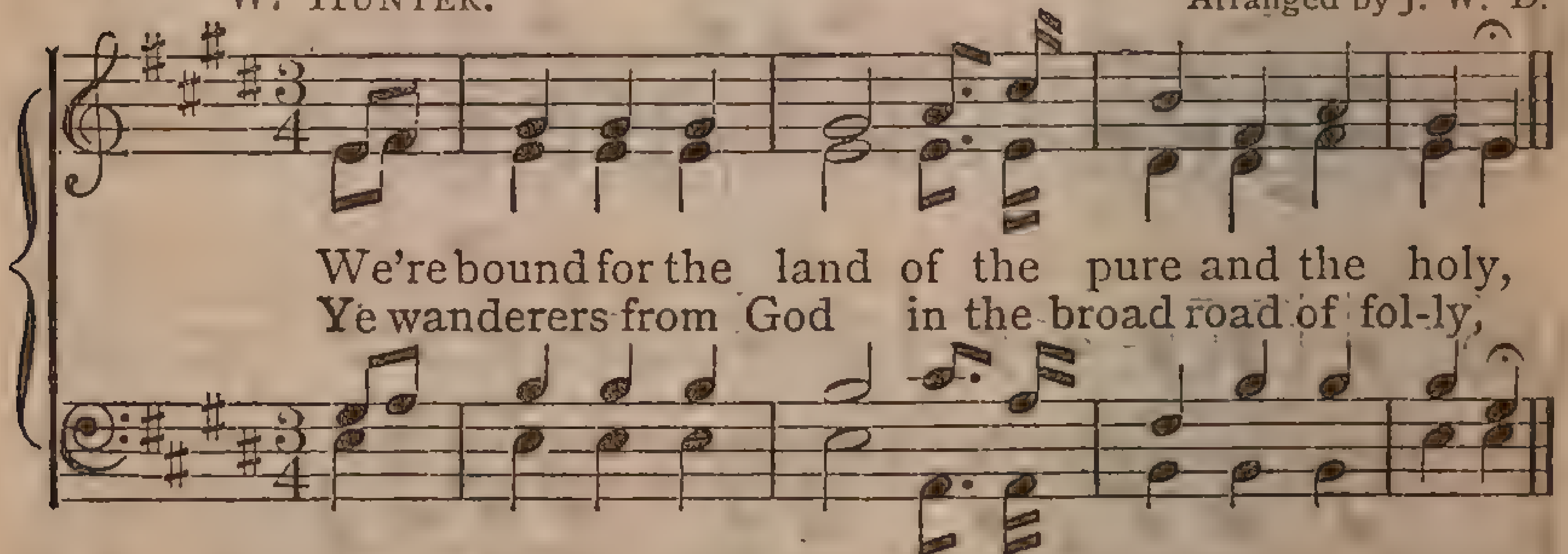
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THE EDEN ABOVE.

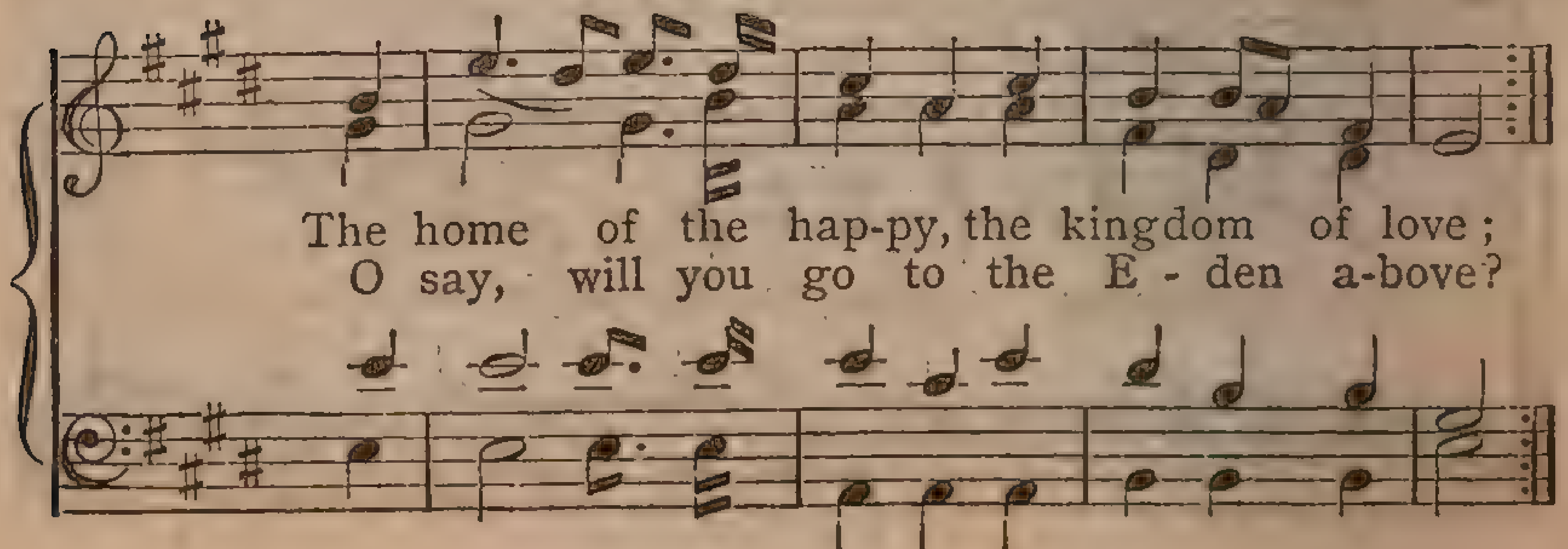
12's & 11's.

W. HUNTER.

Arranged by J. W. D.

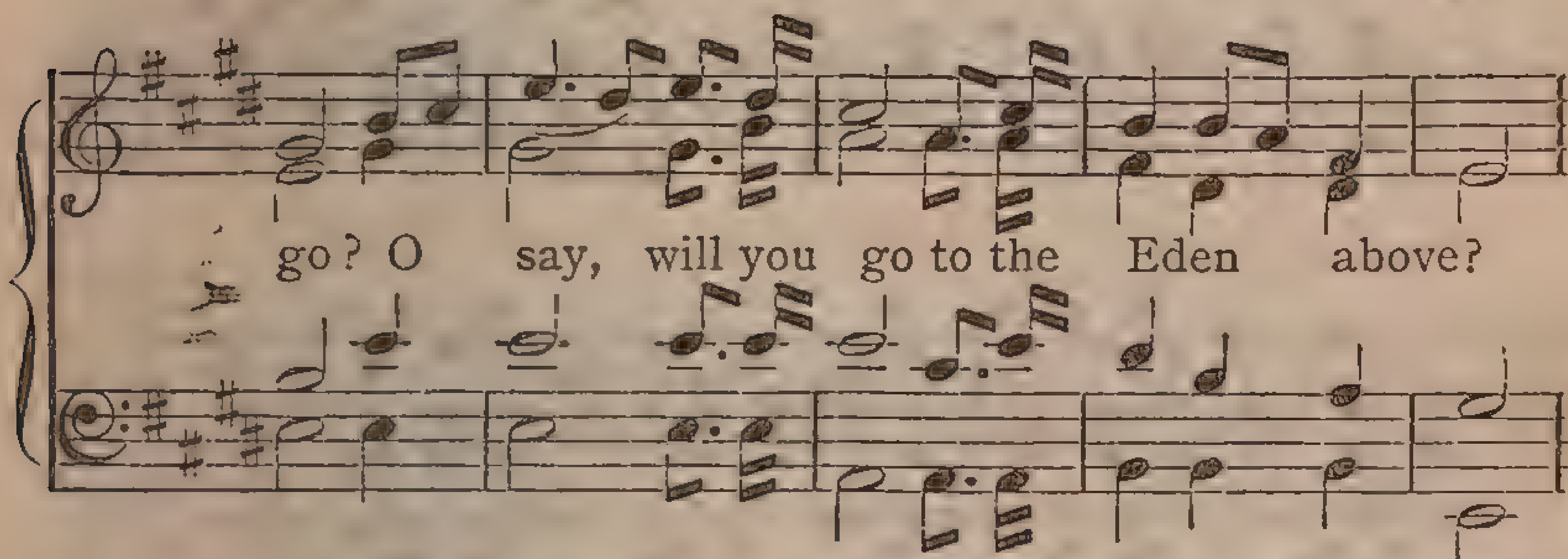
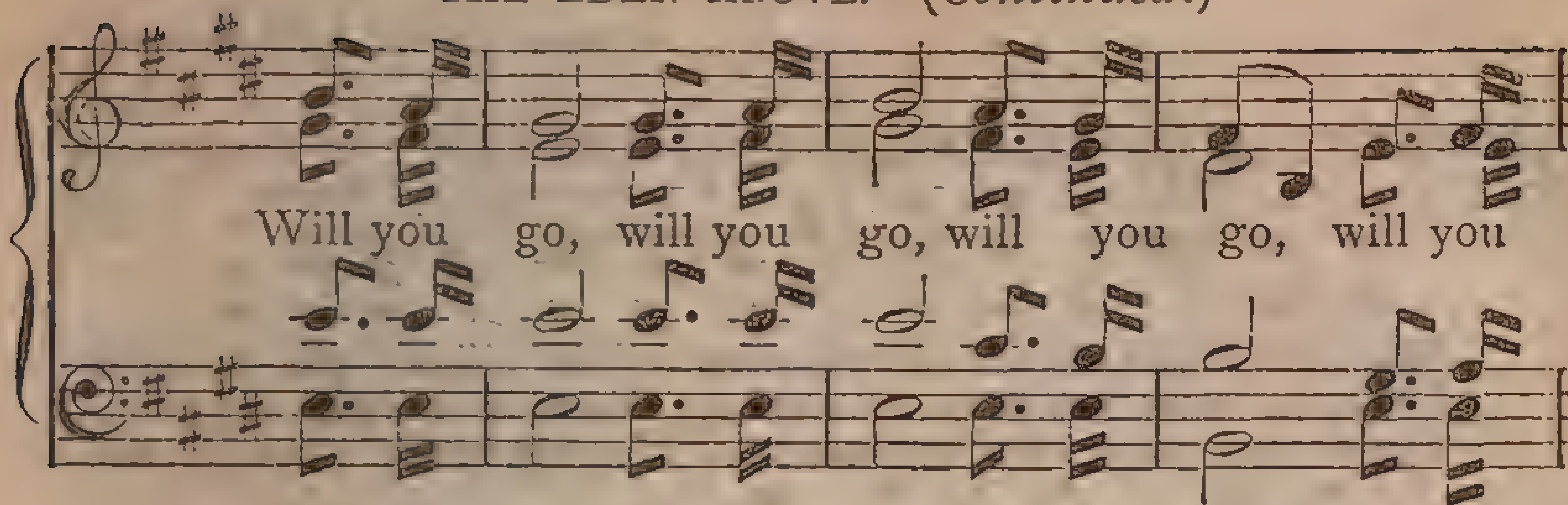


We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,



The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

THE EDEN ABOVE.—(Continued.)



2 In that blessed land neither
sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where
the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in
misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden
above?

Will you go, &c.,
O say, will you go to the Eden
above?

3 No poverty there—no, the saints
are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory whose
nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them,
that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden
above?

Will you go, &c.,
O say, will you go to the Eden
above?

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that
land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand
delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the
hills of bright glory,

And drink the pure joys of the
Eden above.

We will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden
above.

5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would
not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as on-
ward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in His arms
He will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden
above.

Will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden
above?

6 Methinks thou art now in thy
wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my
conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come
to Him praying—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the
Eden above.

Will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the
above?

Arranged by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

FINE

Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glo - ry dawn !
Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet up-on my path-way shone ;
Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morning dawns ! arise, a - rise .

D.C.

Pilgrim, yes ; a - rise, look round thee ! Light is breaking in the skies ;

- 2 See the glorious light ascend-
ing,
Of the grand Sabbatic year !
Hark ! the voices loud proclaim-
ing
The Messiah's kingdom near.
Watchman, yes ; I see just
yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights
arise ;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath her sunlit
skies.
- 3 Pilgrim, see ! the light is beam-
ing,
Brighter still upon thy way ;
Signs through all the earth are
gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,

When the last loud trumpet
sounding,
Shall awake, from earth and
sea,
All the saints of God now sleep-
ing,
Clad in immortality.

- 4 Watchman, lo ! the land we're
nearing,
With its vernal fruits and
flowers !
On just yonder, O how cheering !
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers.
Hark ! the choral strains there
ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air ;
See the millions ; hear them
singing,
Soon the pilgrims will be
there.

1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

2 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Jesus, to welcome me,
Nearer, my God to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I'll fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains :

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as
he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb ! Thy precious
blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of
God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my
theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stam -
m'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

Sal - vation! O, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
D. S. A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS. D. S.
A cor-dial for our fears, A cor-dial for our fears,

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.

Arranged by J. W. D.

I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account! My joys are im-

I LOVE THEE.—(Continued.)

mortal, I stand on thy mount! I gaze on my treasure, and

long to be there, With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

2 O Jesus, my Saviour, with Thee
I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy
and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and Thy
love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire both
my heart and my tongue.

3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's
Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and He loves me;
He taught me to sing;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
and bow to His will,
While rivers of pleasure my
spirit do fill.

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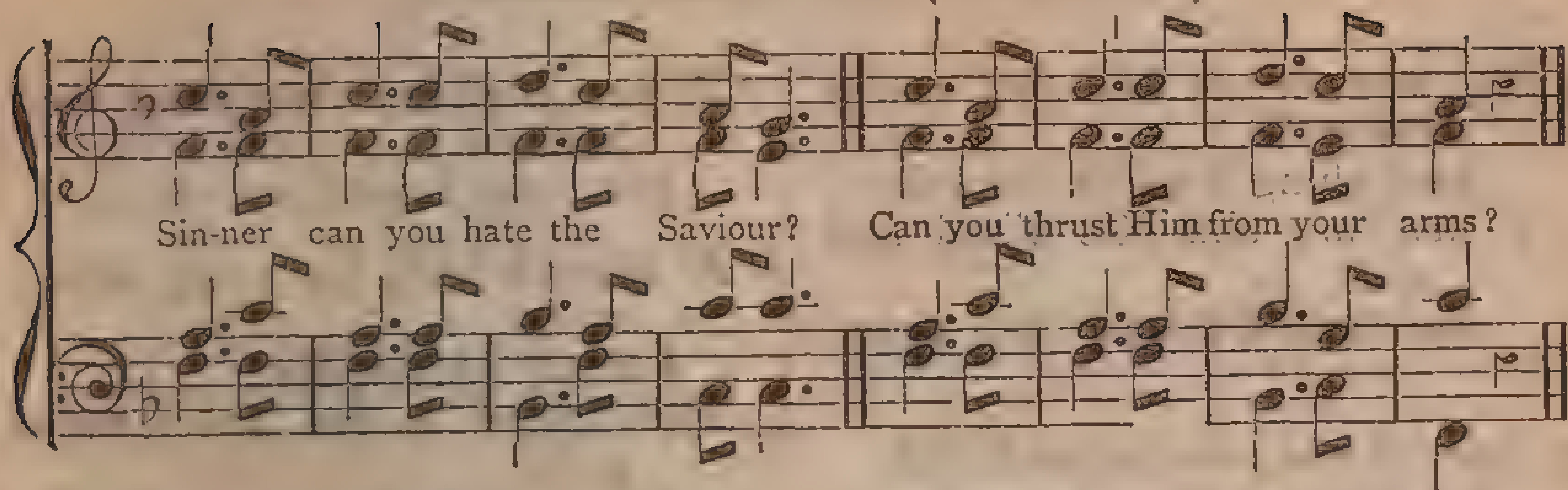
PLEADING SAVIOUR.

8's & 7's.

END.

Now the Saviour stands and pleading, At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's in-ter-ced-ing, Un-der-tak-ing sin-ner's part. }
Once he died for your be-hav-iour, Now he calls you to his arms.

PLEADING SAVIOUR.—(Continued.)



Sin-ner can you hate the Saviour? Can you thrust Him from your arms?

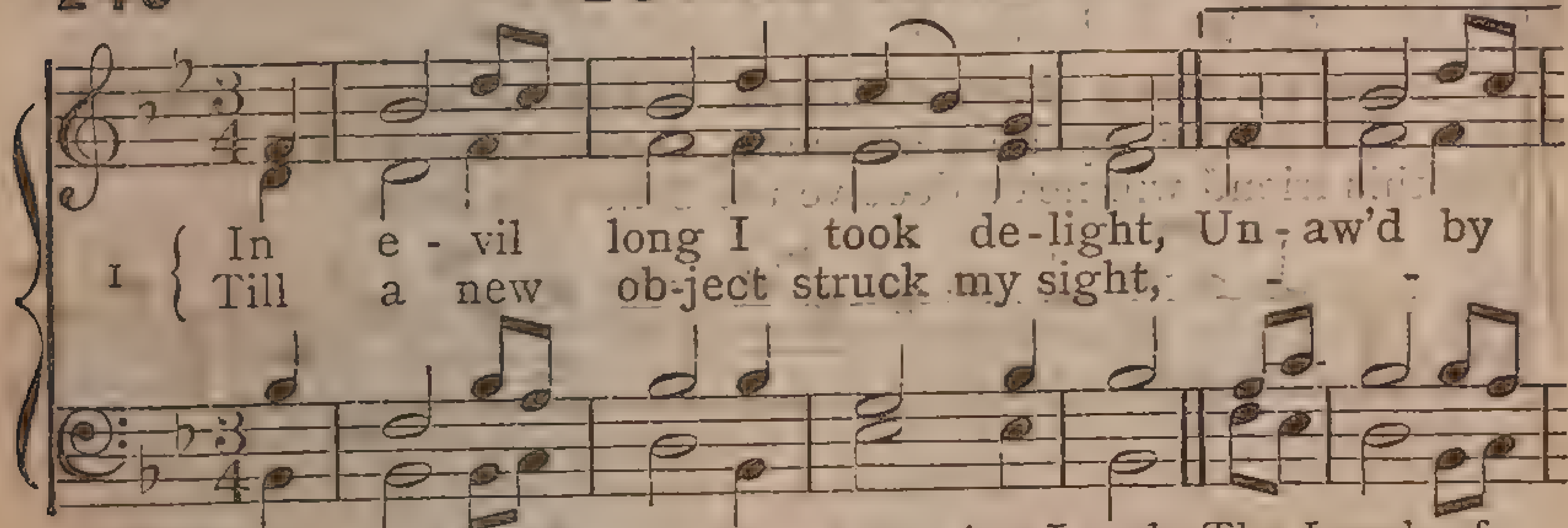
2 Jesus stands, O how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every
door;
In his hands ten thousand
blessings,
proffered to the wretched poor.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while He kindly calls
you,
Hear, and be forever blest.

246

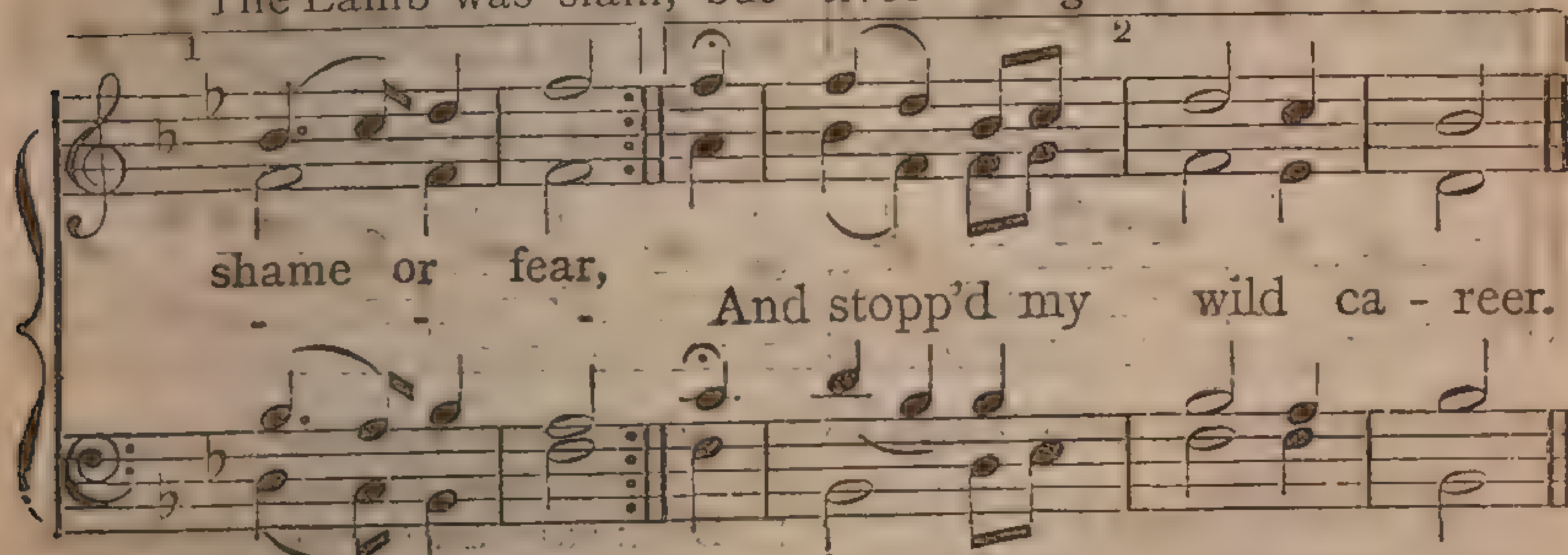
LOVING LAMB.

C.M.



I { In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-aw'd by
Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,

CHORUS. O, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb of
The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain.



1 shame or fear, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.
2 Cal - va - ry, To in - ter - cede for me.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his
death,
Though not a word he spoke.

LOVING LAMB.—(*Continued.*)

4 My conscience felt and own'd
the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had
spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;

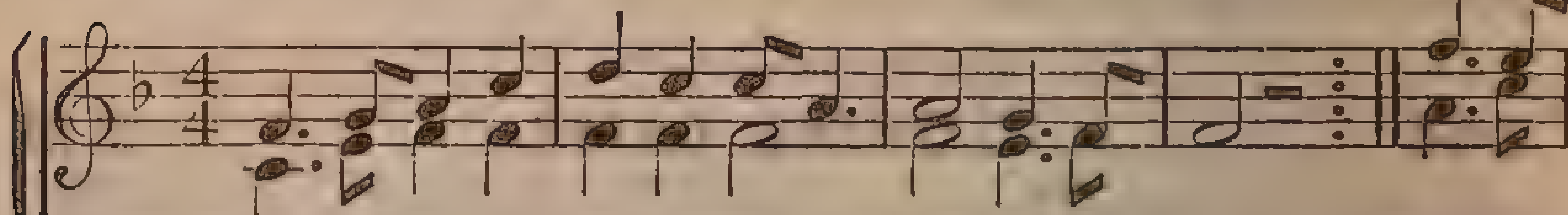
Where shall my trembling soul
be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which
said:
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom
paid:
I'll die that thou may'st live.

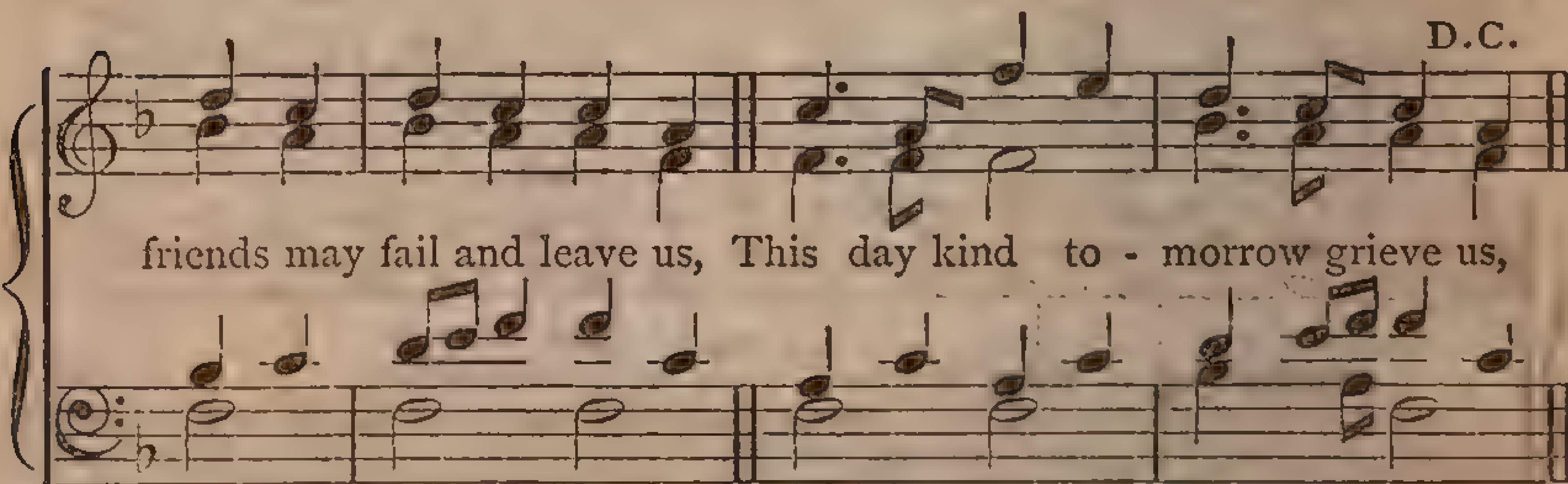
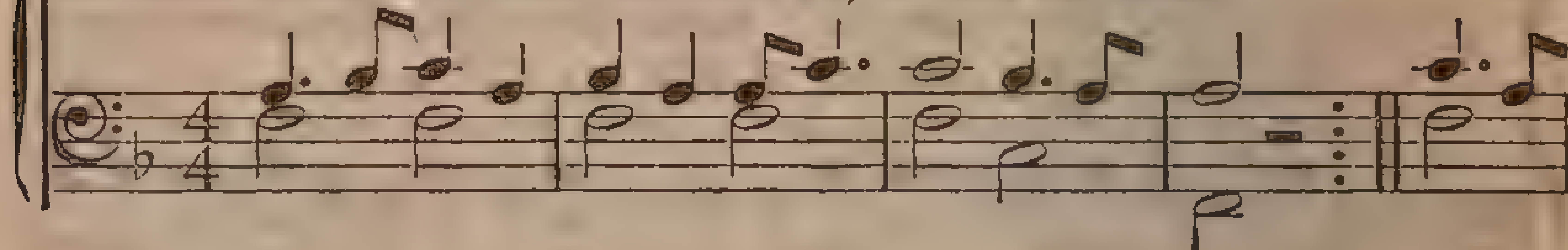
247

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

END.



There's a friend above all others, O how he loves. } Earthly
His is love beyond a brother's, O how he loves. }
But this friend will ne'er deceive us, O how he loves.



friends may fail and leave us, This day kind to-morrow grieve us,

D.C.

2 Love this friend who longs to
save thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not
leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
Oh, how he loves!

All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide
thee,
Naught but good shall e'er
betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee;
Oh, how he loves!

OH, HOW HE LOVES !—(*Continued.*)

3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder,
 Oh, how he loves !
 Naught can cleave this love asunder,
 Oh, how he loves !
 Neither trial, nor temptation,
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
 Can bereave us of salvation ;
 Oh, how he loves !

4 Let us still this love be viewing
 Oh, how he loves !
 And though faint, keep on pursuing.
 Oh, how he loves !
 He will strengthen each endeavour,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song forever,
 Oh, how he loves !

TUNE 247.]

WHY WILL YE DIE ?

[2ND HYMN

1 " Sinners, hastening down to ruin,
 Why will ye die ?
 Jesus is your souls pursuing,
 Why will ye die ?
 Though from Him you still are flying,
 All His power and love defying,
 Hark, how loudly He is crying !
 Why will ye die ?

2 Sinai asks in loudest thunder,
 Why will ye die ?
 Heaven and earth cry out with wonder,
 Why will ye die ?
 Sinners, sunk in degradation,
 While rejecting God's salvation,
 This is Heaven's expostulation,
 Why will ye die ?

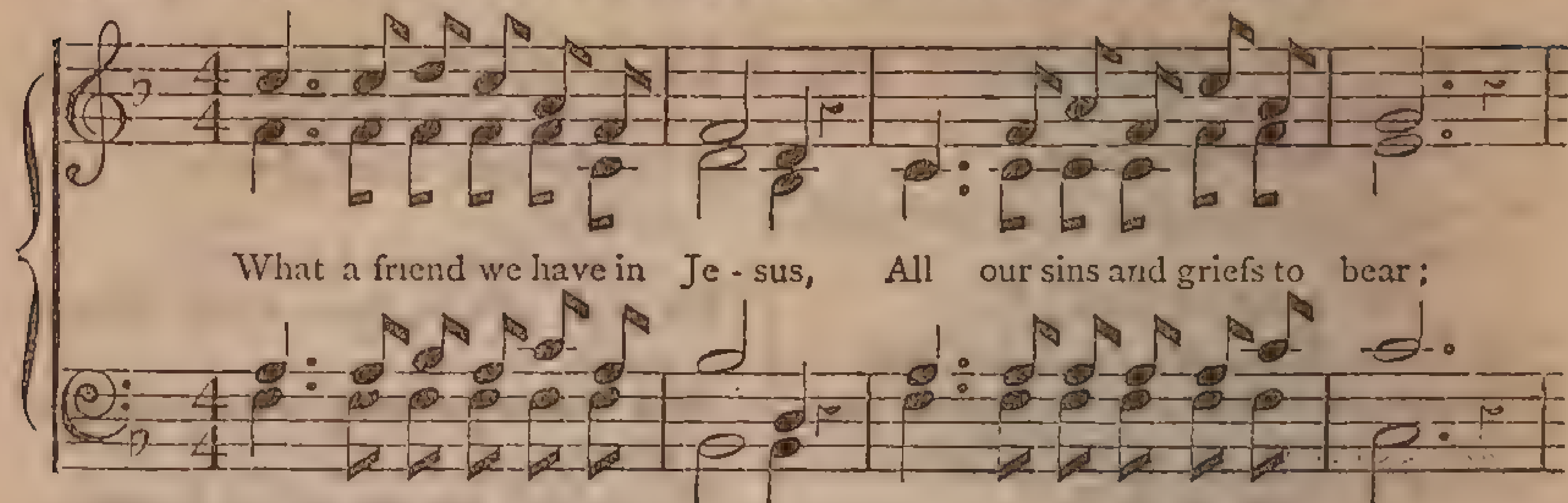
3 Jesu's groans, on Calvary's mountain—
 Why will ye die ?
 Speak with blood that fills the fountain,
 Why will ye die ?
 Blood that ransomed every nation,

Fits for heaven's exalted station.
 Sinners, now accept salvation.
 Why will ye die ?

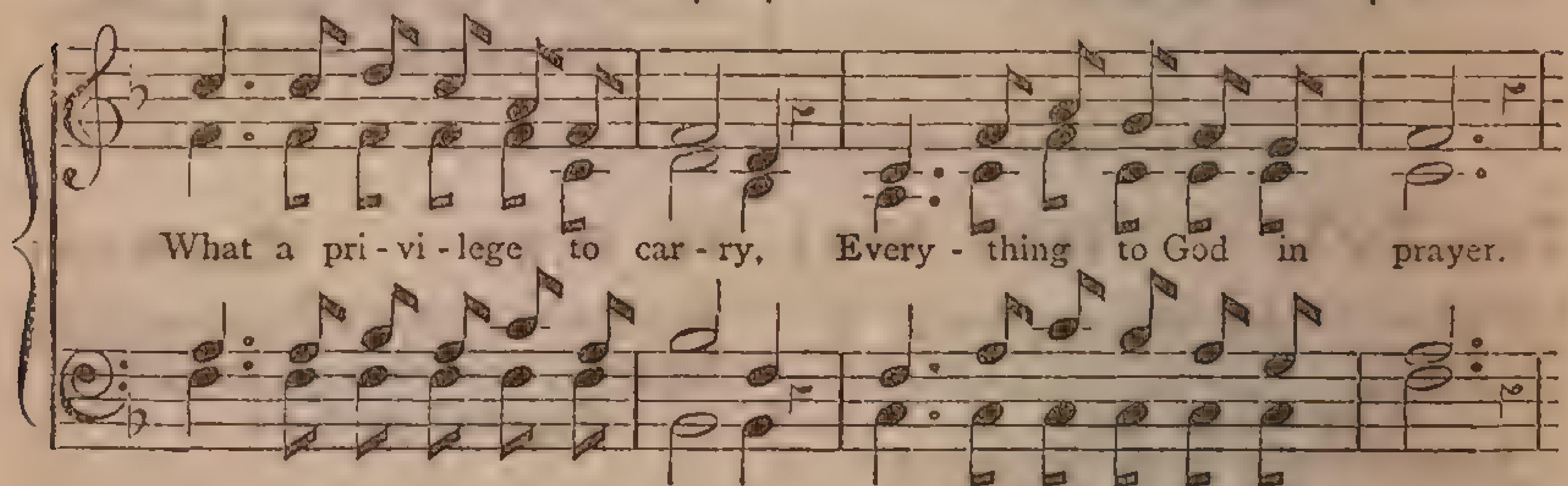
4 Death and hell cry out, while hasting,
 Why will ye die ?
 And your feeble strength while wasting,
 Why will ye die ?
 When you cross cold Jordan's river,
 And your doom is fixed for ever,
 God will ask no more—no, never,
 Why will ye die ?

5 But through everlasting ages,
 Then you must die !
 While hell's howling tempest rages,
 Then you must die !
 Stripp'd of every earthly pleasure ;
 Lost for ever, heavenly treasure ;
 Burning vengeance without measure ;
 But cannot die !

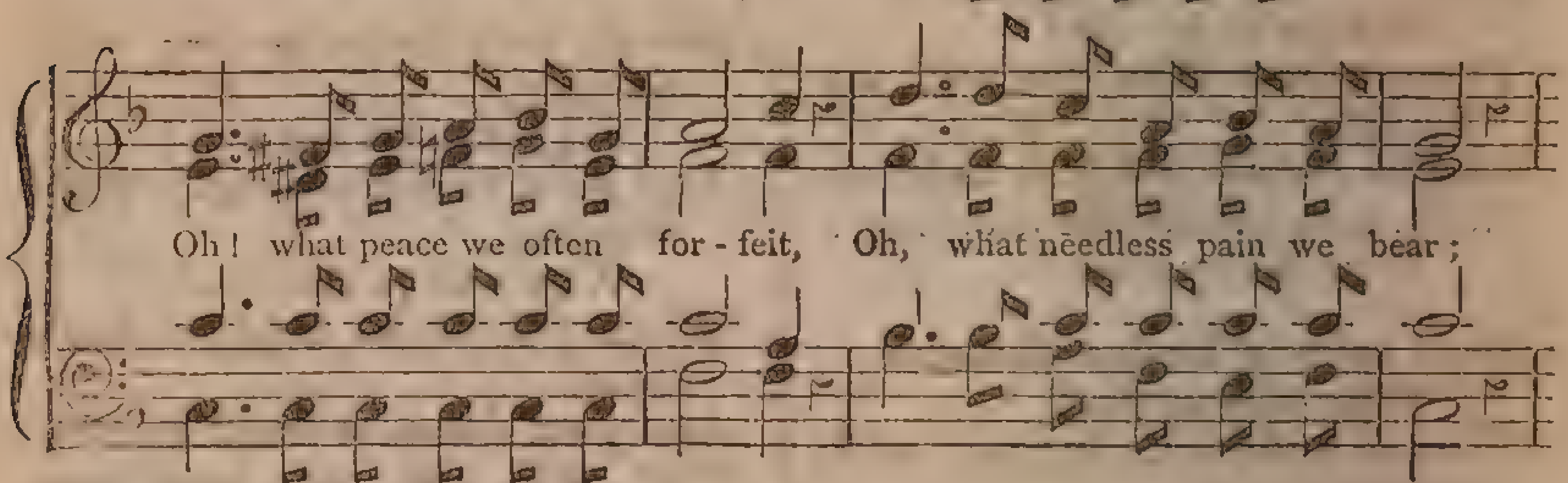
248 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.



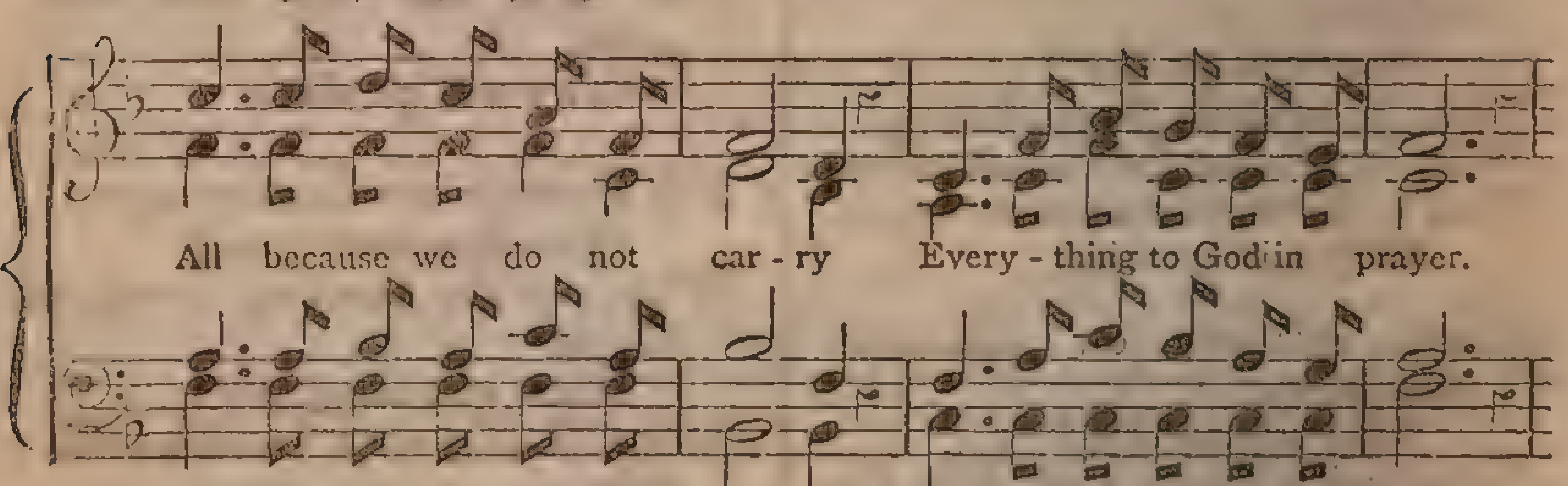
What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;



What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry, Every - thing to God in prayer.



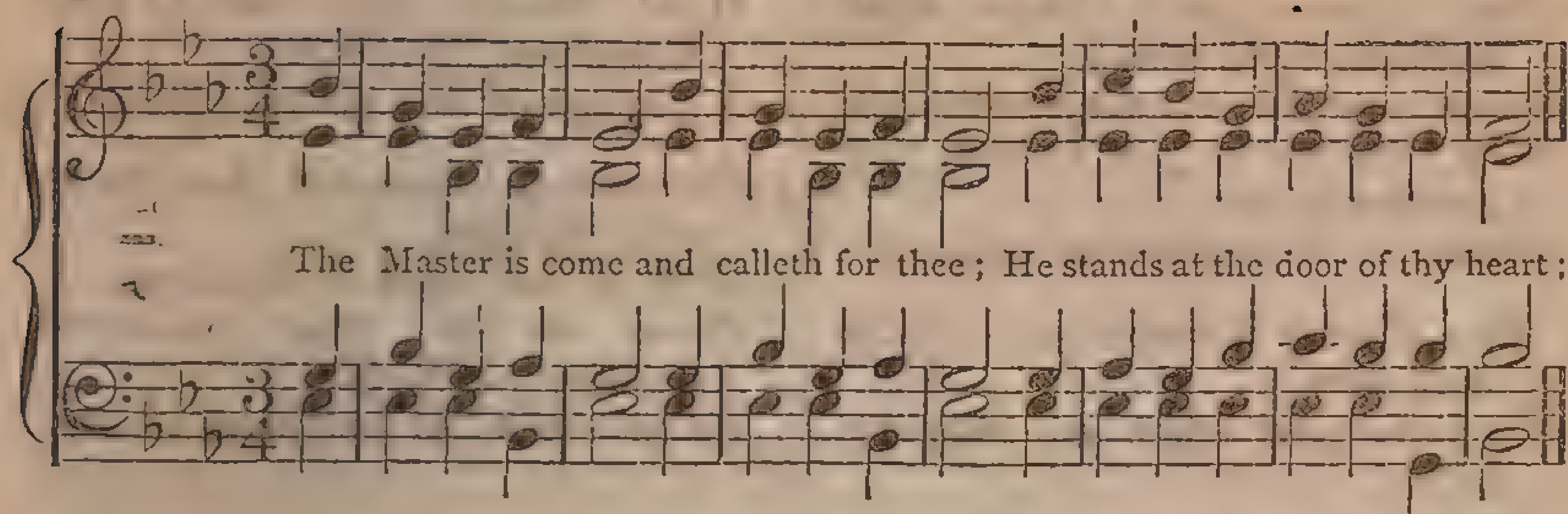
Oh ! what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear ;



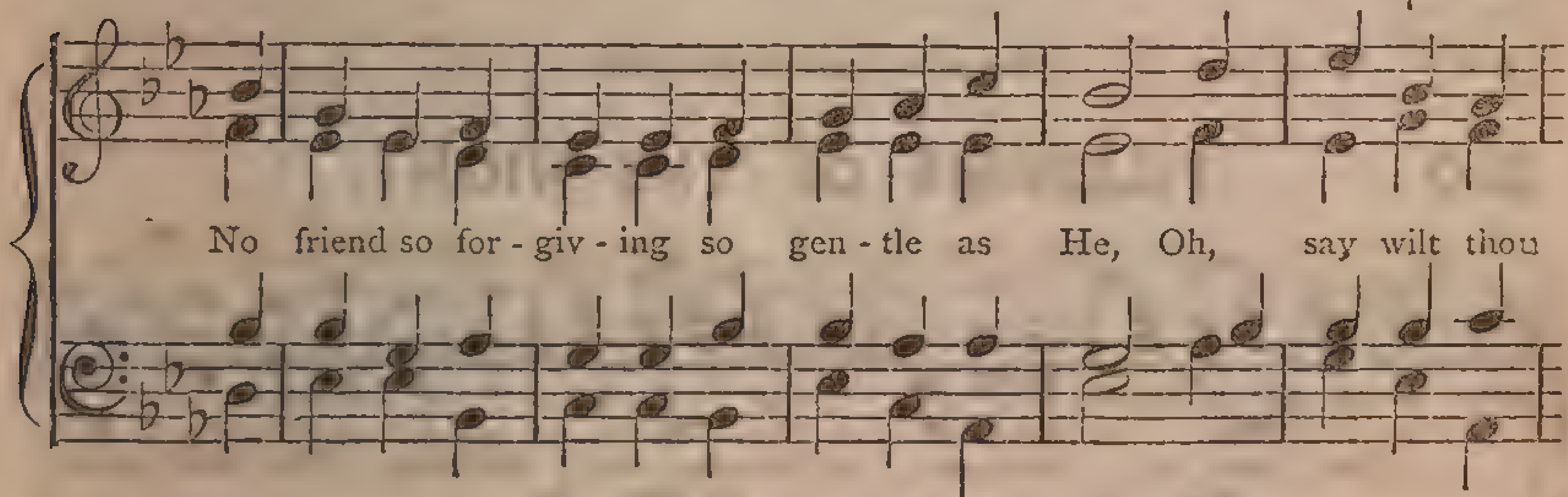
All because we do not car - ry Every - thing to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows
share,
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

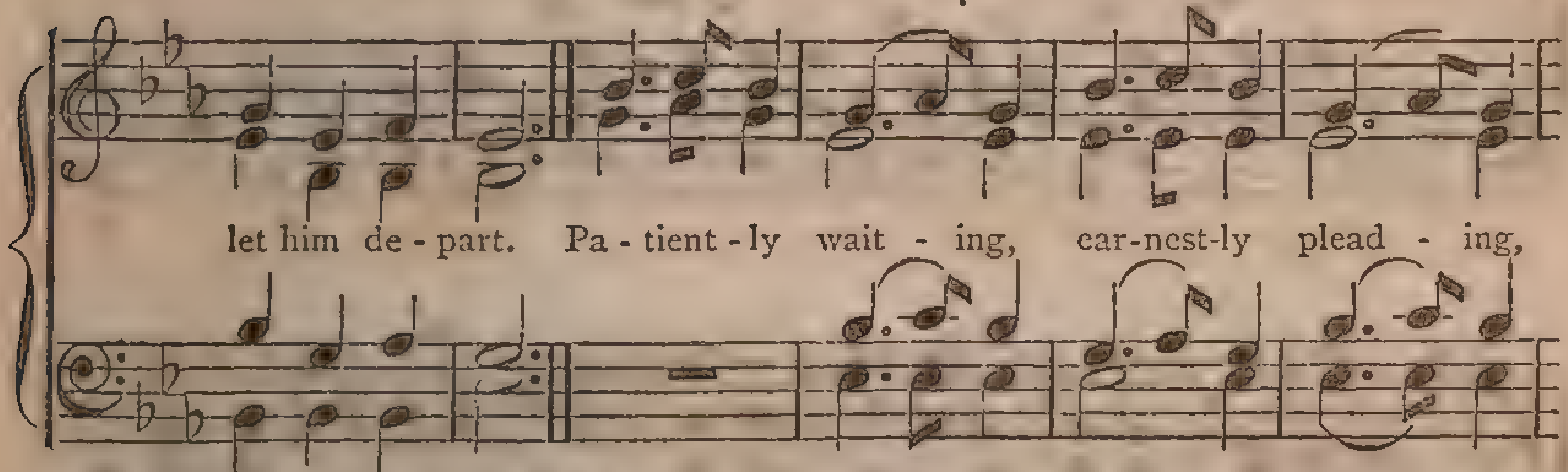
3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Jesus still will be our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
Do thy friends despise, forsake
thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and
shield thee,
Thou shalt find a solace there.



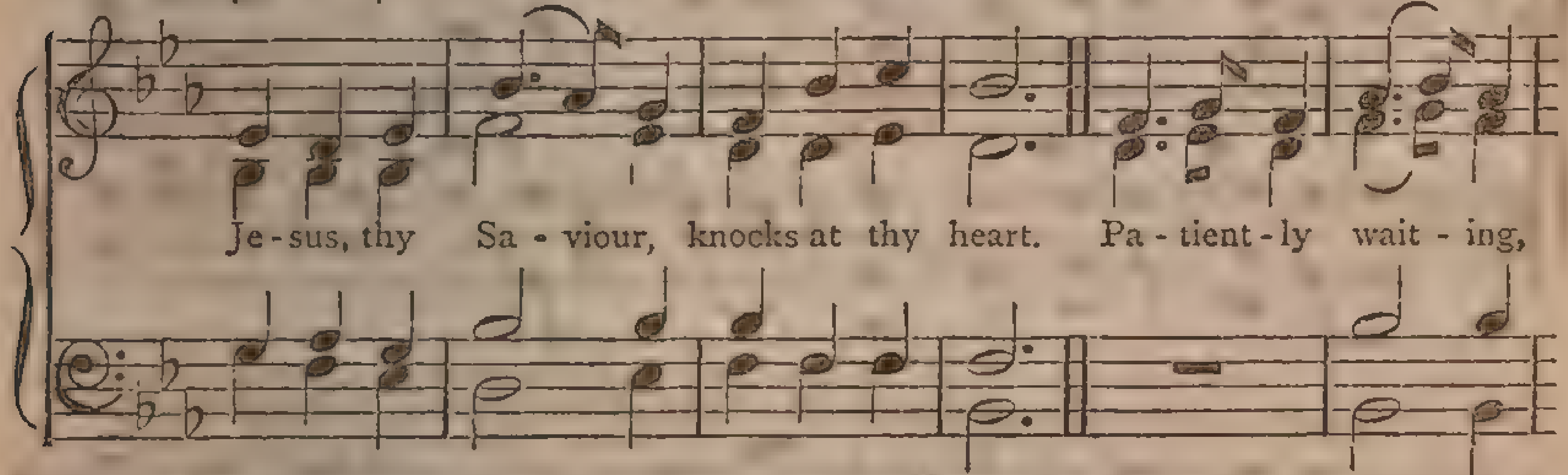
The Master is come and calleth for thee; He stands at the door of thy heart;



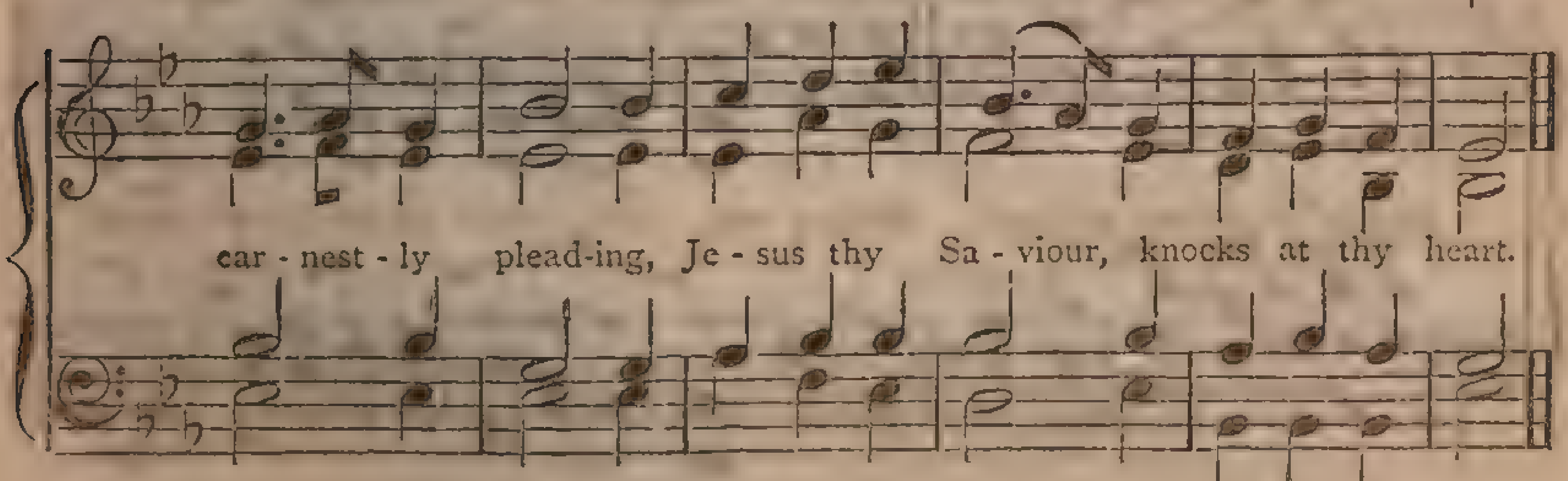
No friend so for-giv-ing so gen-tle as He, Oh, say wilt thou



let him de-part. Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, ear-nest-ly plead-ing,



Je-sus, thy Sa-viour, knocks at thy heart. Pa-tient-ly wait-ing,



ear-nest-ly plead-ing, Je-sus thy Sa-viour, knocks at thy heart.

THE MASTER'S CALL.—(*Continued.*)

2 The Master has come with
blessings for thee;
Arise, and His message receive,
Thy ransom is purchased, thy
pardon is free,
If thou wilt repent and believe.

3. The Master is come and calleth
thee now,
This moment what joy may be
thine,

How tender the smile that
illumines His brow;
A pledge of His favour divine.

4 He waits for thee still, then haste
with delight,
O fly to the arms of His love !
Press on to that beautiful
mansion of light,
Prepared in His kingdom above

250

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Hark ! hark ! my soul, an - gelic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green

The first system of musical notation for 'Pilgrims of the Night'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Hark ! hark ! my soul, an - gelic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green' are written below the staff.

fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore ; How sweet the truth those

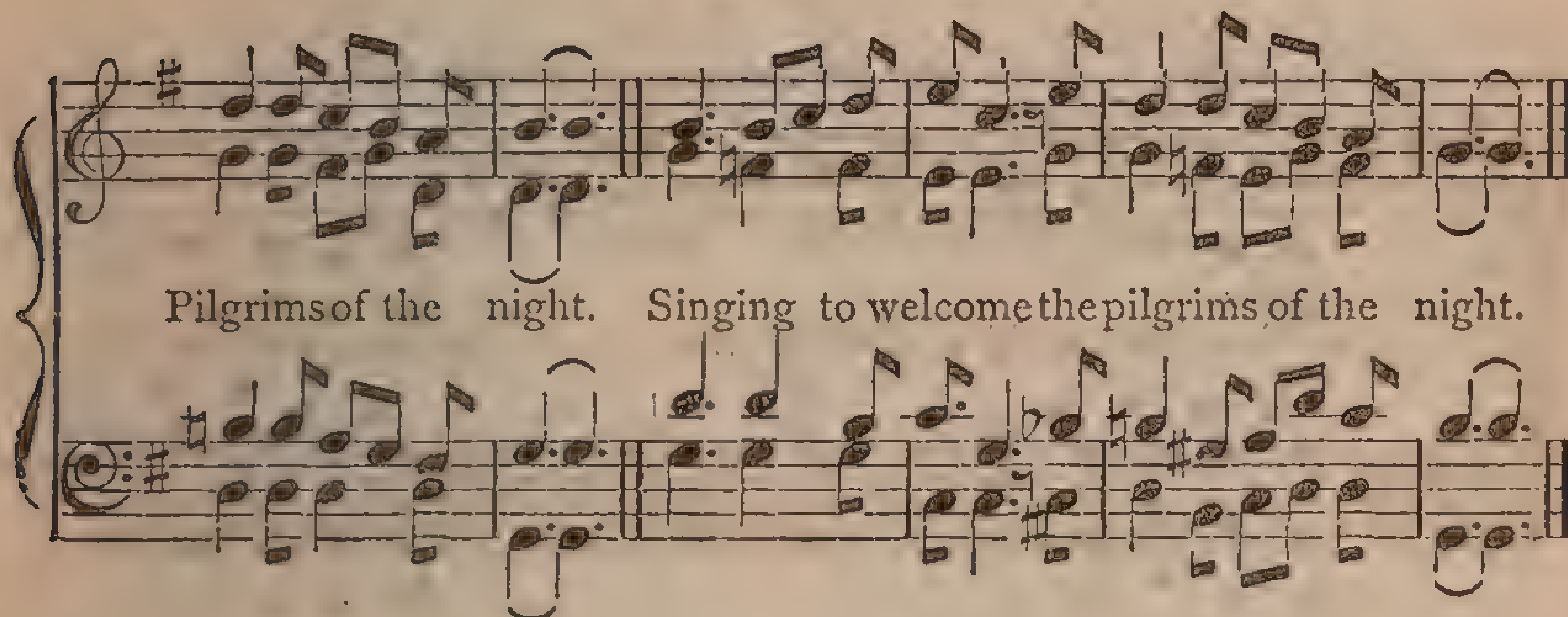
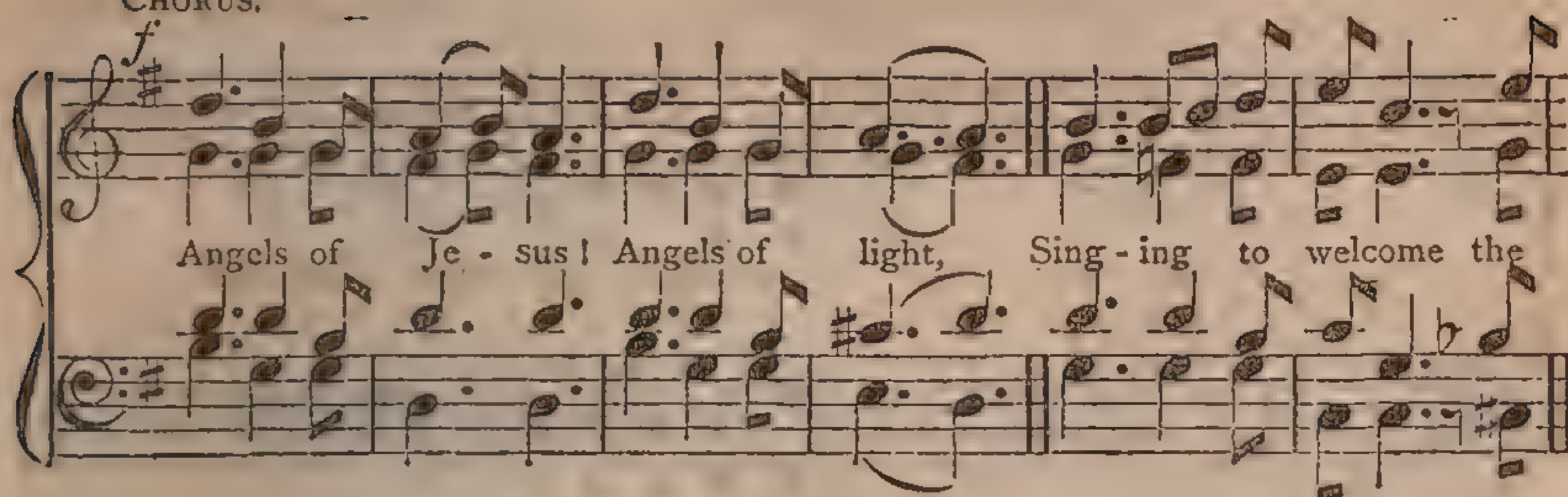
The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore ; How sweet the truth those' are written below the staff.

blessed strains are telling, Of that new life where sin shall be no more.

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'blessed strains are telling, Of that new life where sin shall be no more.' are written below the staff.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.—(*Continued.*)

CHORUS.



2 Darker than night, life's shadows close around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes gently ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Cheer up my soul! Faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom

Je - sus lover of my soul, Let me

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

fly ; While the nearer waters roll,

to Thy bosom fly ; While the nearer waters roll,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

While the tempest still is high,

While the tempest still is high,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Hide me, O my Saviour

hide,

Till the storm of life be

Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL:—(Continued.)

past, Safe in-to the ha-ven guide,
 life be past, Safe in to the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last. Safe in-to the haven

O receive my soul at last. Safe in-

guide,

O receive my soul at last.

RITARD.

to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on
 Thee :

Leave, O leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the
 blind.

Just and holy is Thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is
 found—

Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of Thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

252

I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

C.M.

CHORUS.

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

I can, I will, I do believe; I can, I will, I do believe;

I can and I will and I do believe That Jes - us died for me.

253

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

FINE.

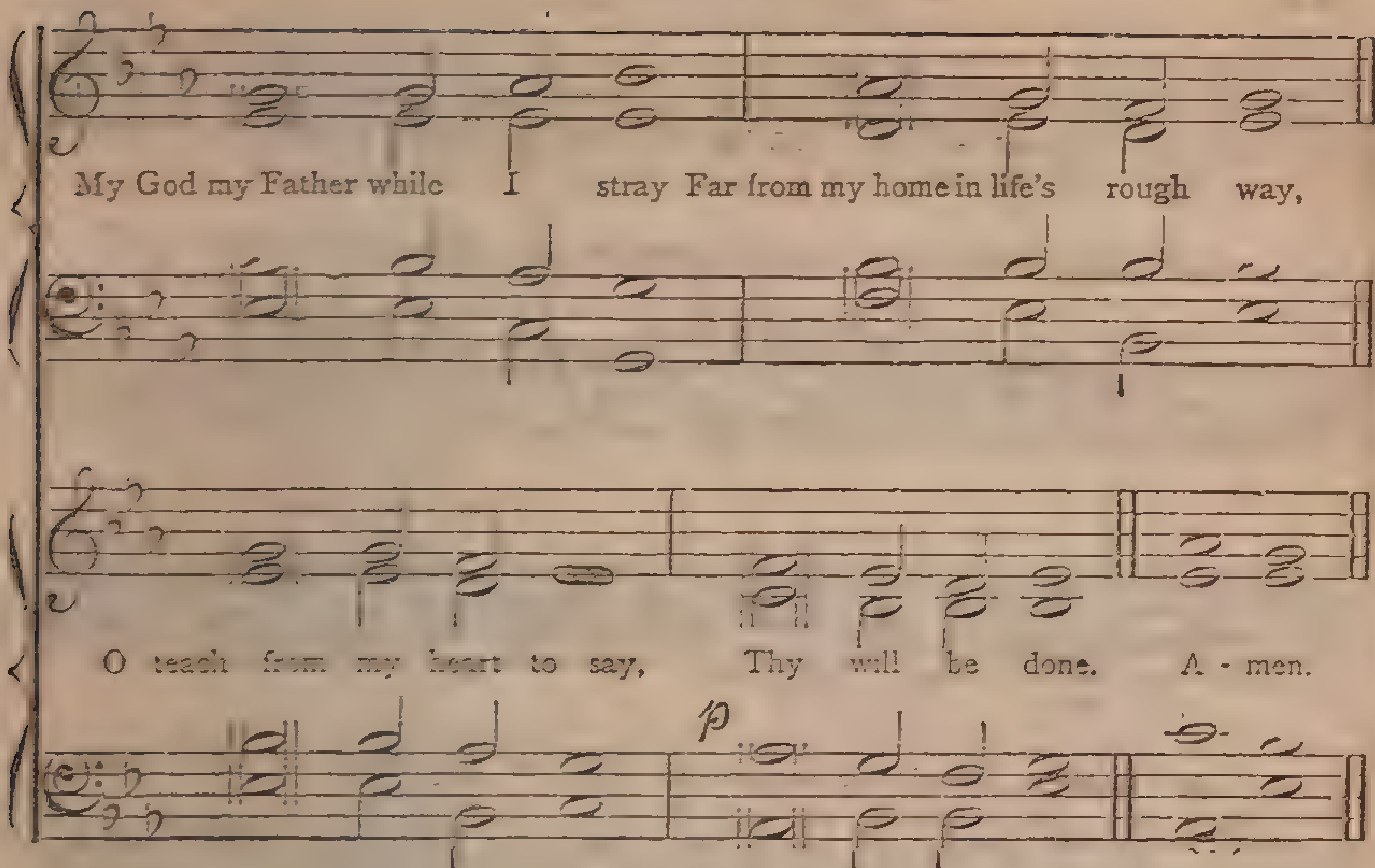
By Rev. B. W. Gorham.

The world is o - ver - come By the blood of the Lamb.

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!

- 2 My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 4 I've lost the fear of death

- Through the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.
- 6 I soon shall mount the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.



Though dark my path, and sad
my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely
taught,

"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I
sigh [nigh?
For friends beloved no longer
Submissive would I still reply,

"Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to re-
sign [mine;
What most I prize, it ne'er was
I only yield Thee what is Thine;

"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be
blest [guest,
With Thy sweet Spirit for its
My God, to Thee I leave the
rest;

"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take
away [say,
All that now makes it hard to

"Thy will be done."

AMEN.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for
me [to Thee,—
And that Thou bid'st me come
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can
cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed
about [doubt,
With many a conflict, many a
Fightings within, and fears with-
out,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,
relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine
alone,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

AMEN.

Our blest Redeemer ere He breathes His tender last fare - well.

▲ Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell A - men.

He came sweet influence to im-
part,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble
heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we
hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that
calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,

And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-
place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father ; praise the
Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in
One,
The One in Three.

AMEN.

Abide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide ; The darkness

deepens; Lord with me a - bide ; When other helpers

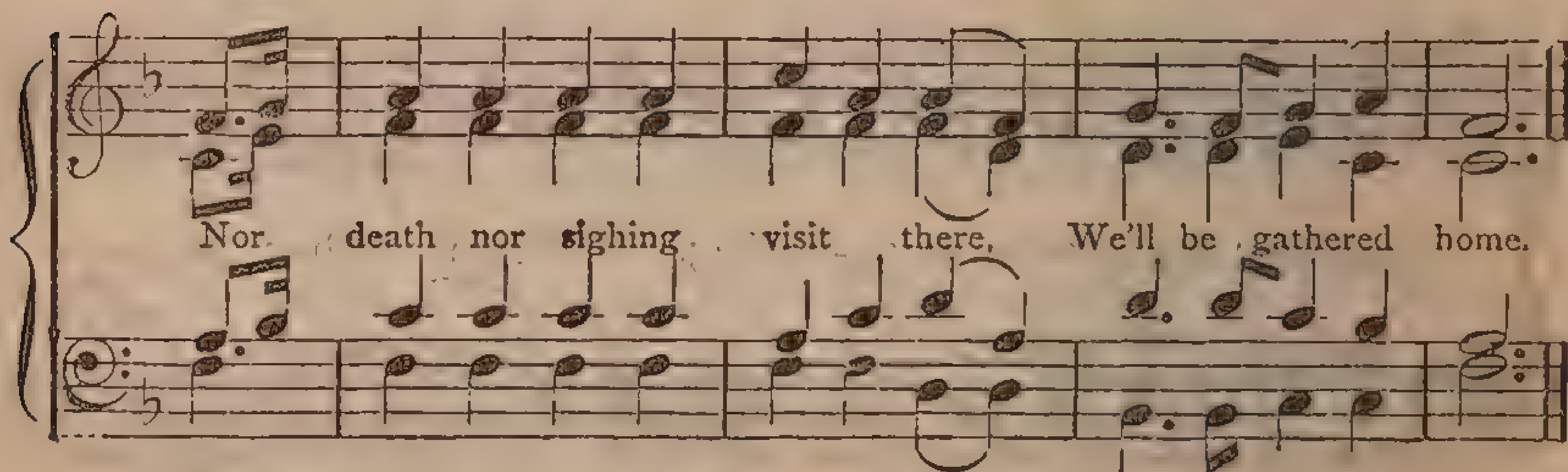
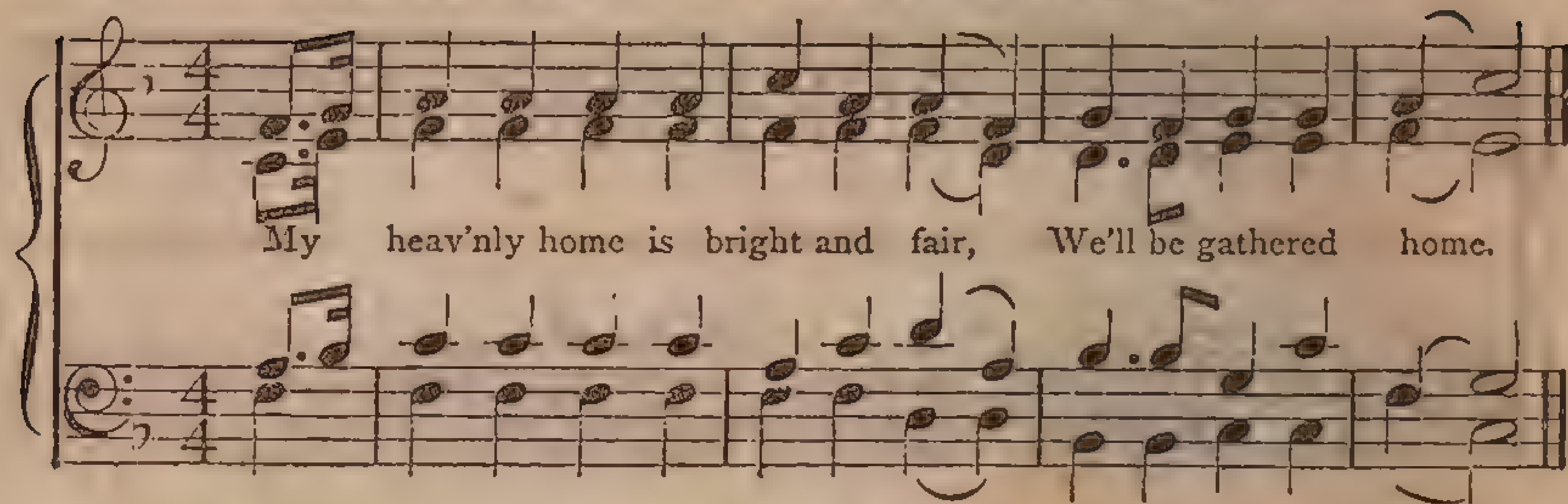
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me. Amen.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away !
Change and decay in all around
I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide
with me.

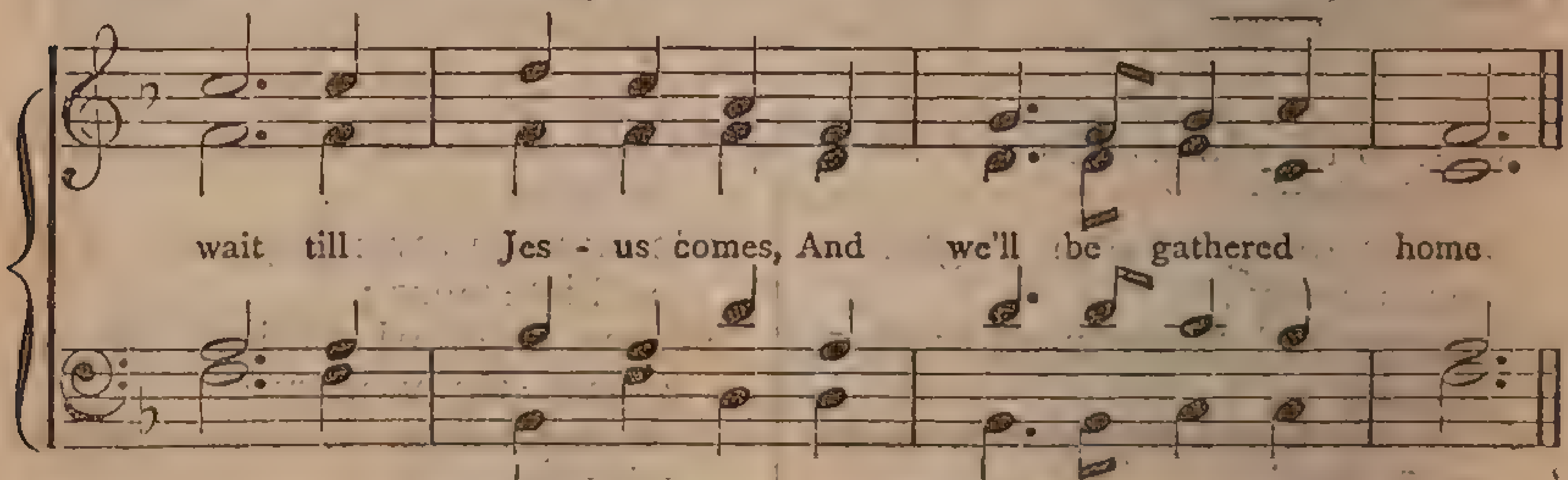
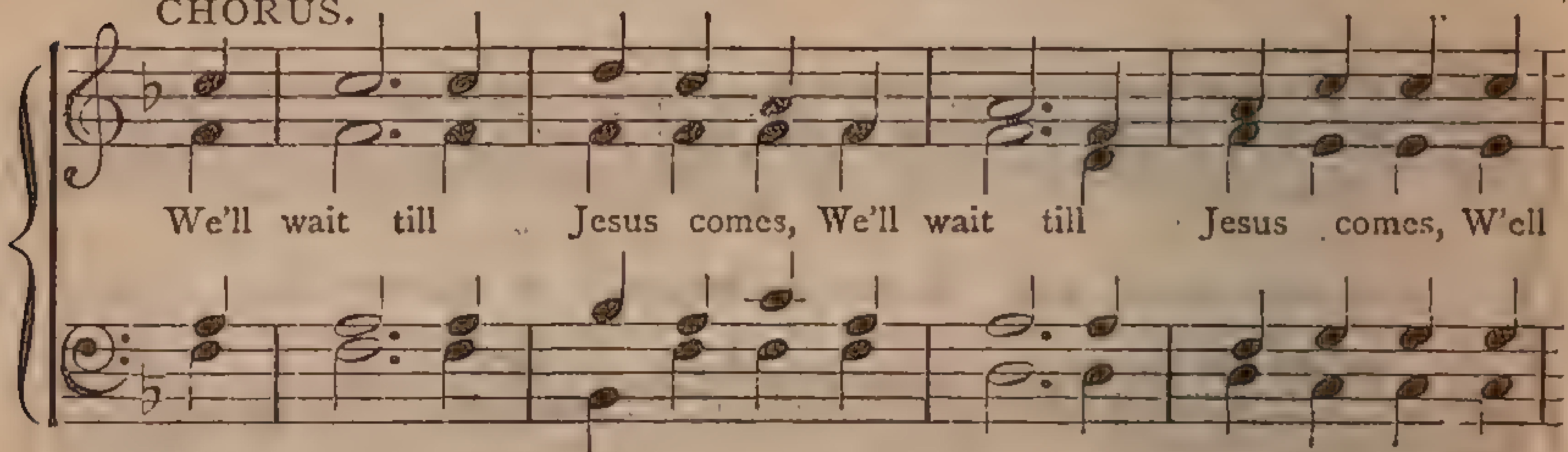
3 I need Thy presence every
passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil
the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and
stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine,
Lord, abide with me

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand
to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears
no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where,
grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide
with me.

5 Stand forth, O Christ, before
my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and
point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide
with me. Amen.



CHORUS.



- 2 Its glittering towers the sun
outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall
be mine.
- 3 When from this earthly prison
free,
That heavenly mansion mine
shall be.
- 4 Let others seek a home below

Which flames devour or waves
o'erthrow.

- 5 The earth may fail and stars
decline,
The sun and moon refuse to
shine.
- 6 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion mine
shall be.

OH! THE LAMB.

Oh! the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, the Lamb on Cal - va - ry!

The musical score for 'Oh! the Lamb' is written for piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a 6/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Oh! the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, the Lamb on Cal - va - ry!'.

The Lamb that was slain, yet lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.

The musical score for 'The Lamb that was slain' continues the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a 6/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'The Lamb that was slain, yet lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.'.

COME TO JESUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

The musical score for 'Come to Jesus' is written for piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.'.

Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

The musical score for 'Just now come to Jesus' continues the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.'.

2 He will save you just now, &c. | 4 He is willing.
 3 He is able. | 5 O, receive him just now, &c.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin a dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd;

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in
death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plung'd be - neath that flood, Loose all their guilty stains.
I do believe, I now believe, &c.

261 (2nd.)

I'M GOING HOME.

Musical score for the song "I'm Going Home". It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The time signature is 3/2. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,
To die no more, &c.

262

HE WAS FOUND WORTHY.

CHORUS.

First system of the musical score for "He Was Found Worthy". It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Of Him who did salvation bring, He was found worthy.

Second system of the musical score for "He Was Found Worthy". It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O, the bleeding Lamb, O, the bleeding Lamb,

Third system of the musical score for "He Was Found Worthy". It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O, the bleeding Lamb He was found worthy.

Of him who did sal - va-tion bring, It was for you that Je - sus died.
I could for e - ver think and sing, It was for you that Je - sus died.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes! oh, yes! It was for you that Je - sus died!
Oh, yes! oh, yes! It was for you that Je - sus died!

Show-plea-ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give! Save, bless-ed Sa-viour, Let

CHORUS.)

a re-pen-ting re-bel live; Save, mighty Lord. Save, oh, save!

SAVE, OH, SAVE.—*continued.*

Save bless-ed Sa - viour, and send converting pow-er down, Save mighty Lord.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

265

MY BIBLE.

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, My

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, Ye Foll'wers of the Lamb. Sing on pray on,

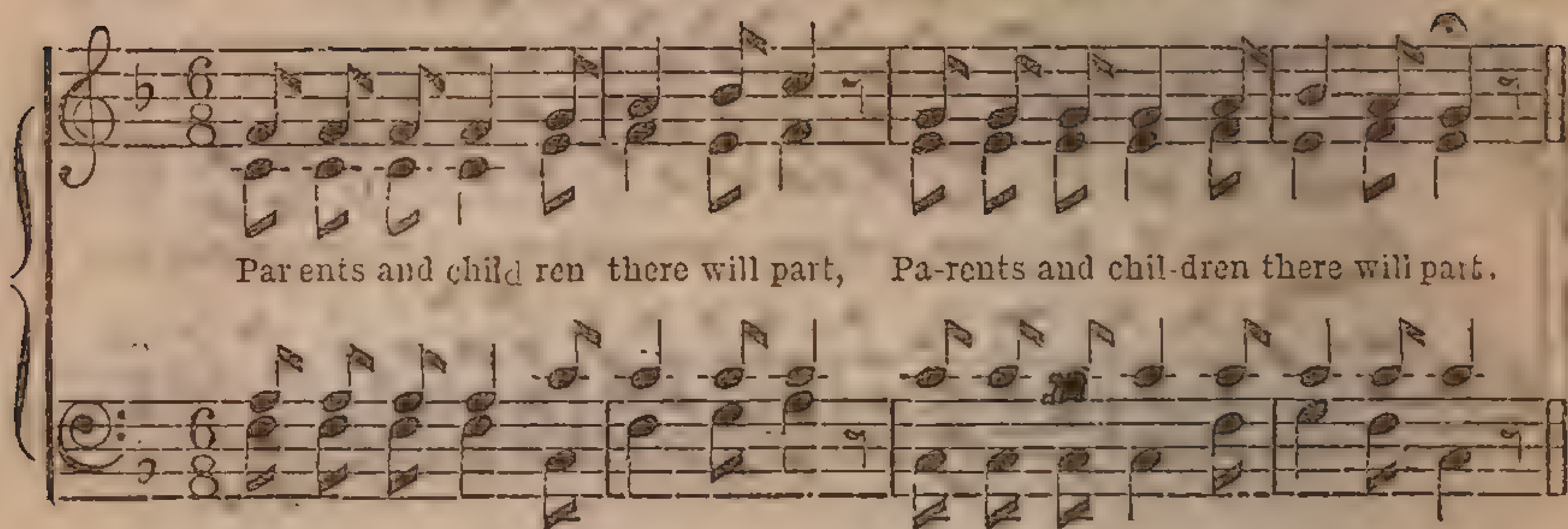
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Foll'wers of In - man - u - el, Sing on, pray on, Soldiers of the cross.

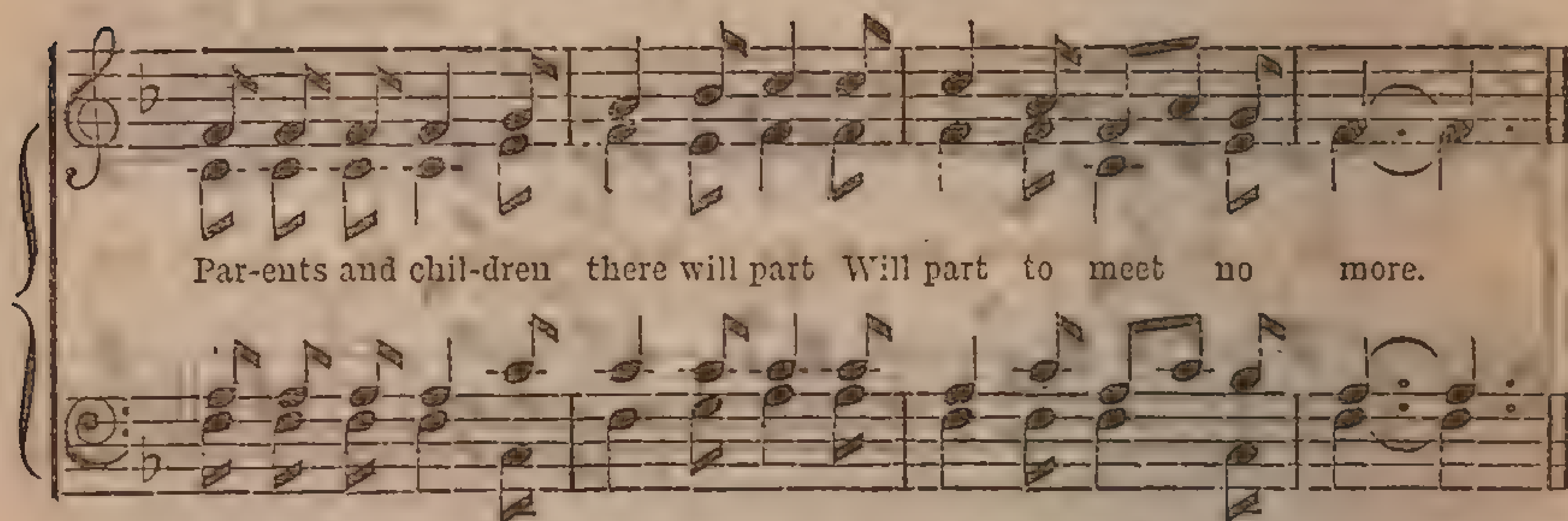
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

- 2 Religion makes me happy.
- 3 King Jesus is my captain.
- 4 I long to see my Saviour.

- 5 Then farewell, sin and sorrow.
- 6 We'll have a shout in glory.
- 7 We'll wave our palms forever

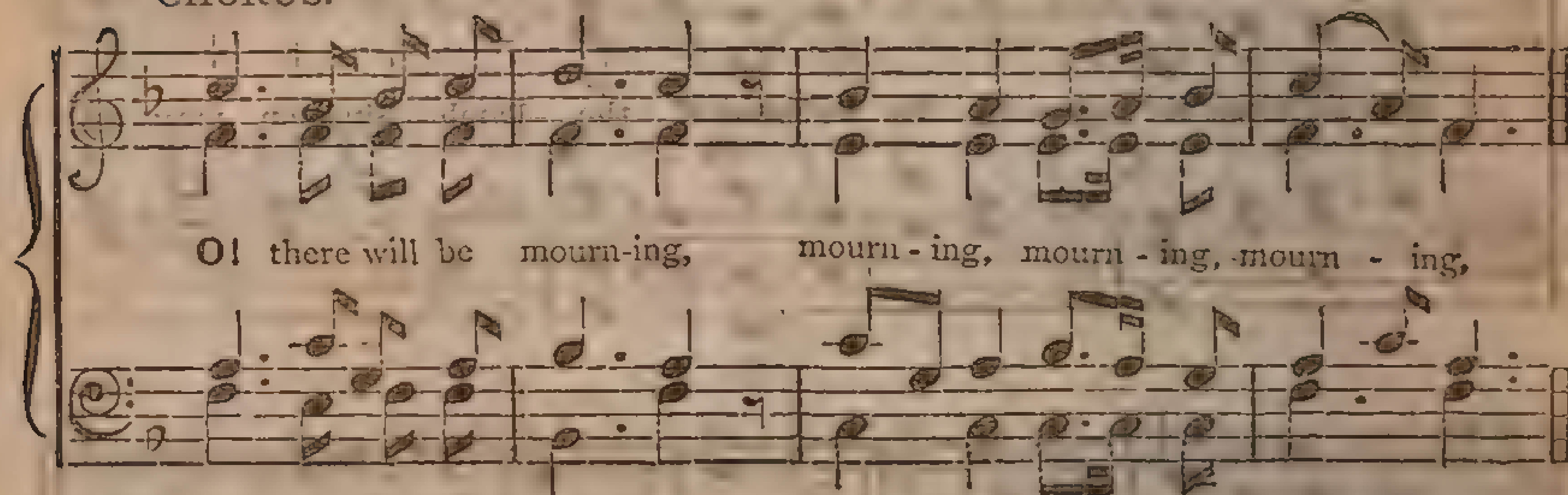


Parents and child ren there will part, Pa-rents and chil-dren there will part.

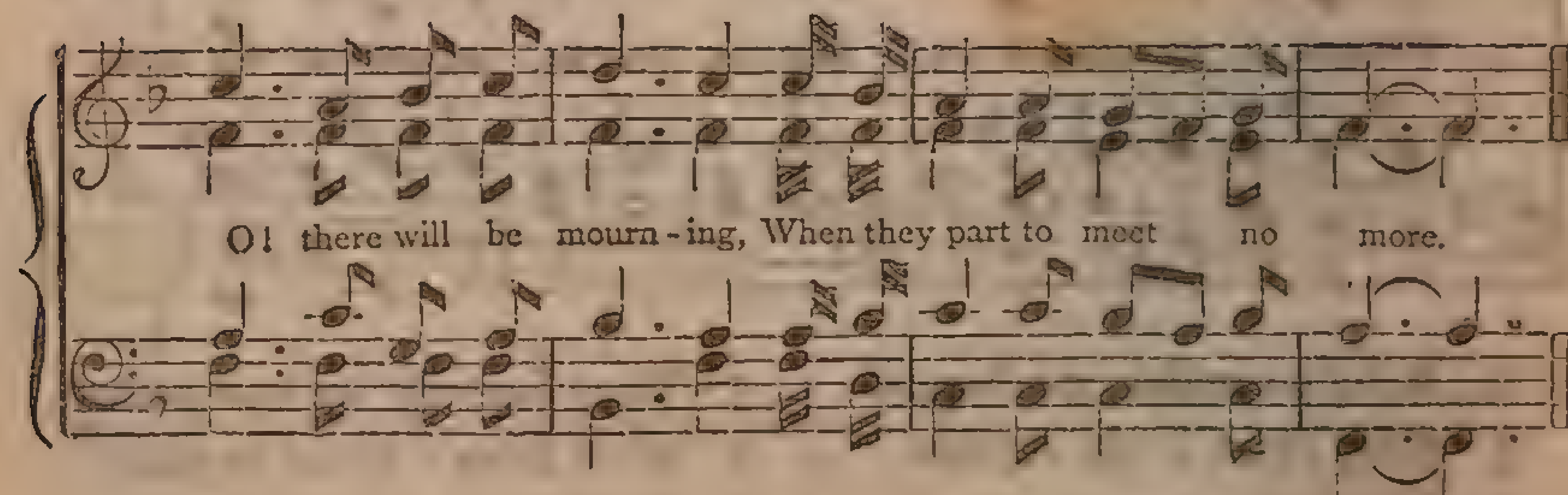


Par-ents and chil-dren there will part Will part to meet no more.

CHORUS.



O! there will be mourn-ing, mourn-ing, mourn-ing, mourn-ing,



O! there will be mourn-ing, When they part to meet no more.

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

Be-yond the bounds of time and space, We have a home in Glo - ry, **END**

Chorus. There's room enough in Par - a - dise, For all a home in Glo - ry,

Look forward to that heaven-ly place, We have a home in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

D.C.

O Glo - ry, O Glo - ry, O Glo - ry, O Glo - ry.

2. Come on, my partners in distress,
I have a home in glory.
My comrades through the wilderness,
I have a home in glory.

3 Who suffer with our Master here
Shall have a home in glory,
And shall before his face appear—
We have a home in glory.

4 Our conflicts here shall soon be past—
We have a home in glory;
And you and I ascend at last,—
We have a home in glory.

268

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.

The Lord is mer - ci - ful, The Lord is pi - ti - ful,
O how mer - ci - ful, The Lord has been to me,

269

I WILL ARISE.

8s. & 7s.

As sung by Rev. J. T. PECK, D.D.

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,
Streams of mer - cy never ceas - ing Call for songs of loud - est praise,

CHORUS—I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms,
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
O! there are ten thousand charms.

270

I YIELD.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he de-vote that Sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own Thee con-quer-or.

END.

I YIELD. (continued.)

D.C.

I yield I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

271

GIVE ME JESUS.

When I'm hap - py, hear me sing, When I'm hap - py, hear me sing,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When I hap - py, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Give me Je - sus: You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2 When in sorrow, hear me pray.

3 When I'm dying, hear me cry.

4 When I'm rising, hear me shout.

5 When in heaven, we will sing,

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
By Thy grace we are saved, blessed Jesus.

8

Of him who did sal - va-tion bring, I could for e - ver think and sing,
died for you and he died for me, He died to set poor sinners free,

END. D.C.

O, who's like Jes - us? He died on the tree. Yes, he
O, who's like Jes - us? He died on the tree.

Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,

Streams of mer cy ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise,

GLORY, GLORY.—(Continued.)

Teach me some me - lod - ious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove,
 Chorus.—Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, God is love,

Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 Glo - ry to my blessed Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love.

END.

274

LOVING KINDNESS.

L.M.

A - wake my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free?

He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving kindness, O, how great
 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud
 Has gathered thick, and thundered
 loud,
 He near my soul has always stood;
 His loving kindness, O, how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
 O, may my last expiring breath.
 His loving kindness sing in death.
 Then let me mount, and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

275

TURN TO THE LORD.

8s. & 7s.

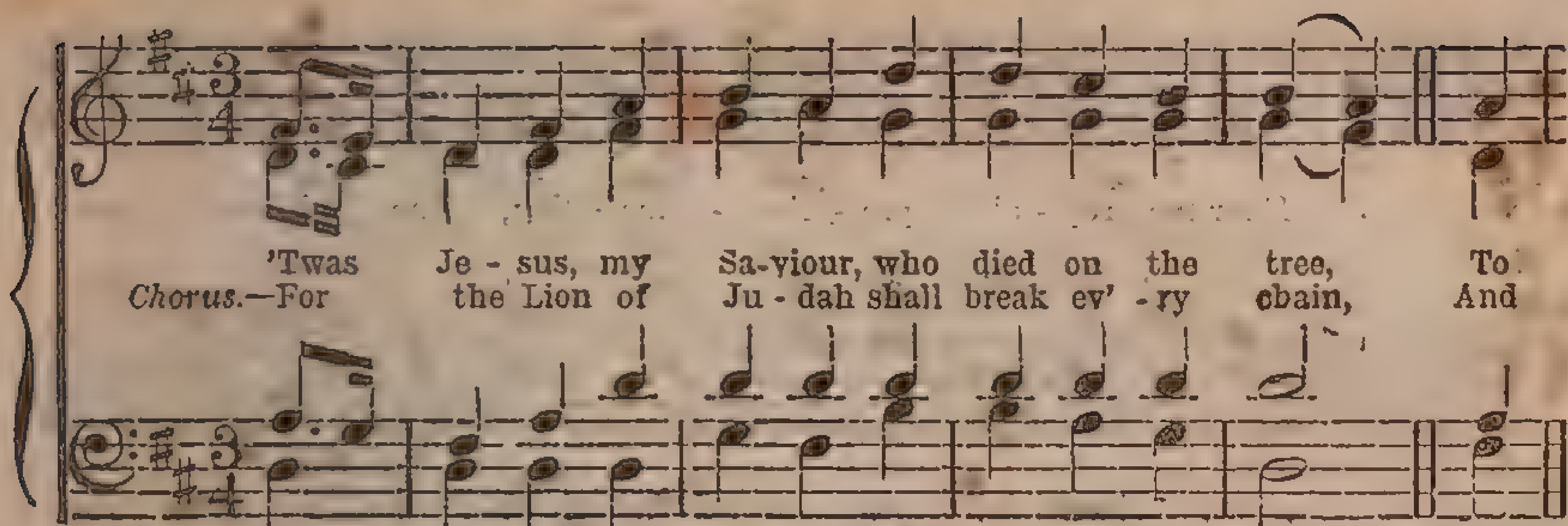
Come, ye sin - ners, poor and nee - dy, Weak and
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of
 Glo - ry hon - our and sal - va - tion, Christ the

END.

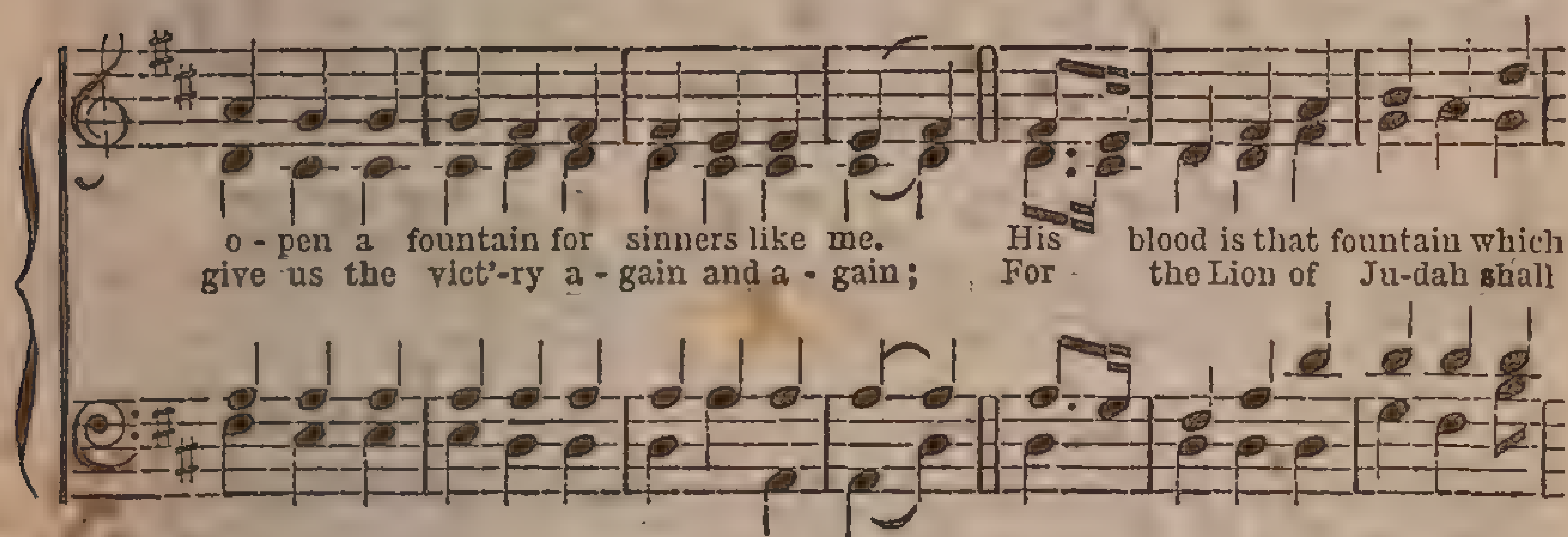
wounded, sick and sore;
 pi - ty, love, and power.
 Lord has come to reign. } Turn to the Lord and

D.C.

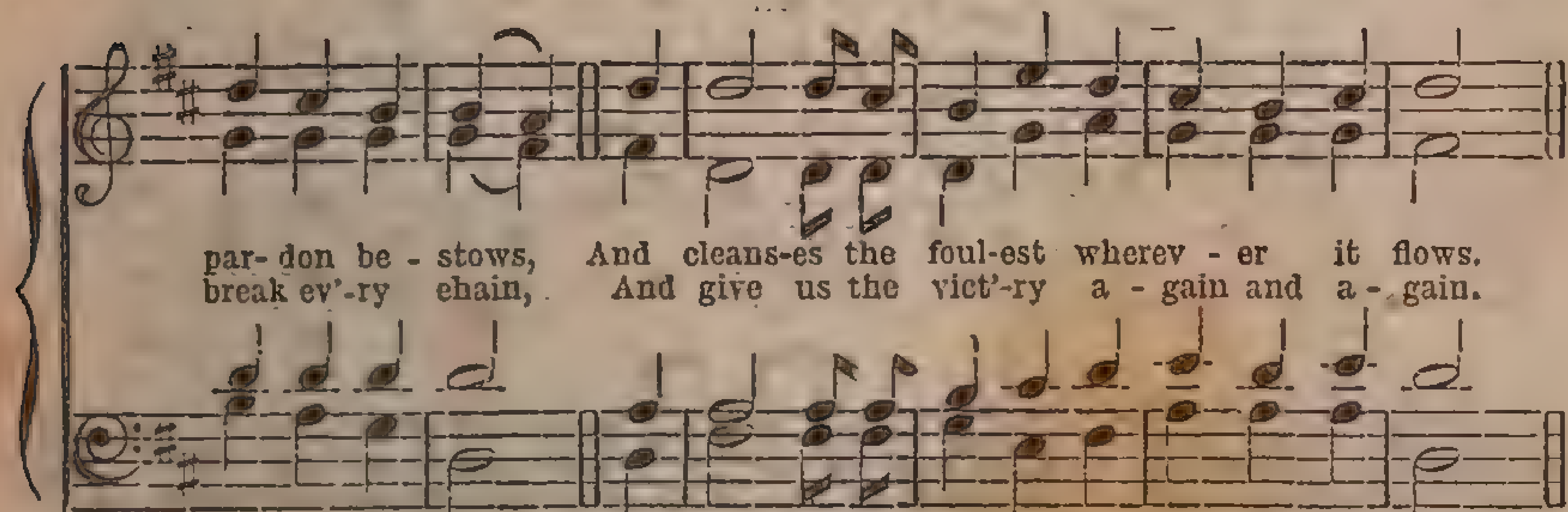
seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;



Chorus.—'Twas Je - sus, my Sa- viour, who died on the tree, To
For the Lion of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And



o - pen a fountain for sinners like me. His blood is that fountain which
give us the vict'-ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Lion of Ju-dah shall



par-don be - stows, And cleans-es the foul-est wherev - er it flows.
break ev'-ry chain, And give us the vict'-ry a - gain and a - gain.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart,
So now I am join'd with the conquering band.
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
For the Lion of Judah, &c.

3 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A full, free salvation he offers to-day;
Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream,
And Christ will support you in coming to Him.
For the Lion of Judah, &c.

Hear the roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion, The glad tid - ings

of sal - va - tion; Published now to ev - ery crea - ture,

CHORUS.

To the ruin - ed sons of na - ture: Lo; he reigns, he

reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious. Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offered by the Saviour.

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own
undoing,
Here are life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.—(Continued.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey, Come and purchase without money; Mercy, like a flowing fountain, Streaming from the holy moun- tain.</p> | <p>5 For this love let rocks and mountains, Purling streams and crystal fountains, Roaring thunders, lightning blazes, Shout the great Messiah's praises.</p> |
|---|---|

278

JOYFULLY.

10's.

{ Joyfully, Joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright
Angelic choristers sing as I come; Joyfully, Joyfully,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, Joyfully,

END.

D.C.

spirits a - bove; } Soon will our pilgrimage end here be - low,
haste to thy home. } Home to the land of de - light will I go;
resting at home.

Friends fondly cherished have
passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approach-
ing the shore;
Singing to cheer me through
death's chilling gloom;
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy
home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on
my ear, [I hear,
Harps of the blessed, your voices
Rings with the harmony heaven's
high dome,
Joyfully, Joyfully haste to thy

Death, with thy weapons of war
lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not
the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the
tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity
dawn;
Death shall be banished, his
sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his
doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

O happy day that fix'd my choice On Thee my Saviour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

CHORUS.

END.

Hap - py day, Hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joicing all the day.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my
vows

To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His
house,
While to that sacred shrine I
move.

3 'Tis done, the great transac-
tion's done,

I am my Lord's, and He is
mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice
divine.

HAPPY DAY.—(Continued.)

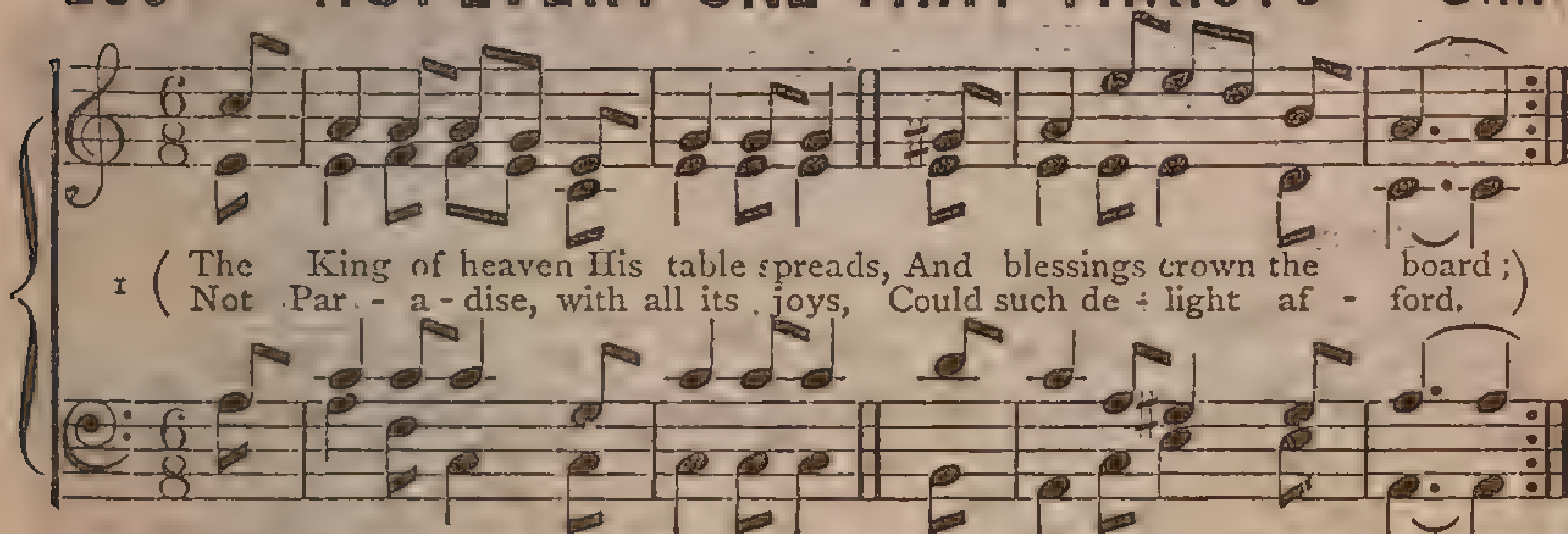
4 Now rest, my long divided
heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre,
rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good pos-
sessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the
solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily
hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so
dear.

280

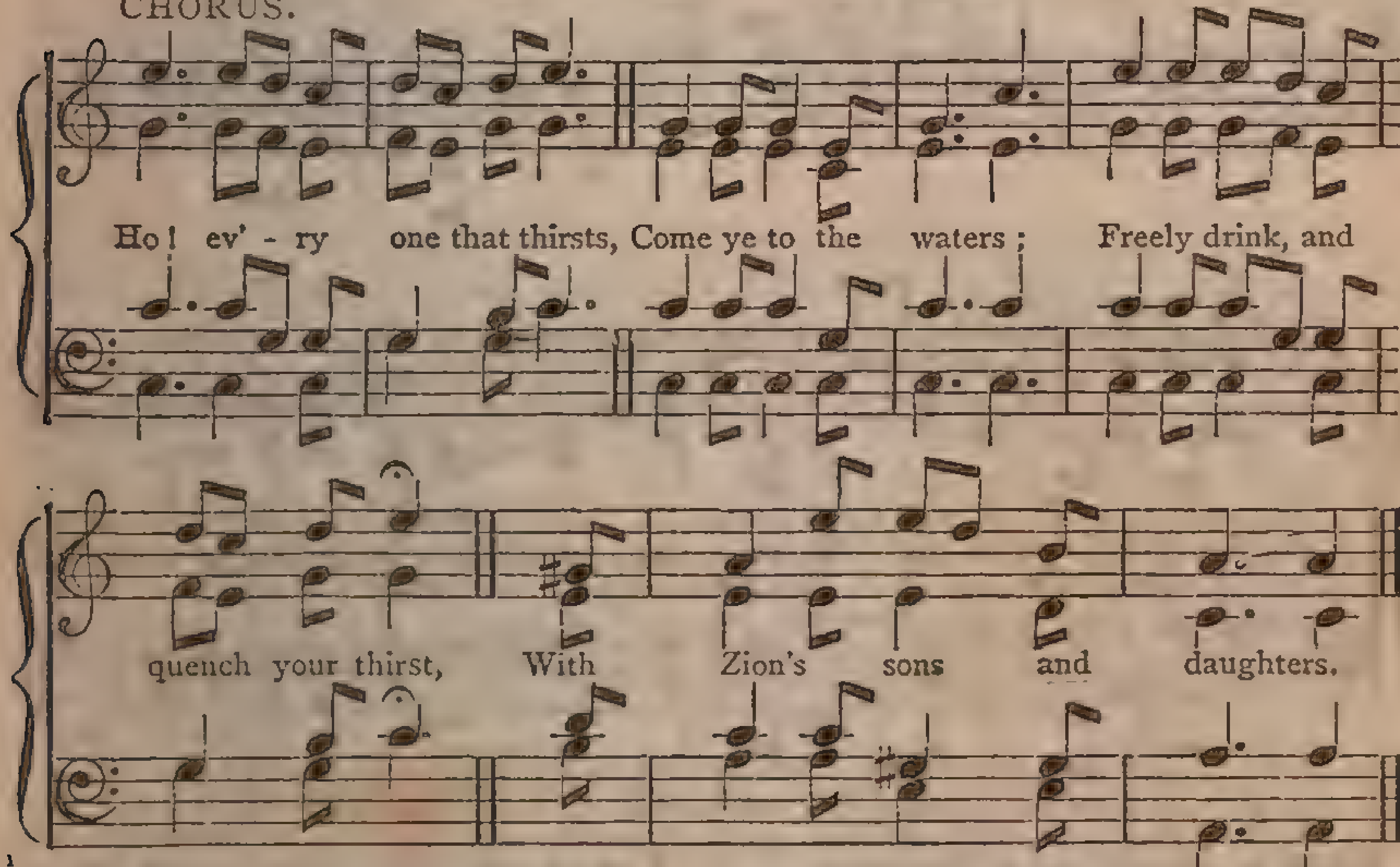
HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTS.

C.M



(The King of heaven His table spreads, And blessings crown the board;
Not Par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.)

CHORUS.



Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the waters; Freely drink, and
quench your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that
Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.
Ho! ev'ry one, &c.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;

And millions more still on the
way;

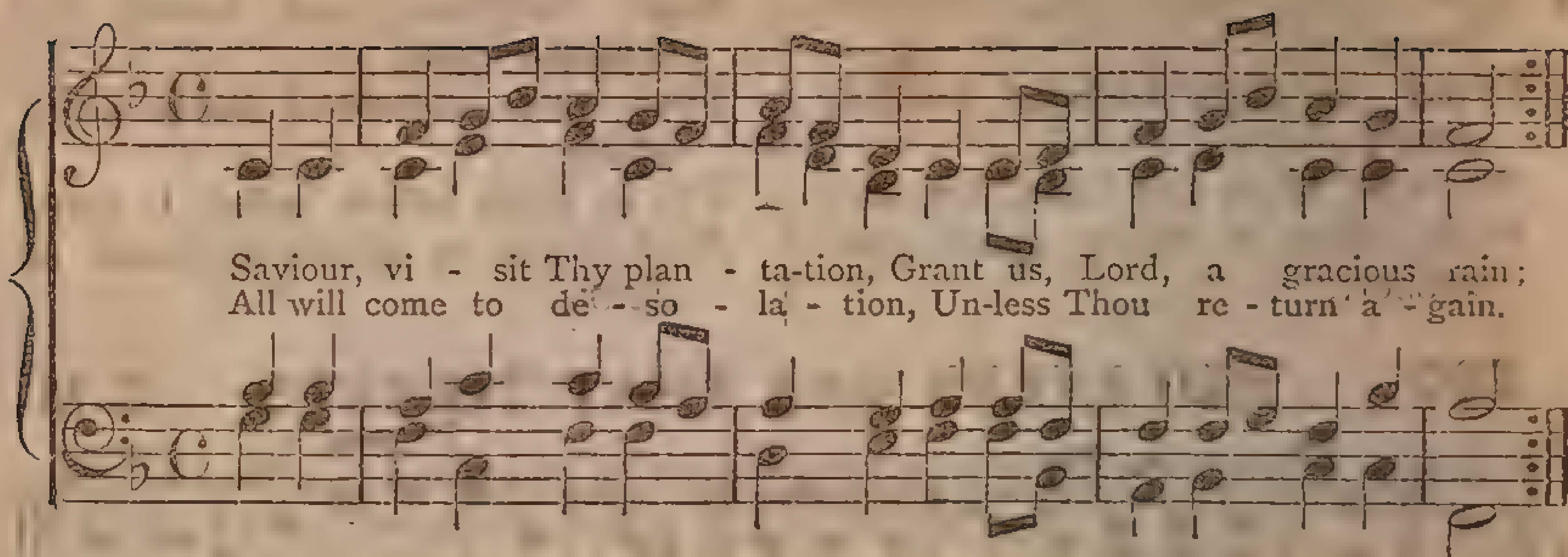
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come
away,

Not weak excuses frame;

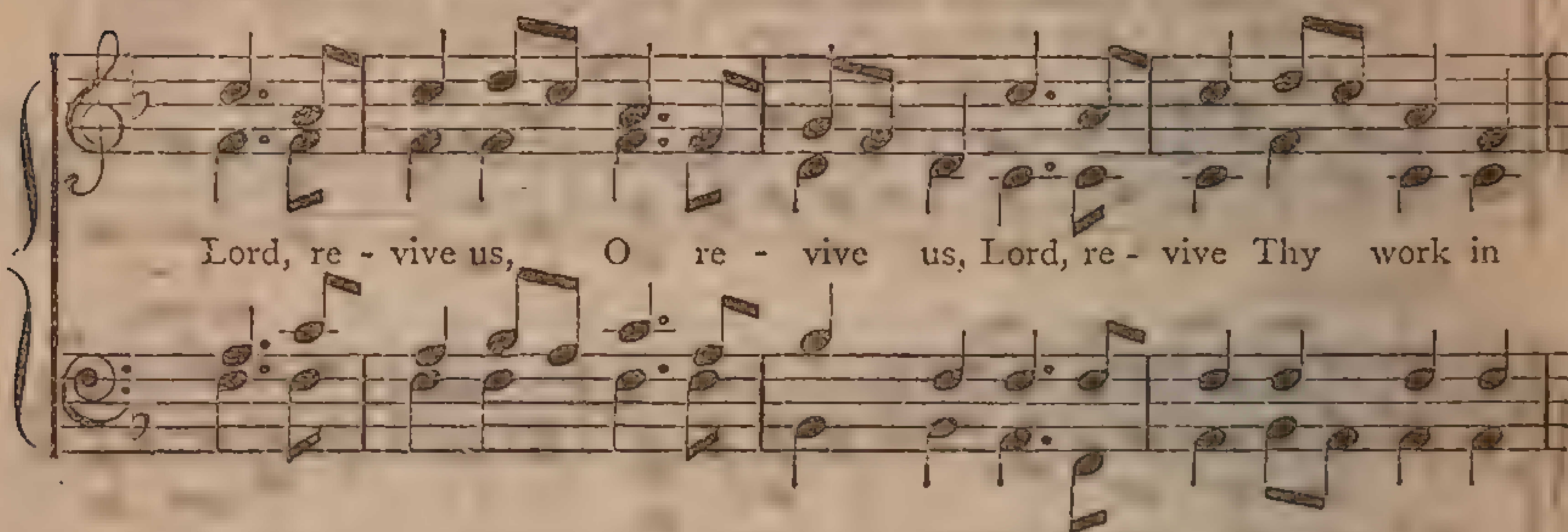
Crowd to your places at the
feast,

And bless the Founder's name.

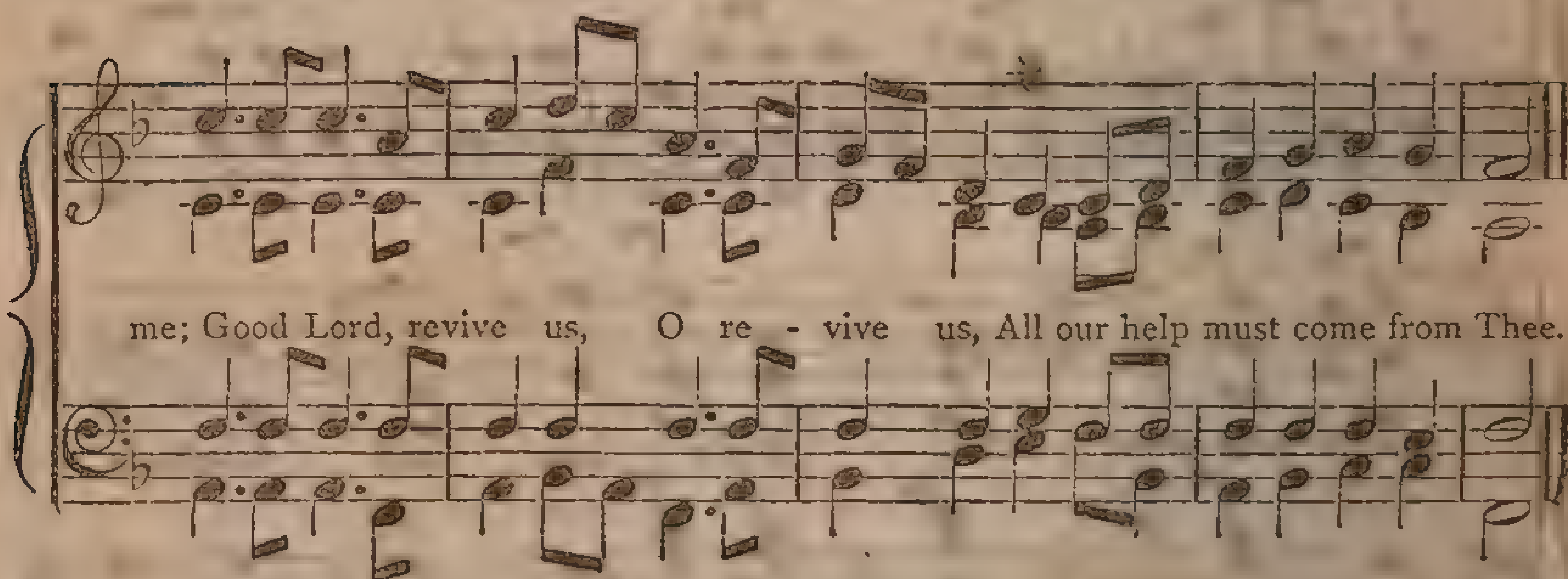


Saviour, vi - sit Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to de - so - la - tion, Un-less Thou re - turn a - gain.

CHORUS.



Lord, re - vive us, O re - vive us, Lord, re - vive Thy work in



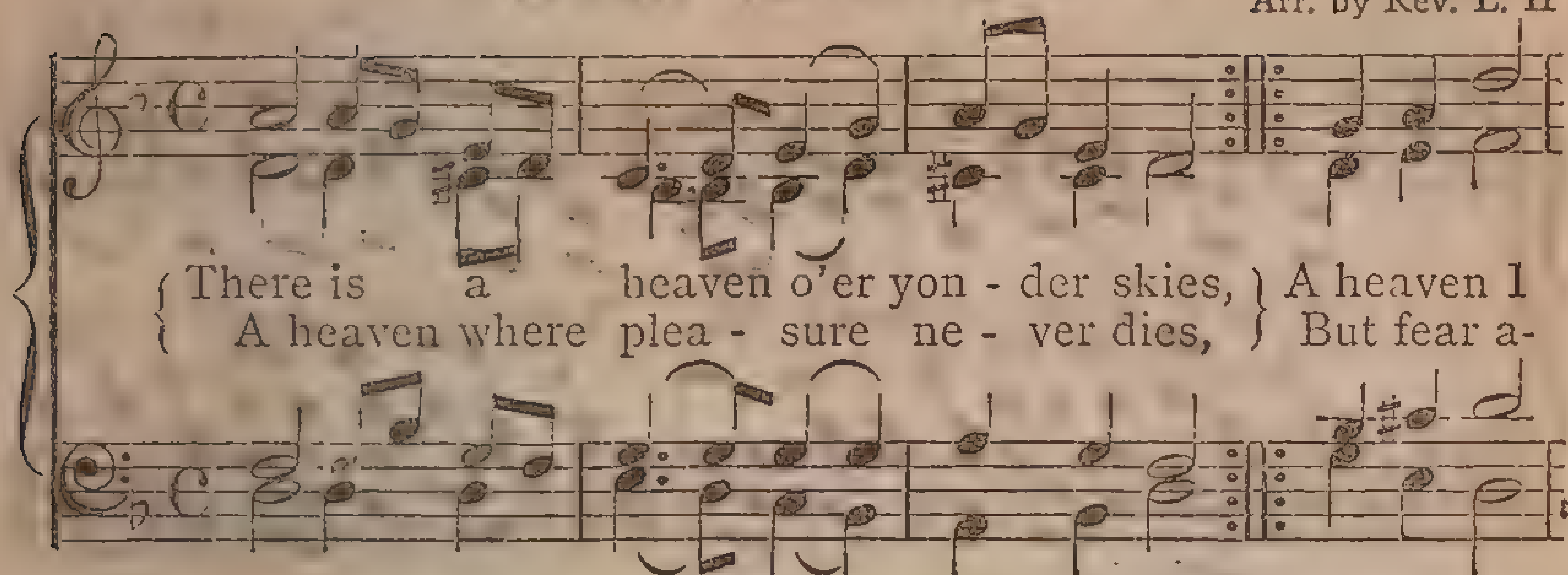
me; Good Lord, revive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.

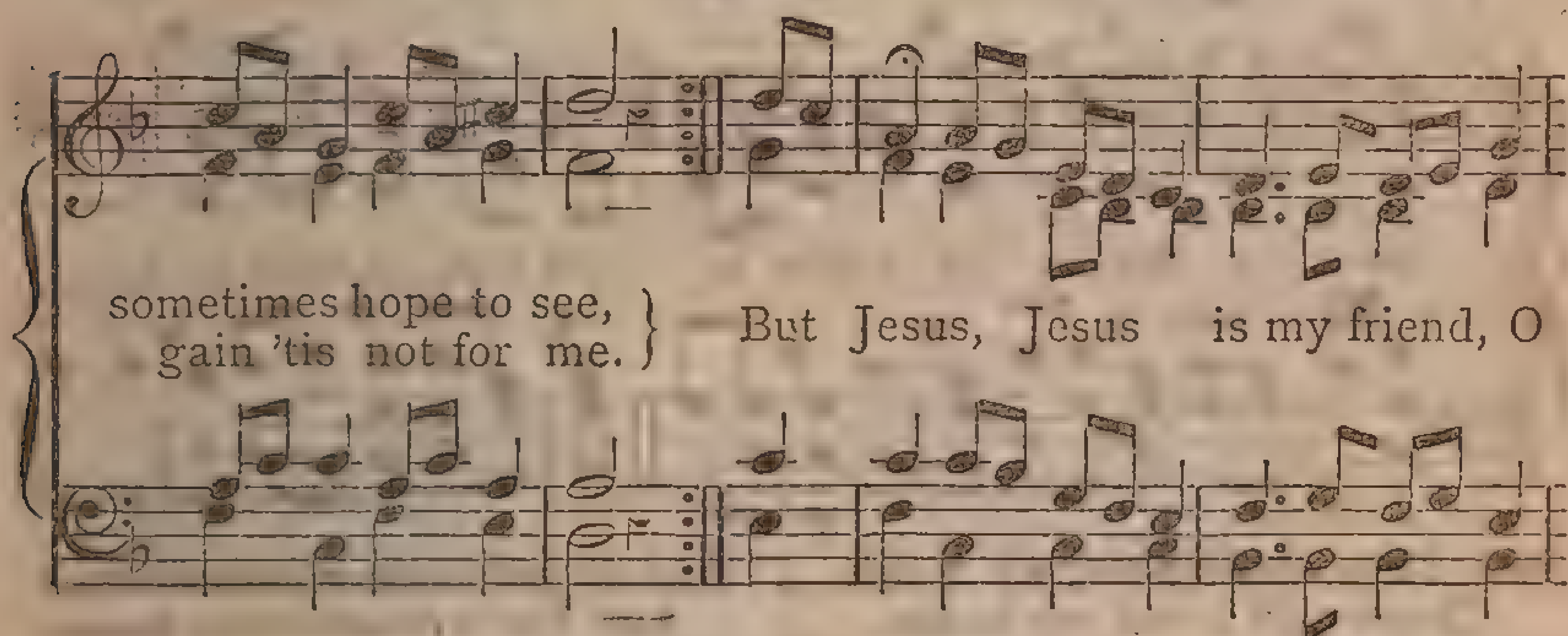
3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;

Let each one esteemed Thy
servant
Shun the world's bewitching
snares.

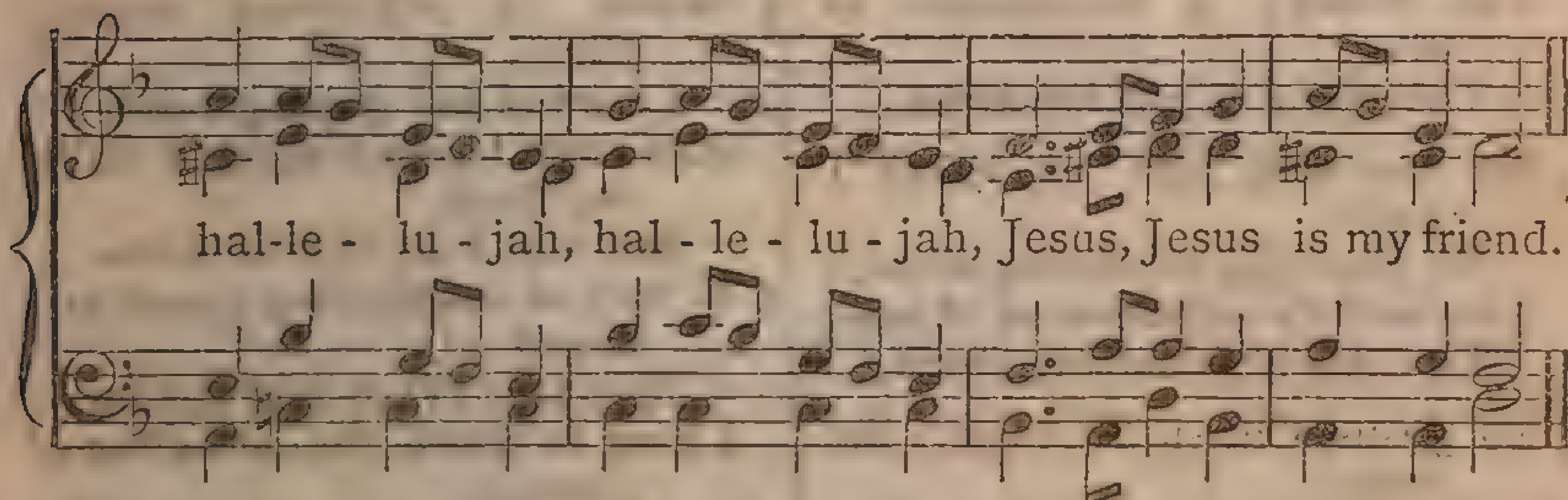
4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.



{ There is a heaven o'er yon - der skies, } A heaven I
 { A heaven where plea - sure ne - ver dies, } But fear a-



sometimes hope to see, } But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O
 gain 'tis not for me. }



hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
 His footsteps I will follow still,
 Thro' dangers thick and hell's alarms,
 I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.

6 Prove faithful then a few more days,
 Fight the good fight and win the race,
 And then thy soul with me shall reign,
 Thy head a crown of glory gain

O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come

When I shall lay my armour by, And dwell with Christ at home?

CHO. This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of
woe,

This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I
know,

No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for
rest:

He bade me cease to roam,

And fly for succour to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 When by afflictions sharply
tried,

I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chill-
ing flood,

Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and
round

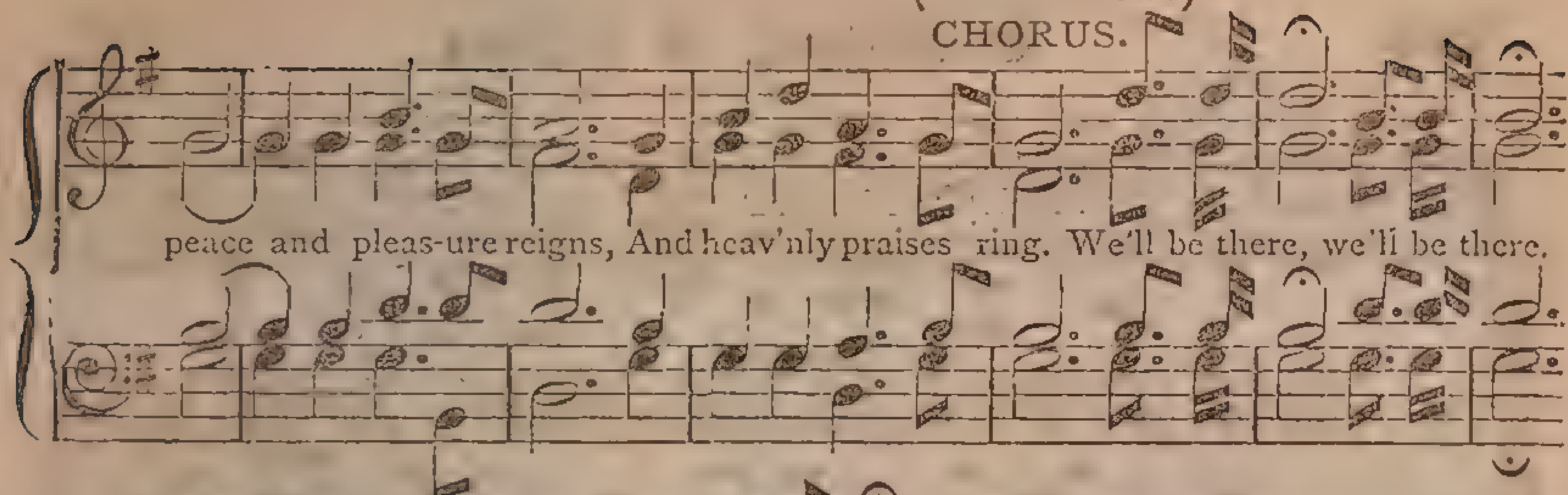
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed
ground,

And dwell with Christ at home.

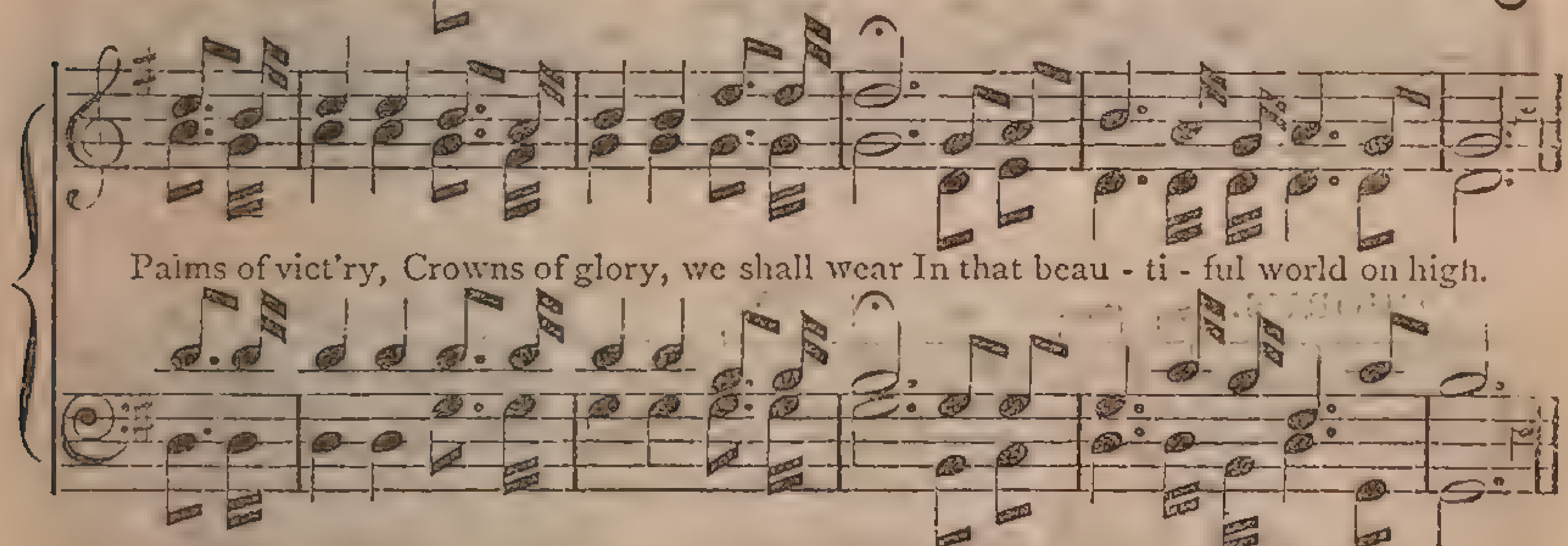
There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and angels sing, A world where

WORLD OF LIGHT.—(Continued.)

CHORUS.



peace and pleas-ure reigns, And heav'nly praises ring. We'll be there, we'll be there.



Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glory, we shall wear In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

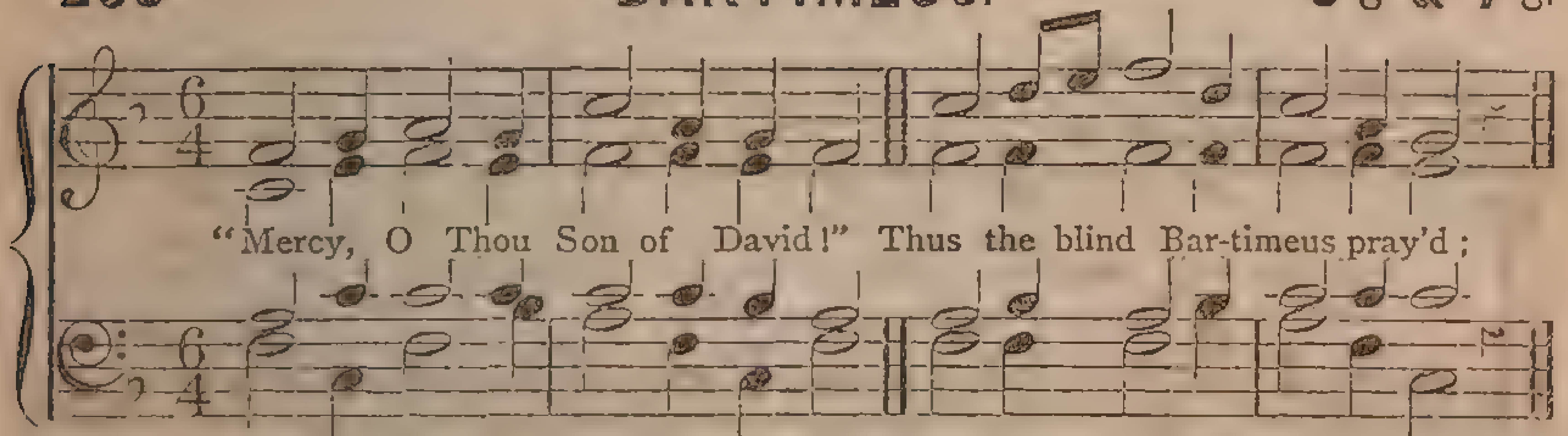
- 2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes ;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.
3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,

- And darkness never enters there,
That home is fair and bright.
4 There is a beautiful world.
Of harmony and love ;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.

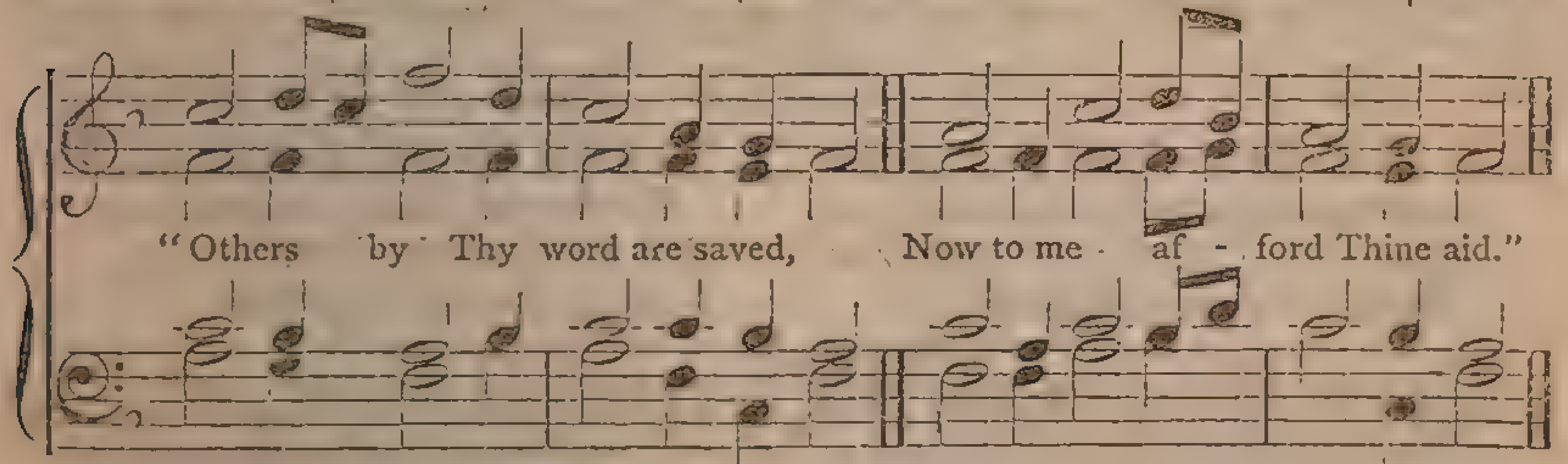
285

BARTIMEUS.

8's & 7's.



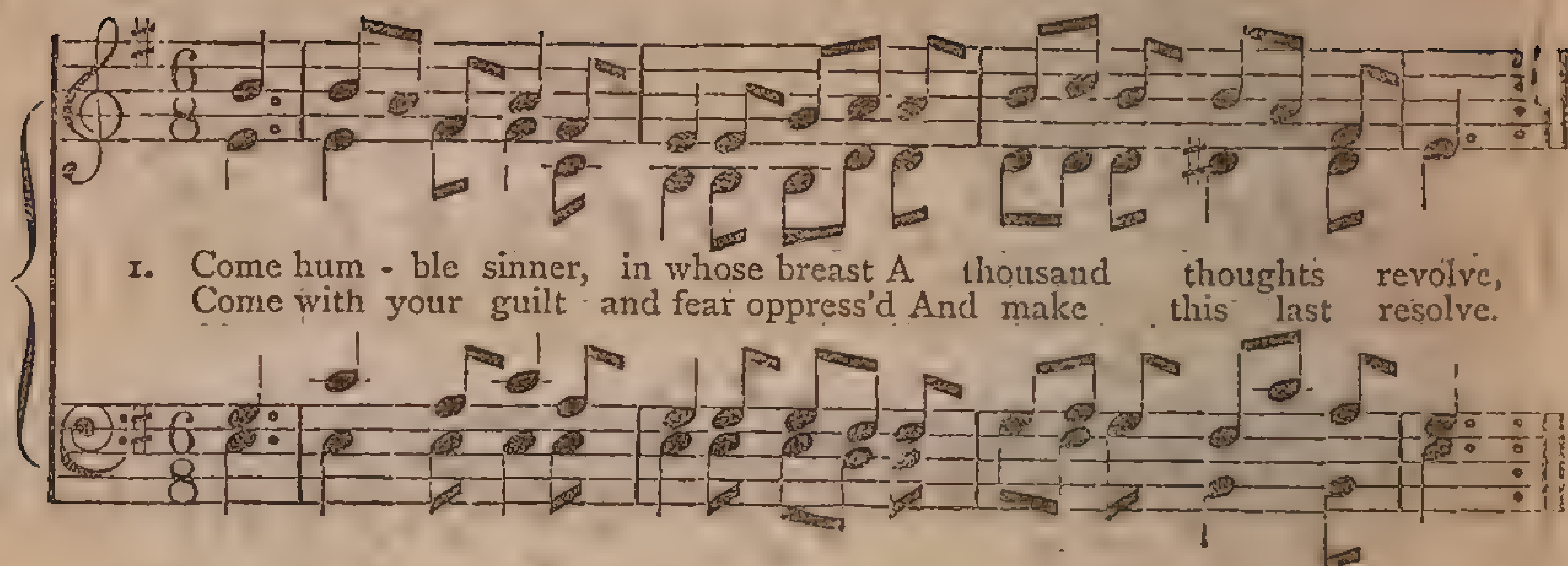
"Mercy, O Thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bar-timeus pray'd ;



"Others by Thy word are saved, Now to me af - ford Thine aid."

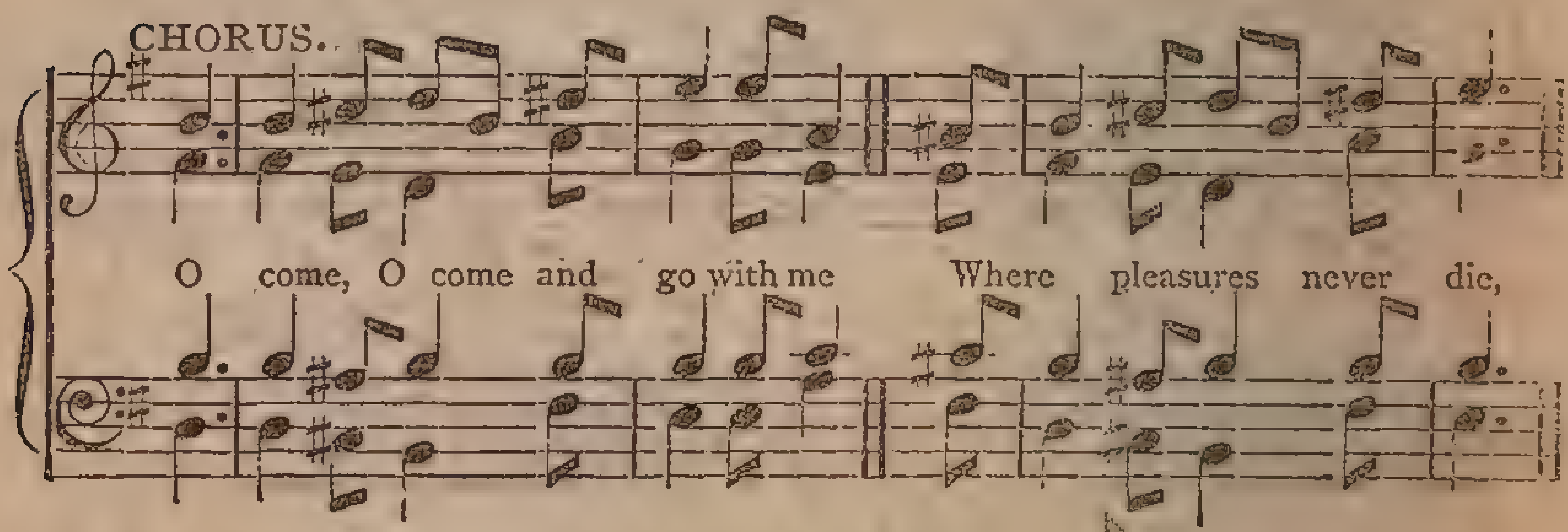
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."
3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live ;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.
4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day !"

- Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.
5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !
6 "O, that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me !
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

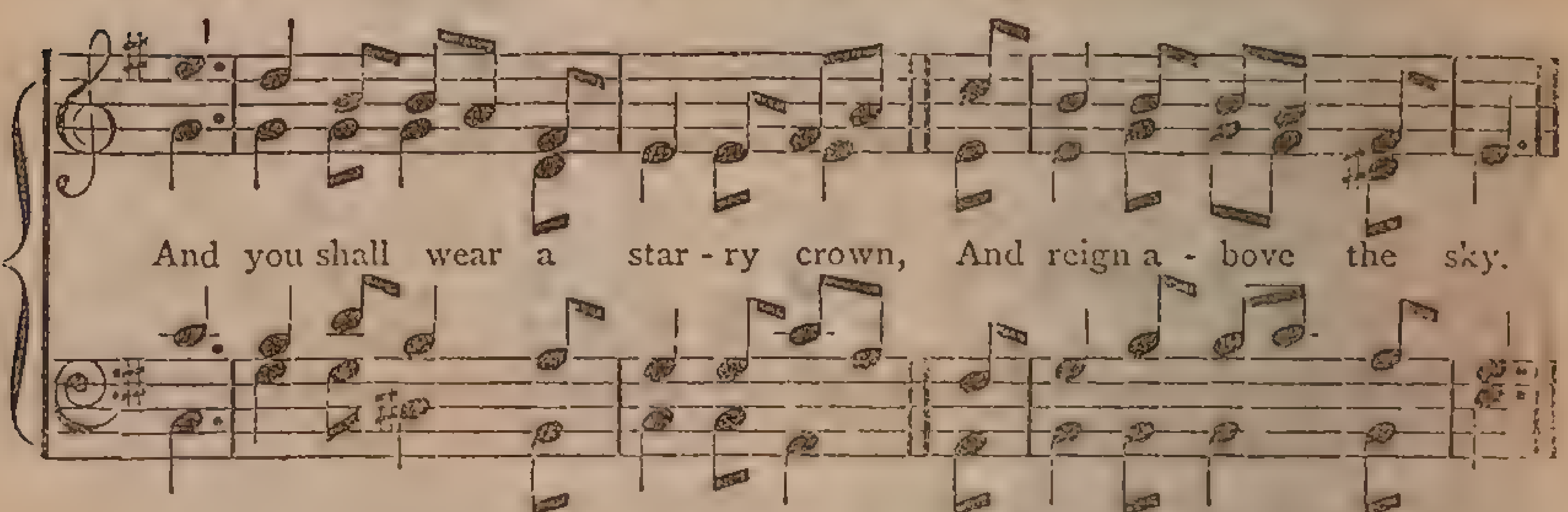


1. Come hum - ble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd And make this last resolve.

CHORUS.



O come, O come and go with me Where pleasures never die,



And you shall wear a star - ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go —
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

MODERATO.

Arr. by G. W. Ballou.

Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of

CHORUS. *Faster.*

served for me? God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps and loves me still;
sin - ners, spare?

Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His
grace; [face;
Long provoked Him to His
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Let the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads
his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

By faith I see my Saviour dy-ing On the tree, on the tree;

To ev-'ry na-tion He is cry-ing, Look to Me, look to Me!

He bids the guil-ty now draw near, Repent believe, dis-miss your fear.

Hark, hark, what precious words I hear: Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
Oh yes! he did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest and King;
And now my happy soul can sing
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.

- Soon as I in His name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul reprieved—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

How lost was my con - dition, Till Jesus made me whole ;

END.

There is but one Phy - sician Can cure a sin-sick soul.
There's pow'r enough in Je - sus To cure a sin-sick soul.

There's a balm in Gi - lead to make the wounded whole ;

2 Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the
grave,

To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within ;

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

5 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this proved more distressing
And added to my pain.

6 Some said that nothing ailed
me,

Some gave me up for lost :
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed

7 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is His grace !—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.

8 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

9 Come, then, to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition ;
'Tis only, Look and live.

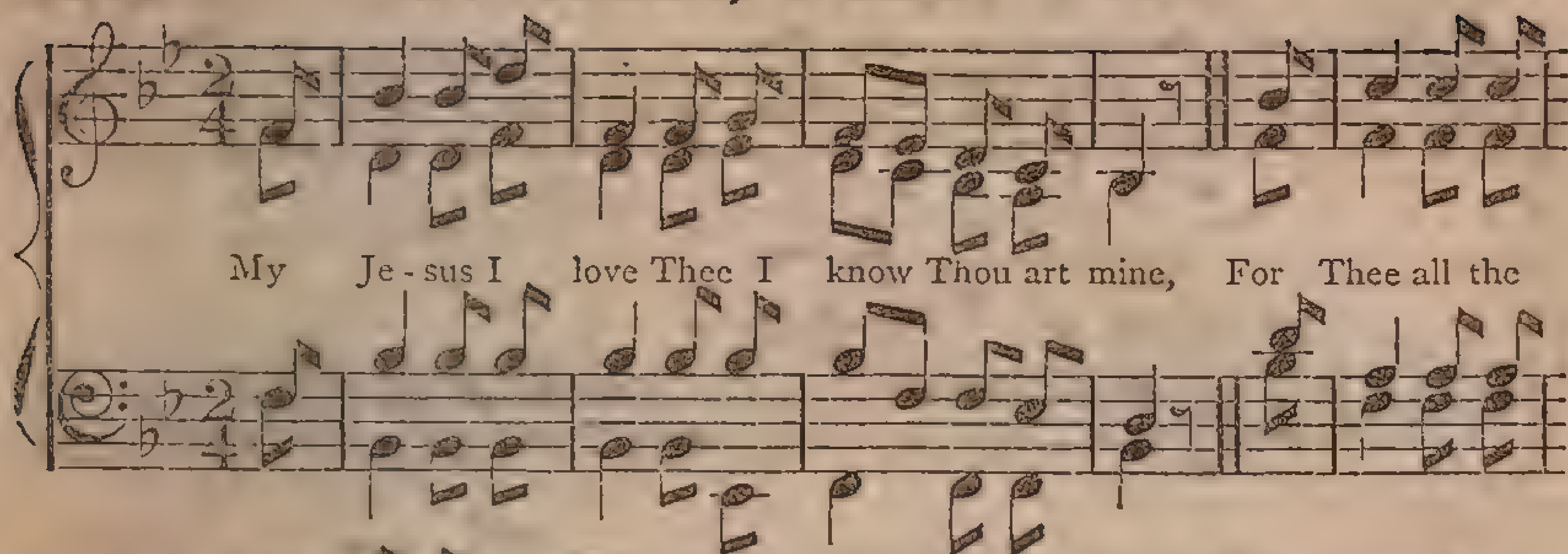
(What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal flame? Is it death?)

Is it death? If this be death I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and
Is it death?

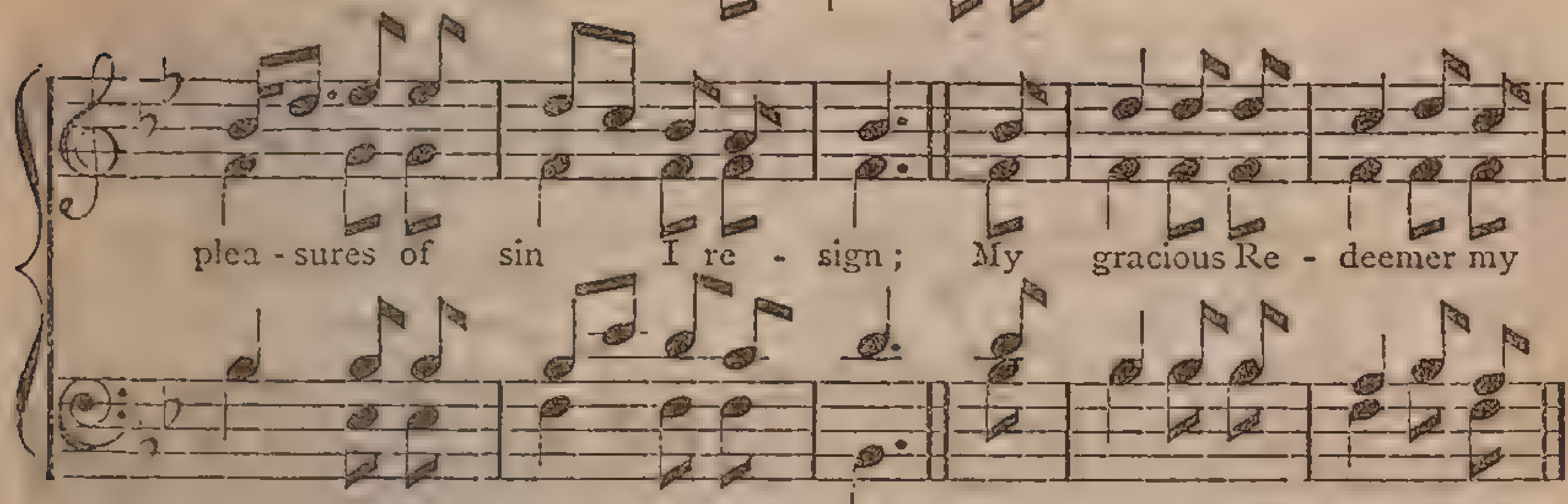
sor-row free, I shall the King of glory see, All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my
friends, weep not for me,
All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned,
I am free,
All is well, all is well.
There's not a cloud that doth
arise
To hide my Saviour from my
eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper
skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your
harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the
pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory
come,
They're round my bed, they're in
my room,
They wait to waft my spirit
home
All is well, all is well.

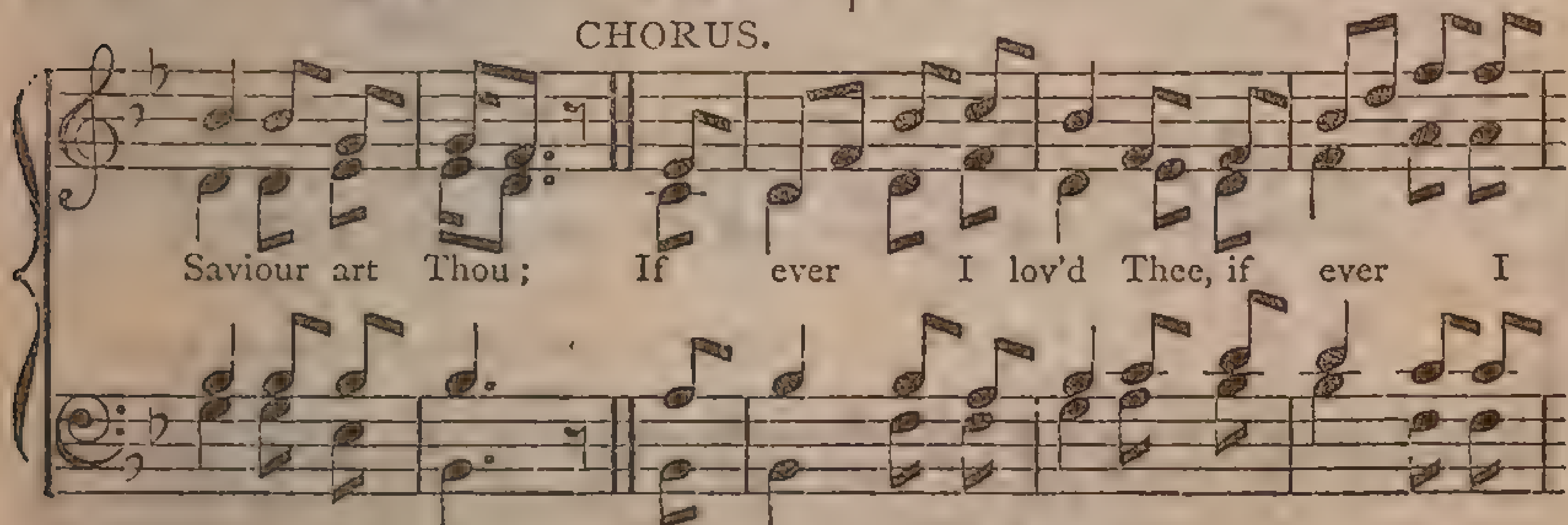


My Je - sus I love Thee I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the

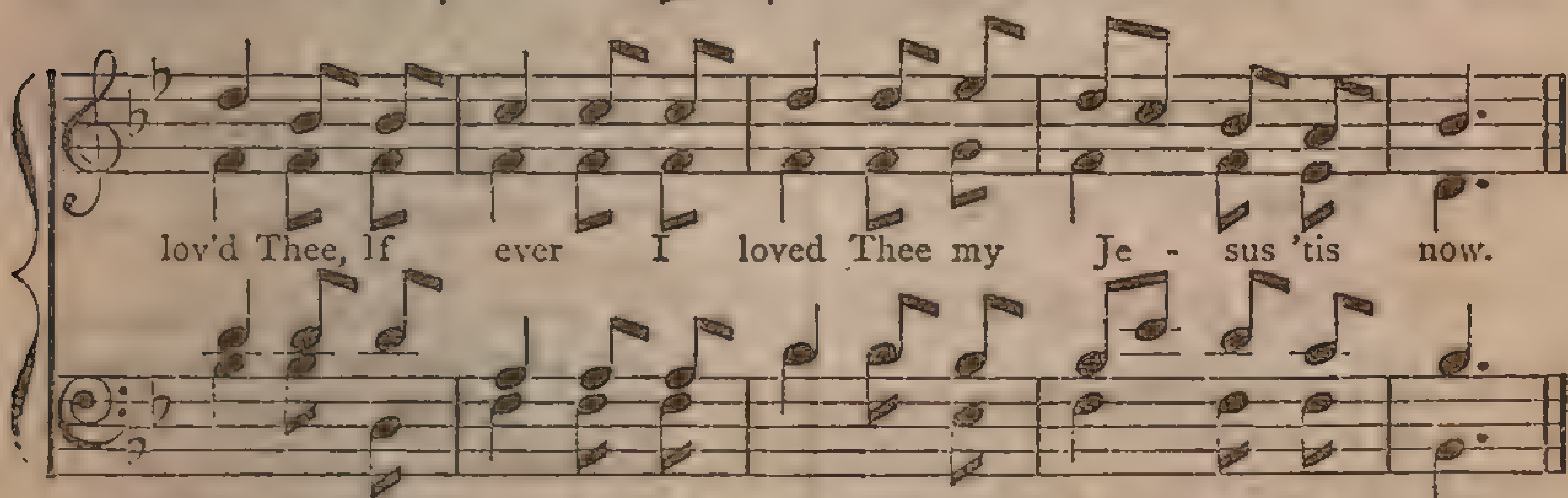


plea - sures of sin I re - sign; My gracious Re - deemer my

CHORUS.



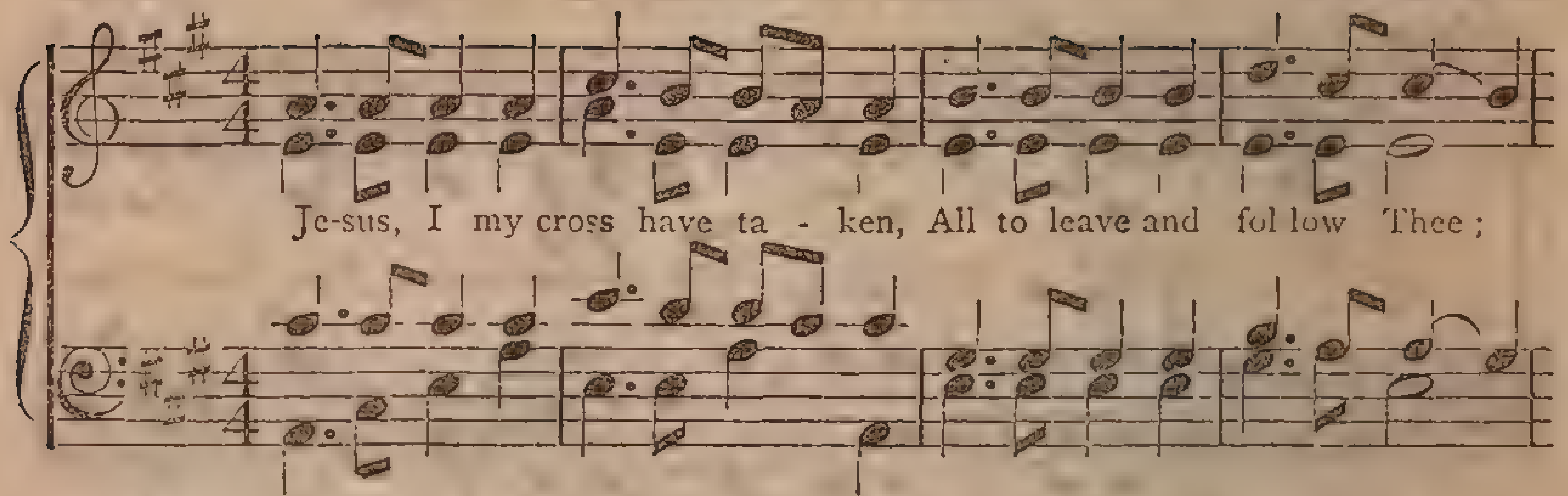
Saviour art Thou; If ever I lov'd Thee, if ever I



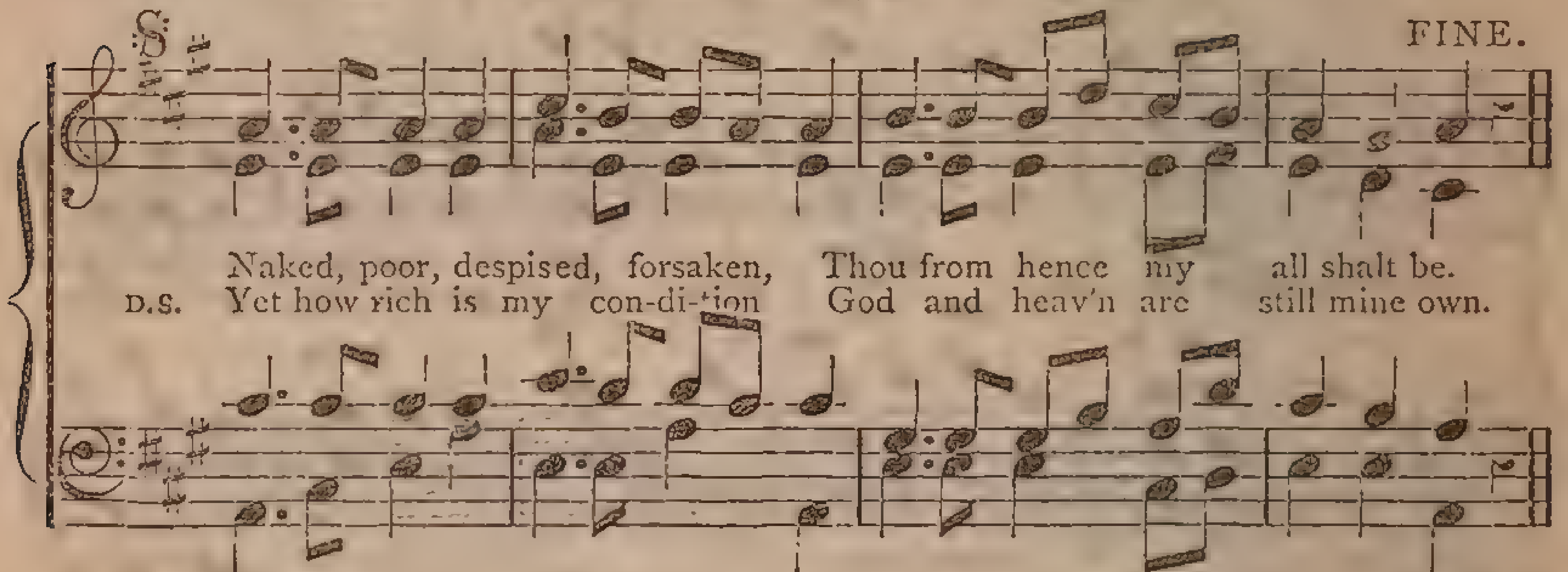
lov'd Thee, if ever I loved Thee my Je - sus 'tis now.

- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon,
being nailed to the tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns
on Thy brow.
- 3 I've loved Thee in life, may I
love Thee in death,

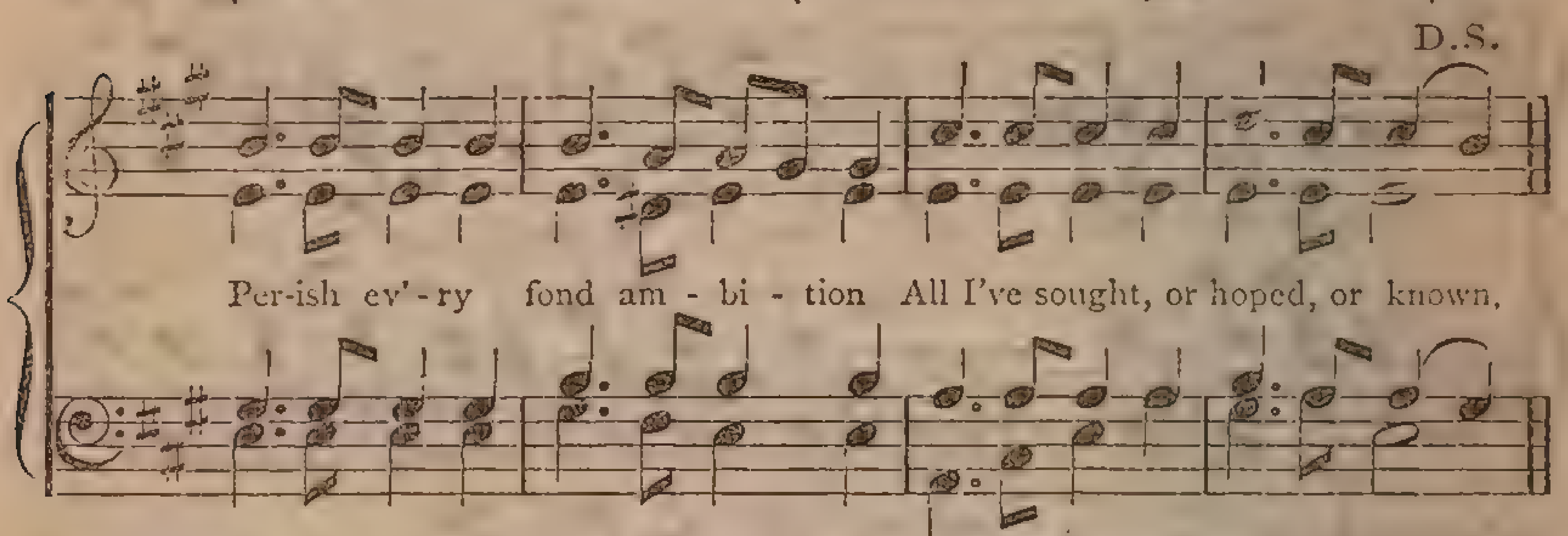
- And praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath;
And sing when the death-sweat
doth sit on my brow. [delight,
4 In mansions of glory, in heavenly
I'll ever adore Thee in regions
of light: [on my brow.
And sing with a glittering crown



Je-sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee ;



Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion God and heav'n are still mine own.



Per-ish ev'-ry fond am - bi - tion All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
D.S.

2 Let the world despise and leave
me;
They have left my Saviour
too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive
me,
Thou art not like them, un-
true ;
And while thou shalt smile upon
me,
God of wisdom, love, and
might,
Foes may hate and friends dis-
own me ;
Show Thy face, and all is
bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and
treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and
pain,
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba,
Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds
may gather,
All must work for good to me.
4 Haste thee on from grace to
glory,
Armed by faith, and winged
by prayer,

DISCIPLE.—(Continued.)

Heaven's eternal days before
thee,
God's own hand shall guide
thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly
mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim
days,
Hope shall change to glad
fruition, [praise.
Faith to sight, and prayer to

5 Man may trouble and distress
me, [breast;
'T will but drive me to Thy
Life with trials hard may press
me, [rest.
Heaven will bring me sweeter
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm
me, [Thee.
Were that joy unmixed with

293

EXPOSTULATION.

11's

1st time.

2nd time. END.

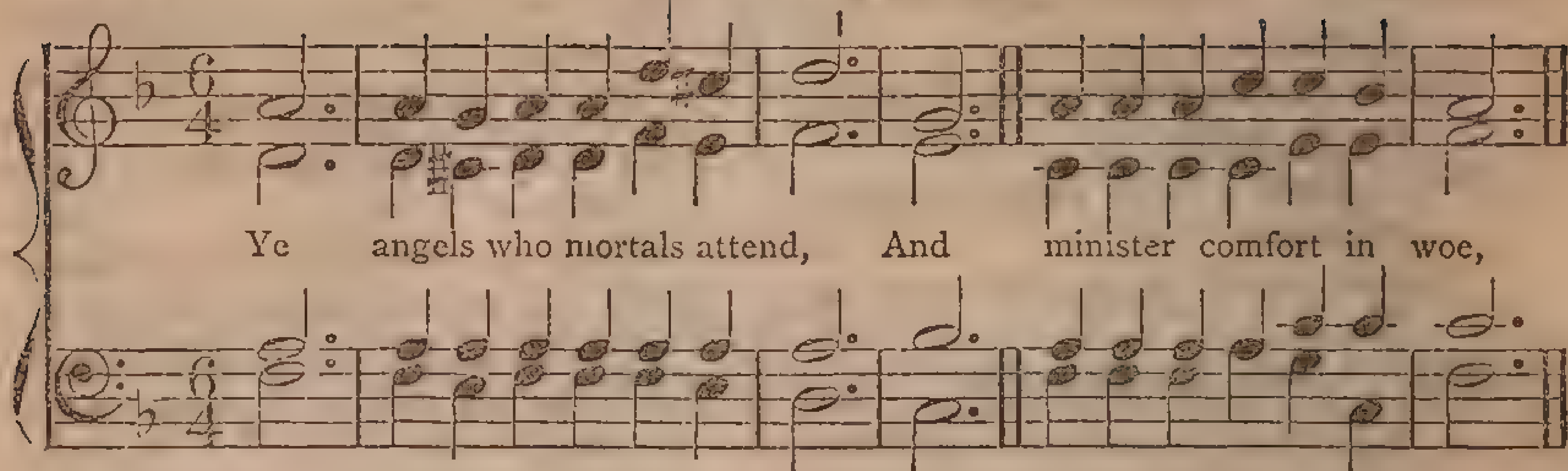
1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
And angels are waiting to wel come you home.

{ When God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh?
Since Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, Come,

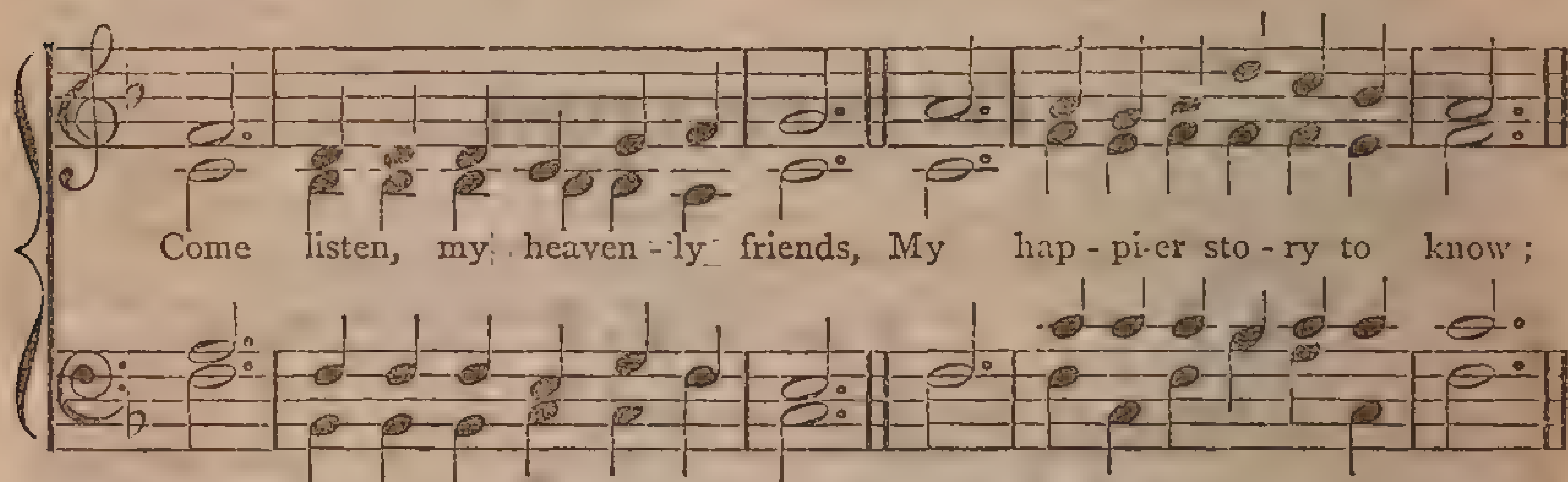
D.C.

2 How vain the delusion, that
while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by
staying away;
Come wretched, come starving,
come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are
flowing so free.
3 And now Christ is ready your
souls to receive,
O, how can you question, if you
will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will
you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; he
bids you come home.

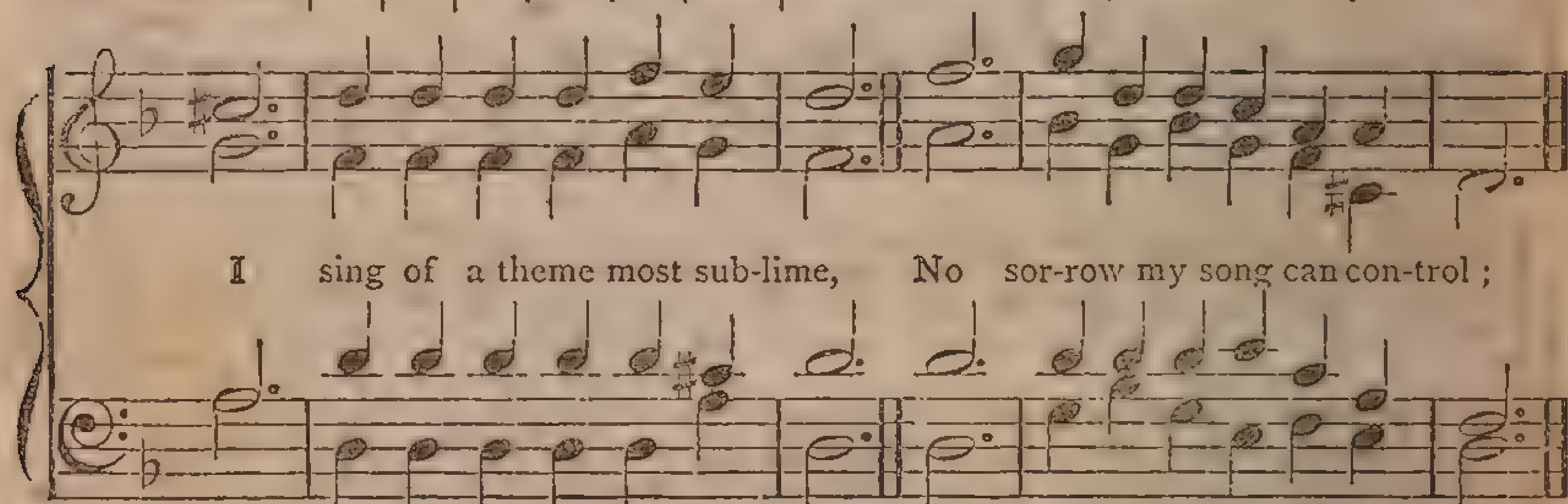
4 In riches, in pleasures, what
can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or
banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when
summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory
on high?
5 Come, give us your hand, and
the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we
never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why
will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon
be at home.



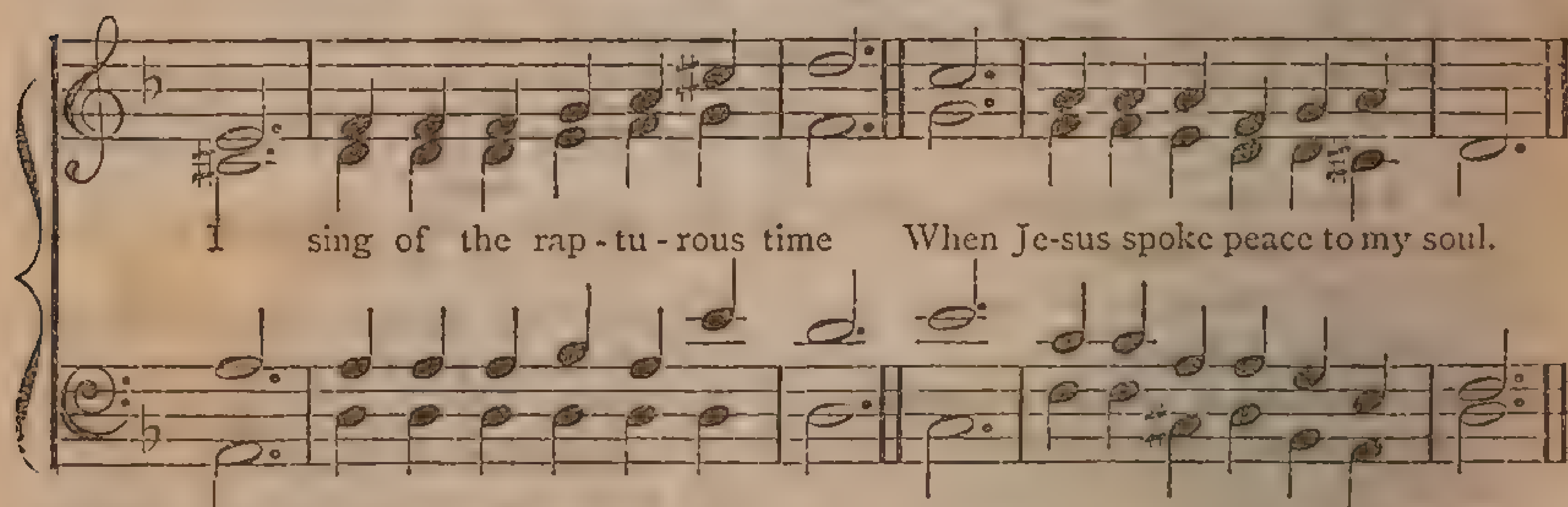
Ye angels who mortals attend, And minister comfort in woe,



Come listen, my heaven-ly friends, My hap-pi-er sto-ry to know;



I sing of a theme most sub-lime, No sor-row my song can con-trol;



I sing of the rap-tu-rous time When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did
assail,
Because I had wandered from
God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,
My sins were a cumberous
load:
O! Saviour, have mercy! I cried;

Oh, pardon a wretch that's so
vile!
Then quickly his blood was ap-
plied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my
soul.
3 My guilt like the cloud of the
morn,

Was chased in a moment
away;
The joy of my soul newly born,
Increased like the dawning of
day.
My Saviour redeemed me from
sin,
He saves not in part but in
whole,
He writes His salvation within—
For oh! He spoke peace to
my soul.
4 I now am so blessed with His
love,
I covet not earth's greatest
store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing
more.
Resigned to His pleasure I'd
live
Till time's latest circle shall
roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For oh! He spoke peace to
my soul.
5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
No danger my soul can
affright,
While onward to mansions of
day
I go to Immanuel's might.
Tho' earth in convulsions shall
rend

From the centre quite thro' to
each pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a
friend [soul.
Since Jesus spoke peace to my
6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad
song,
Come, bear me to Jesus my
King, [throng.
To join with the heavenly
"Tis there I'll eternally feast
On joys that enrapture the
whole;
All heaven would welcome the
guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to
my soul.
7 Farewell to earth's glittering
toys,
Farewell to my friends and my
foes,
I haste from these scenes to the
skies,
Where pleasure eternally
flows:
He bids me leave all for his
sake—
I'll run till I reach the blest
goal;
Then me to His arms He will
take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace
to my soul.

TUNE 294]

SOLEMN SUMMONS.

[2ND HYMN.

1 How solemn a signal I hear,
A summons that calls me
away,
In regions unknown to appear,
How shall I the summons
obey!
What scenes in that world shall
arise,
When life's latest sigh shall
have fled,
When darkness has sealed up
my eyes,
And deep in the dust I am
laid?

2 Dear Shepherd of Israel,
lead on,
My soul follows hard after
Thee,
The phantoms of death are all
flown,
When Jesus my shepherd I
see!
Dear brethren, and sisters I go,
'To wait your arrival above,
Be faithful and soon you shall
know,
The triumphs and joys of His
love.

The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears,

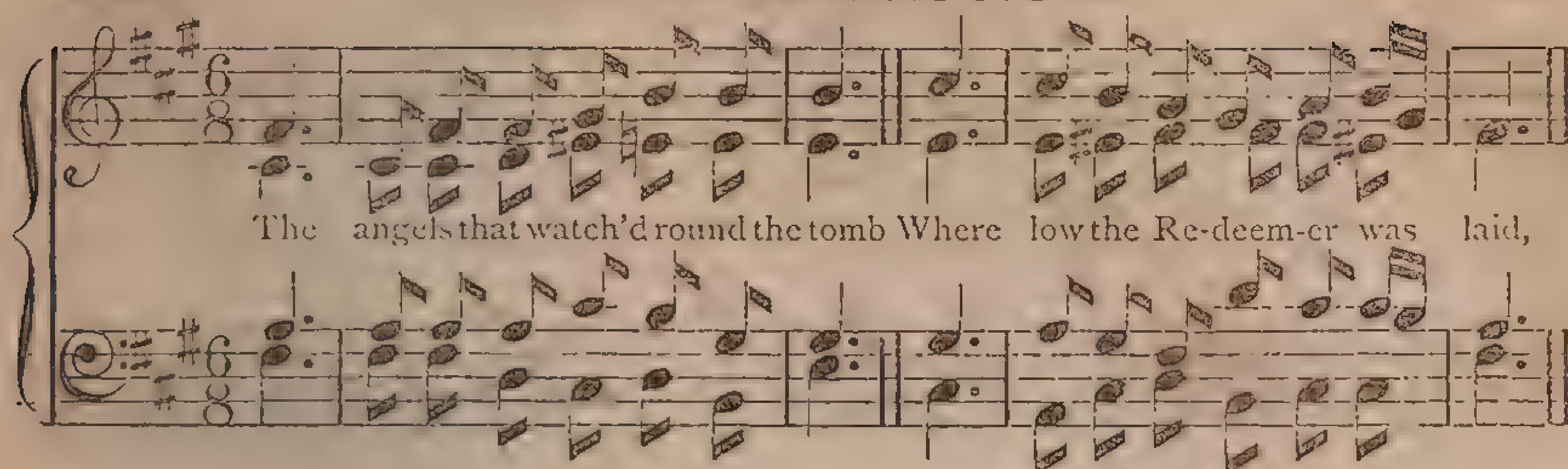
The sons of earth are wak - ing To Pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean brings ti - dings from a - far,

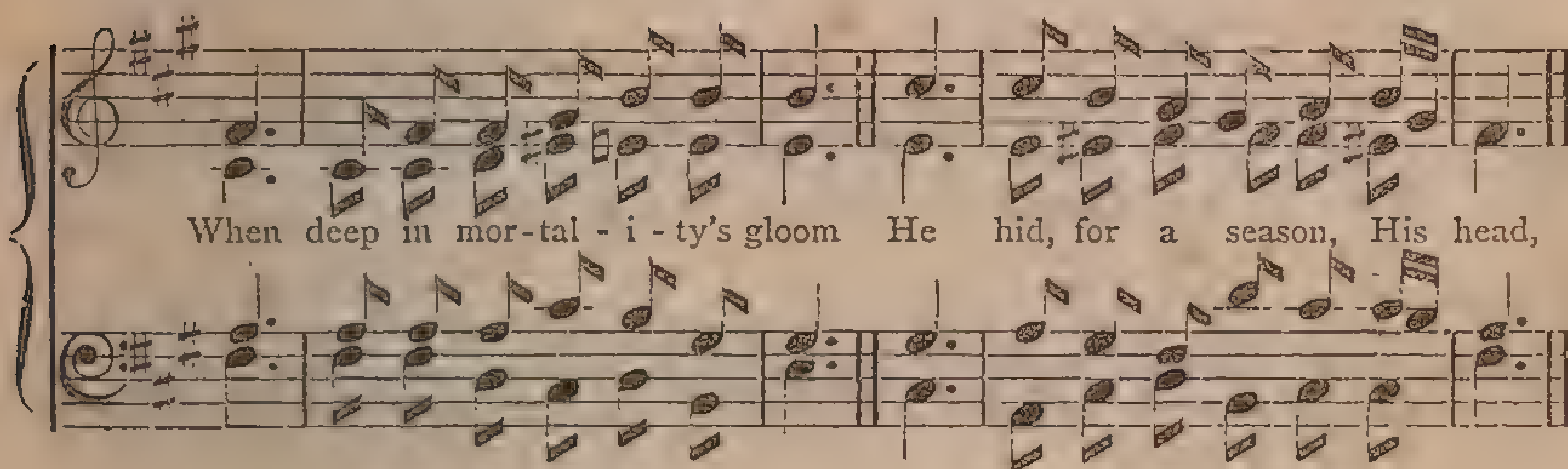
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

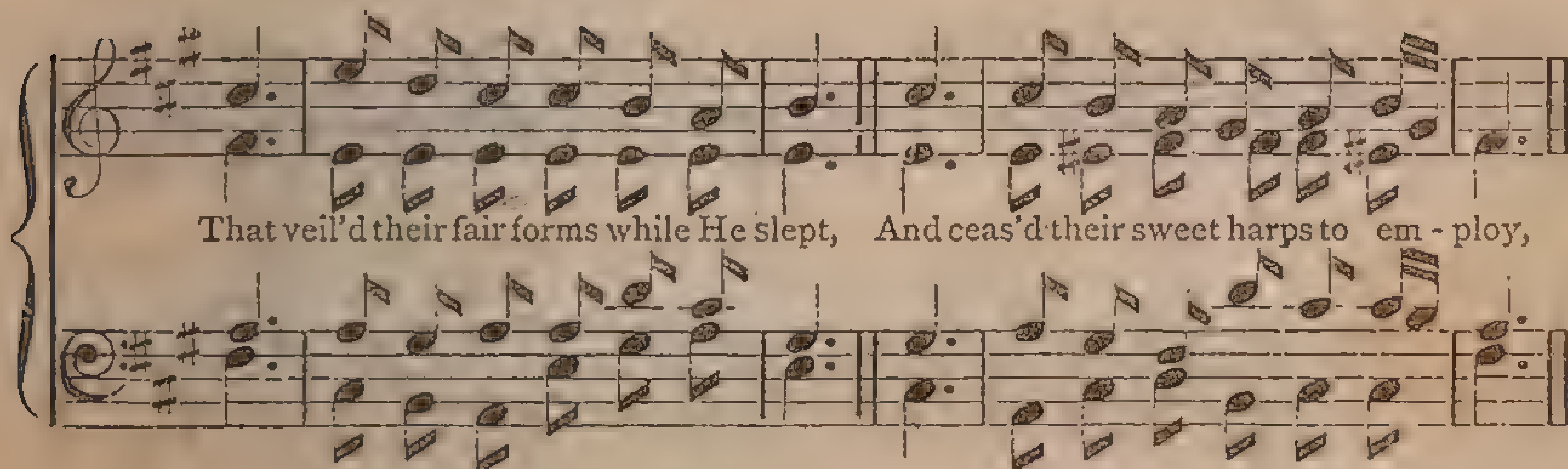
- While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord has come."



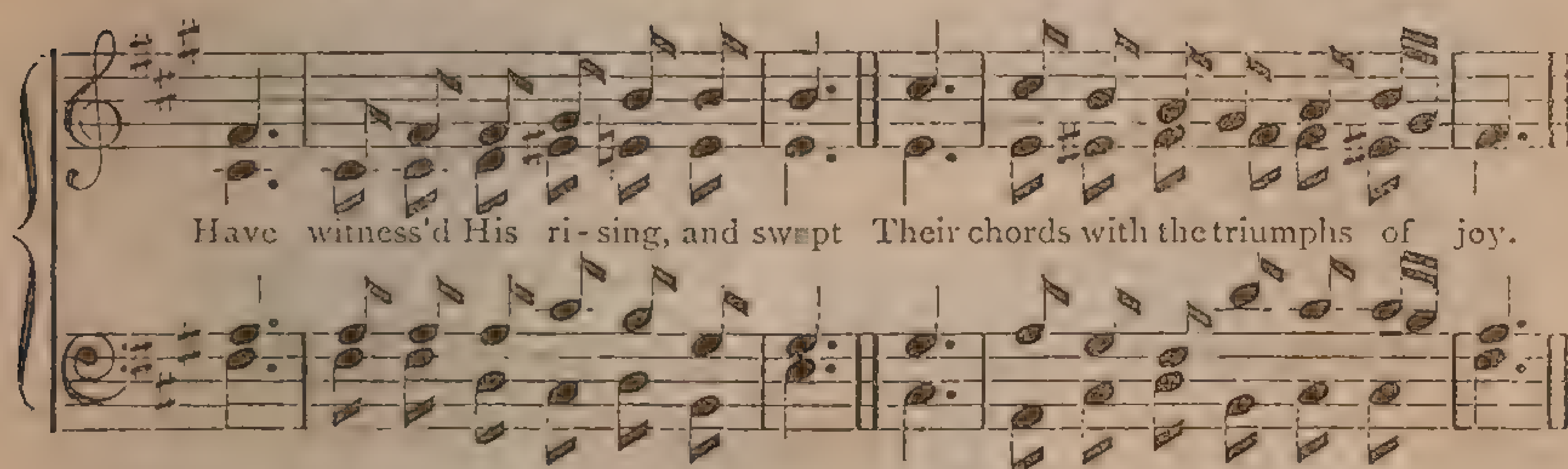
The angels that watch'd round the tomb Where low the Re-deem-er was laid,



When deep in mor-tal - i - ty's gloom He hid, for a season, His head,



That veil'd their fair forms while He slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to em - ploy,



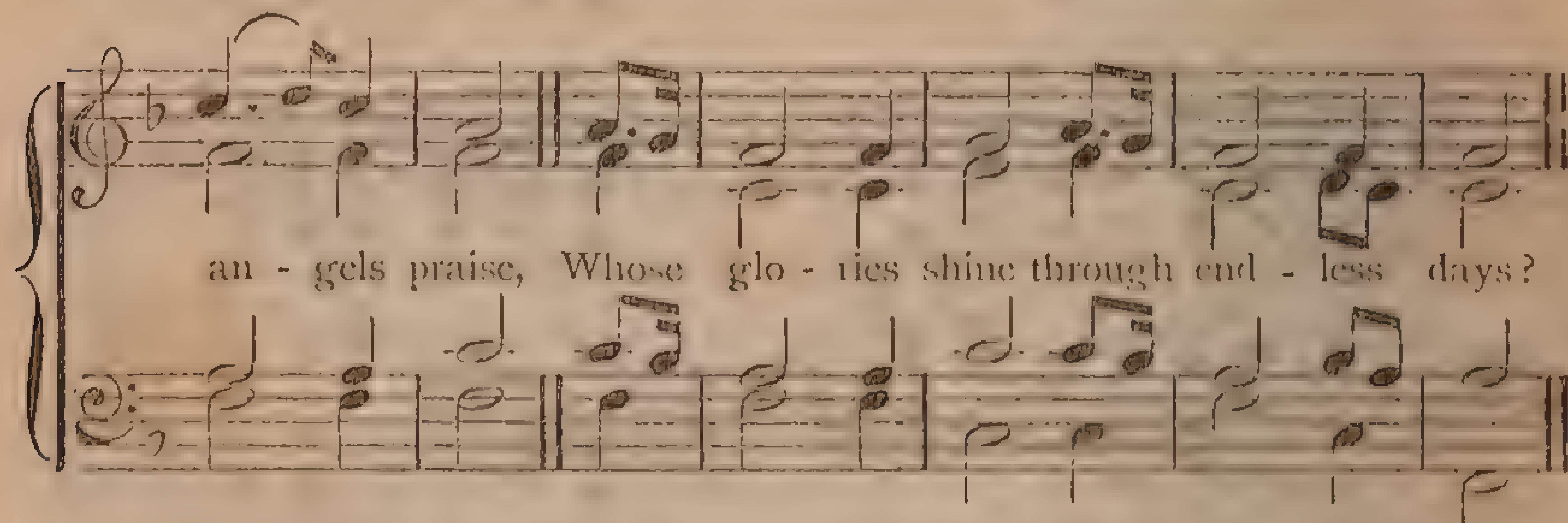
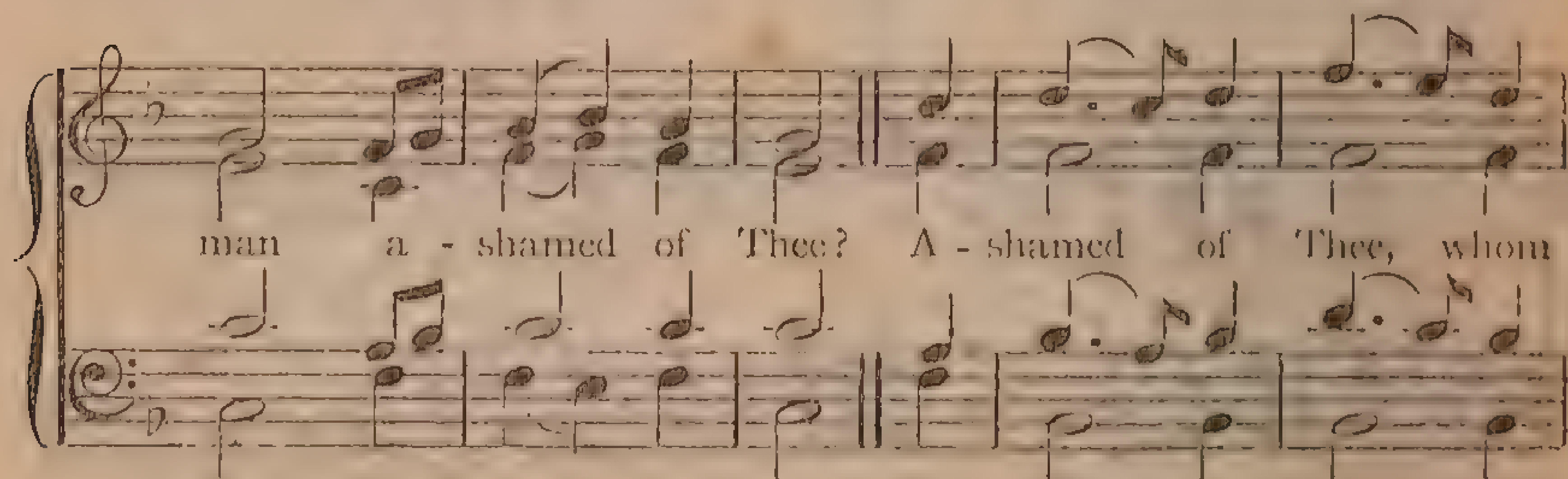
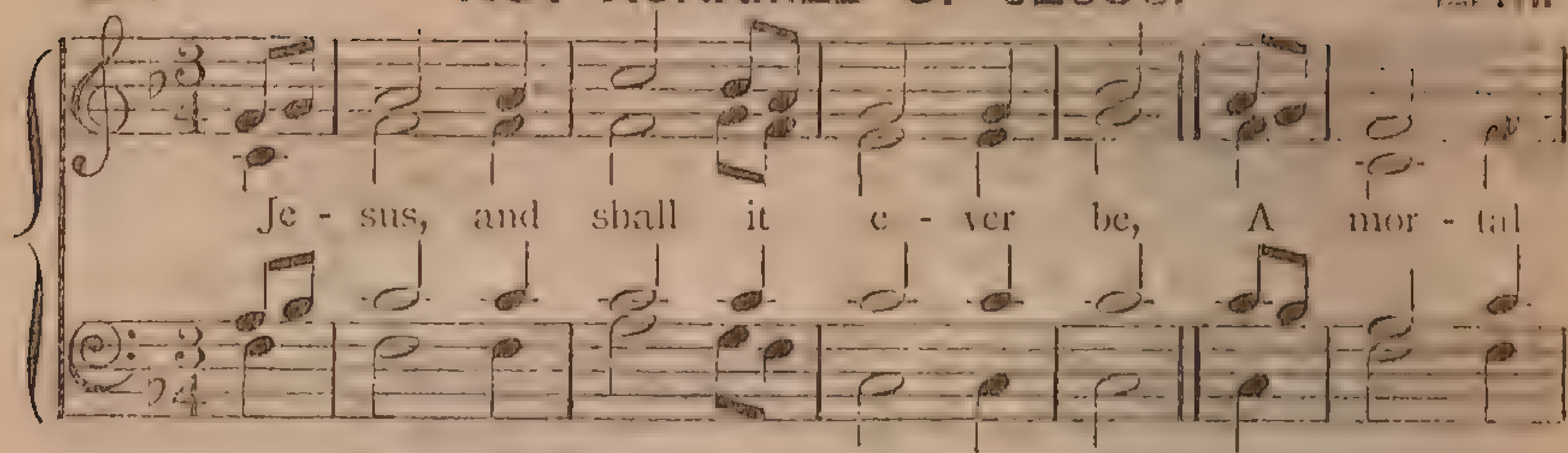
Have witness'd His ri-sing, and swept Their chords with the triumphs of joy.

2. Ye saints who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
And lean on Immanuel's breast ;
The grave in which Jesus was laid
Hath buried my guilt and my fears ;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of His presence appears.

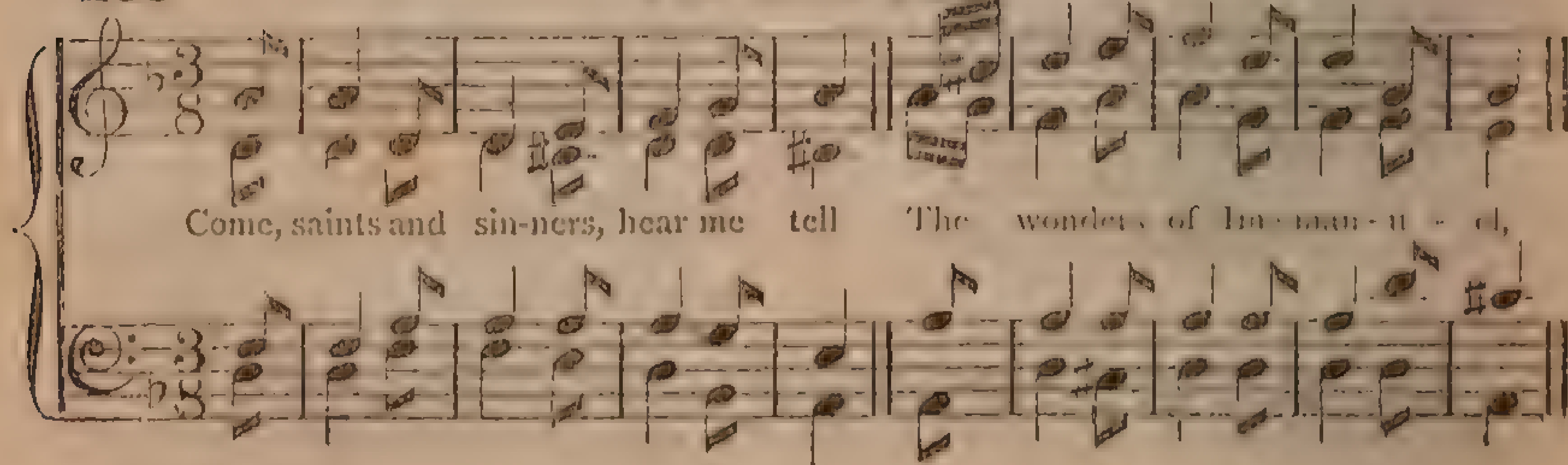
3. Oh! sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done ;
The blush that spreads over its West,
The last ling'ring rays of its sun ;

Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see Immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4. Then, welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall
break,
And death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek :
No terror the prospect begets—
I am not mortality's slave—
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Leaves a halo of peace round the grave.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Ashamed of Jesus? sooner, far, Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.</p> | <p>4. Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may When I've no sins to wash away; No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save!</p> |
| <p>3. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.</p> | <p>5. 'Till then - nor is my boasting vain - 'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain! And oh, may this my glory be, 'That Christ is not ashamed of me!</p> |



Who saved me from a burning hell, And brought my soul with Him to dwell,

And gave me heav'n-ly u - - nion. U - - nion, U - - nion.

Who saved me from a burn - ing hell, And brought my

soul with him to dwell, And gave me heav'n-ly u - - nion.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as He passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with His blood He wash'd me clean;
And oh, what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union!

5. I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on Faith's triumphant wing
And make the heav'nly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

1 { When I can read my ti-tle clear, ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle
I'll bid farewell to ev-ry fear, ev-ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev-ry

clear, ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle clear, To mansions in the skies.
fear, ev-ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ve-ry long; We will

an-chor by and by, We will
an-chor by and by, We will an-chor by and by, We will

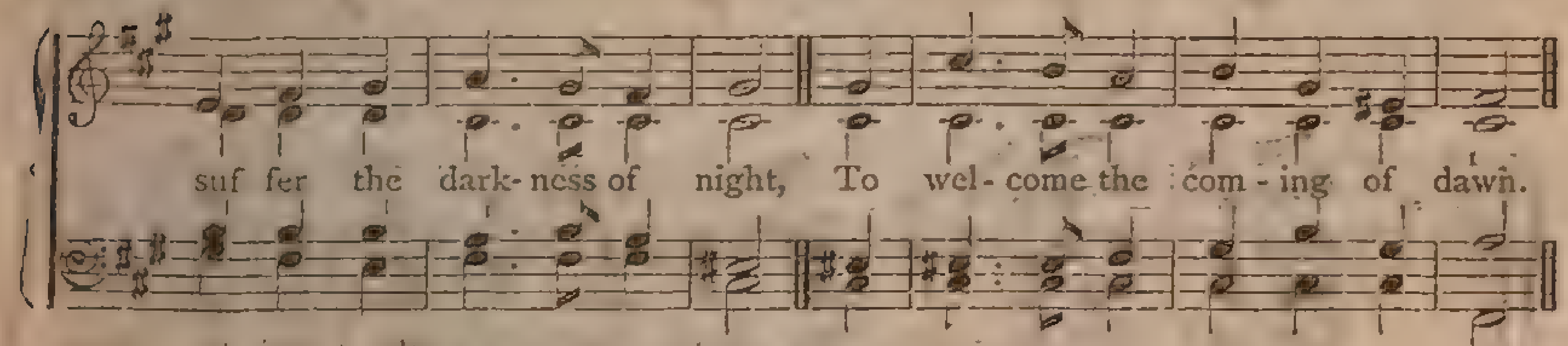
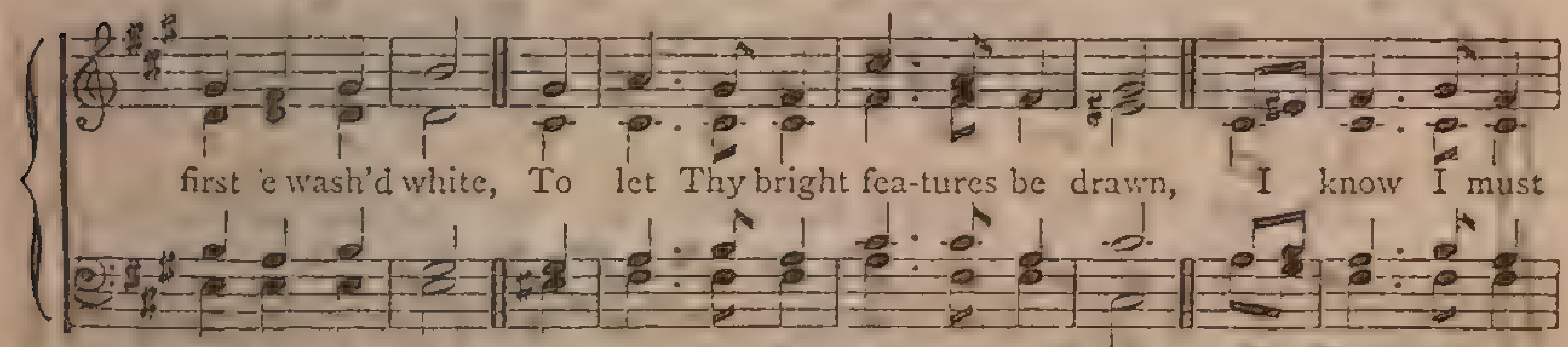
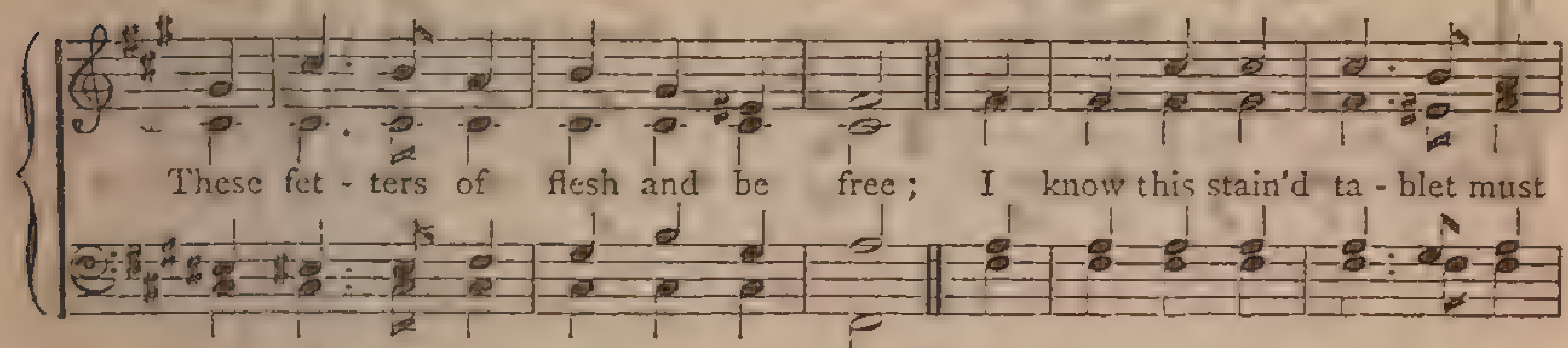
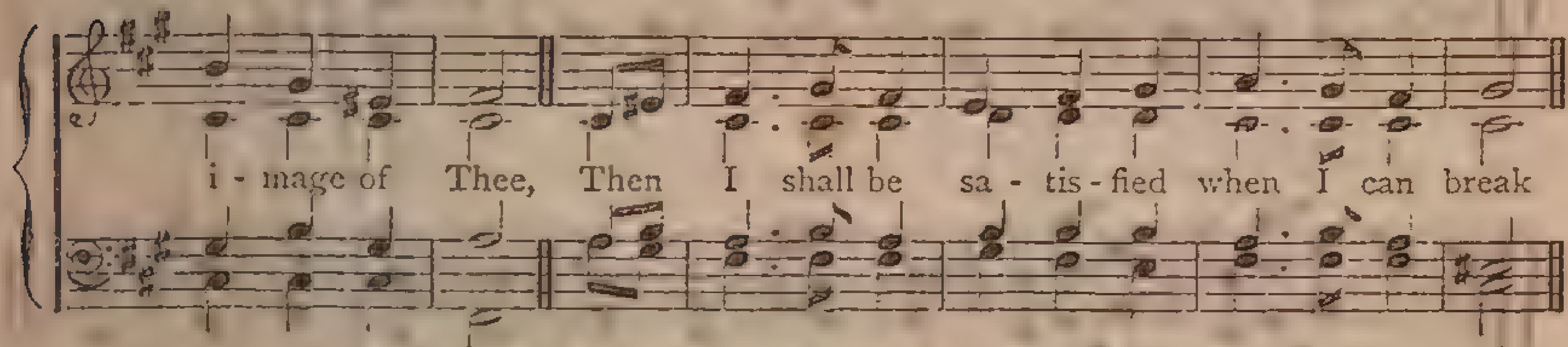
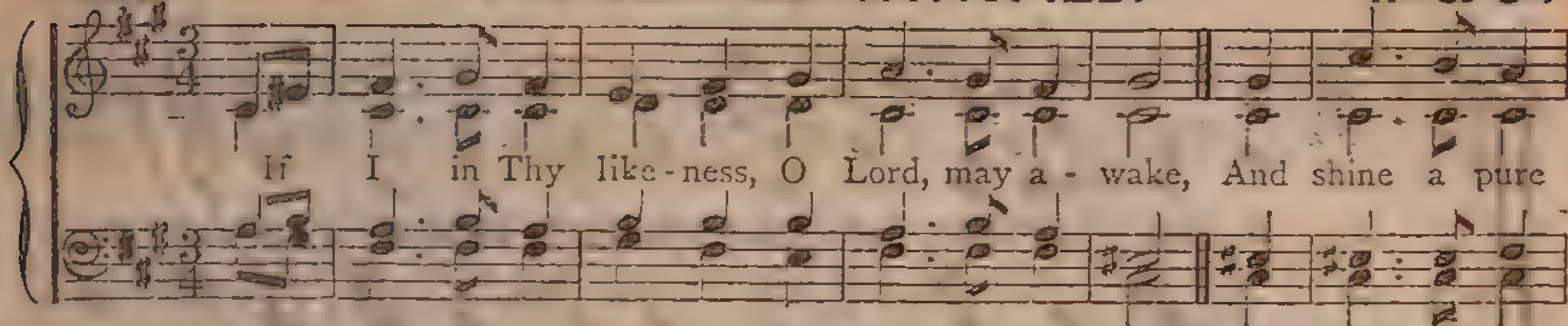
stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
stand, stand the storm, It will not be ve-ry long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall--

So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



2. Then I shall be satisfied when I can cast
 The shadows of nature all by,
 When this cold, dreary world from my vision is past,
 To let this soul open her eye ;
 I gladly shall feel the blest morn drawing near,
 When time's dreary fancy shall fade,
 If then in Thy likeness I may but appear,
 And rise with Thy beauty arrayed.

3. To see Thee in glory, O Lord, as Thou art,
 From this mortal and perishing clay,
 The spirit immortal in peace would depart,
 And joyous mount up her bright way.
 When on Thine own image in me Thou hast smiled,
 Within Thy blest mansions, and when
 The arms of my Father encircle His child,
 Oh, I shall be satisfied then.

Je - sus, let Thy pi - tying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;

False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suf'ring shown;

'Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3. For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
If Thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor-row free,

The home of the ransom'd, bright, and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too are there.

CHORUS.

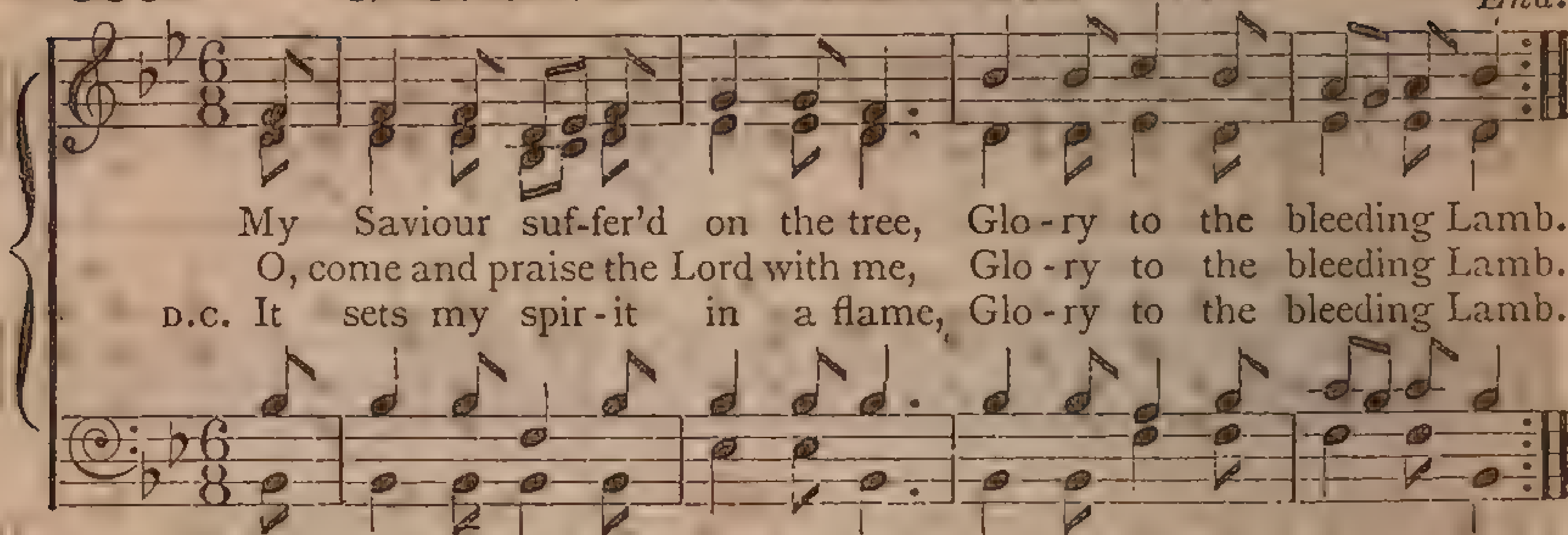
Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

2. That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

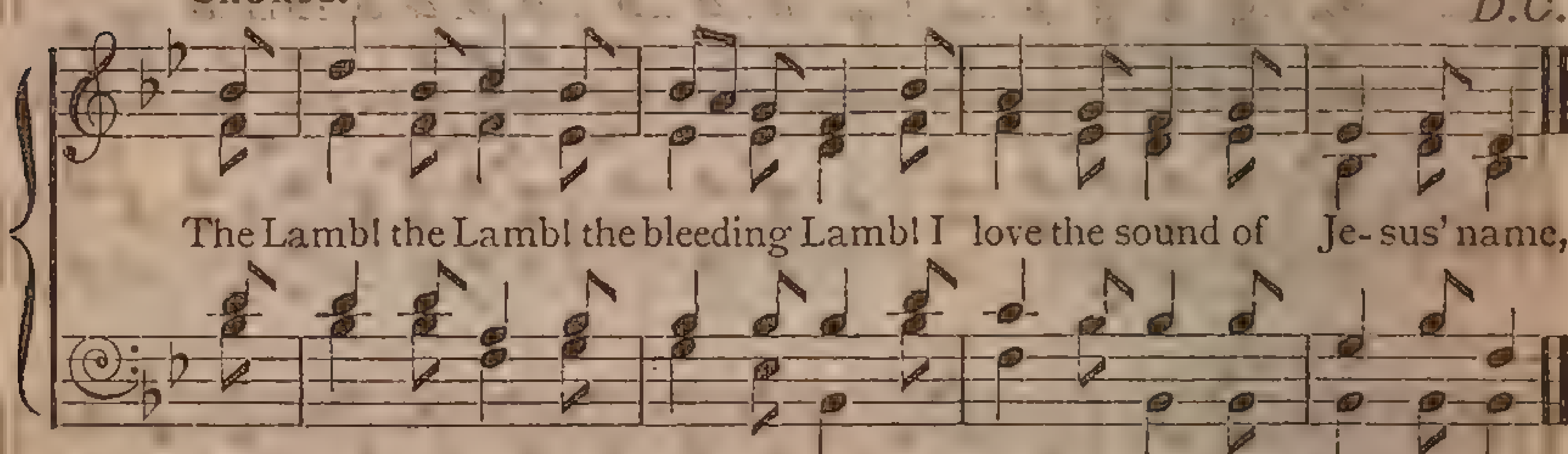
4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.



My Saviour suf-fer'd on the tree, Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb.
 O, come and praise the Lord with me, Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb.
 D.C. It sets my spir-it in a flame, Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS.

D.C.



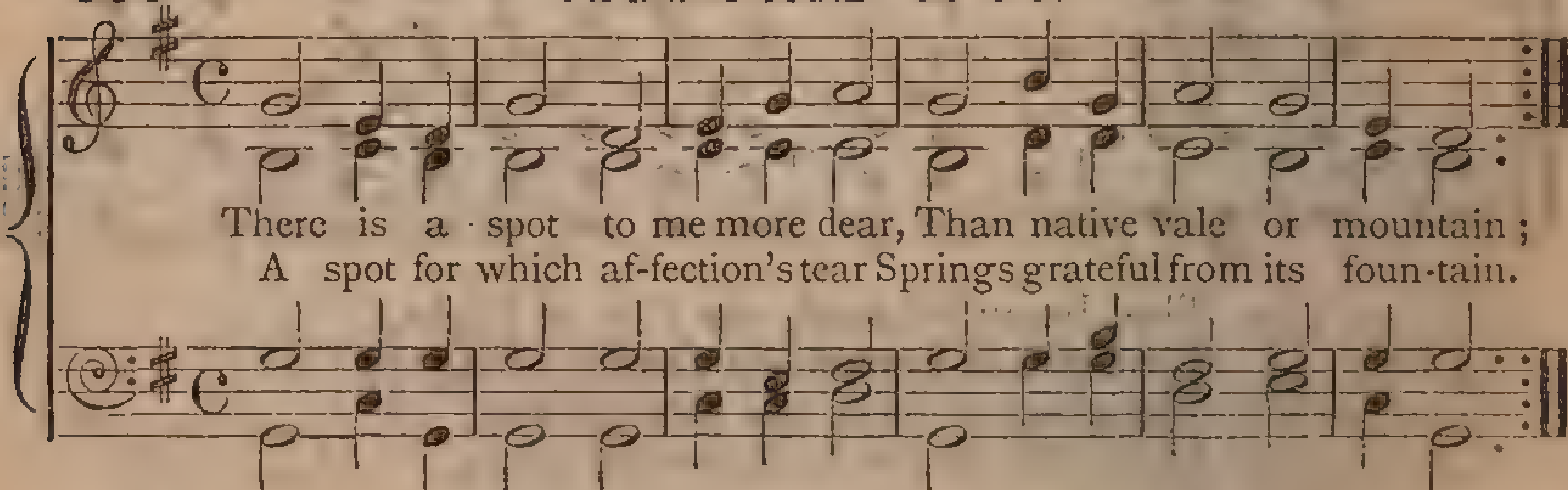
The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb! I love the sound of Je-sus' name,

2. He bore my sin, and curse, and shame;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 And I am saved through Jesus' name;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 The Lamb, &c.

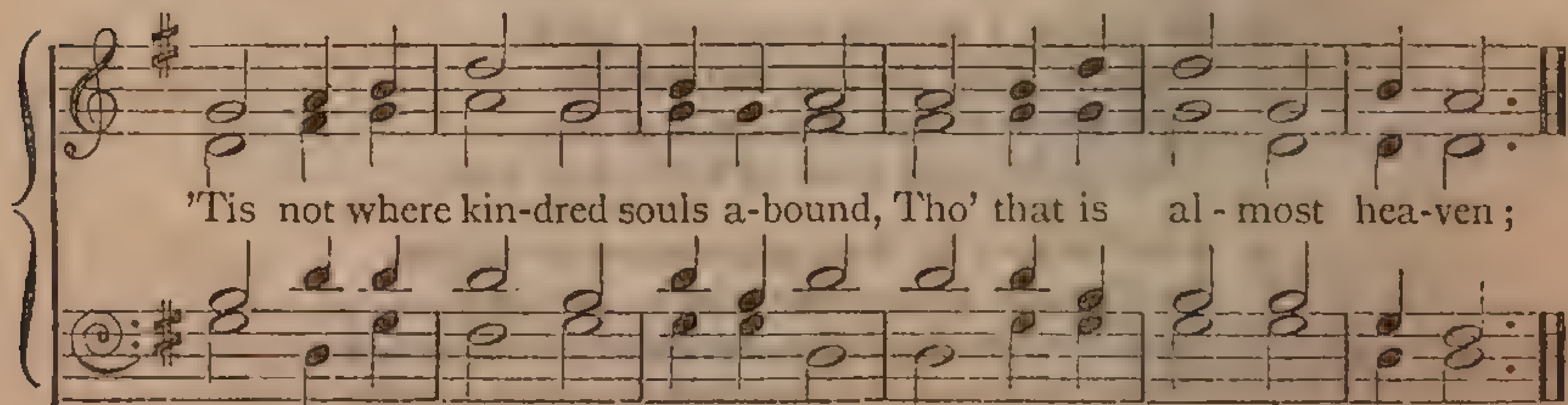
3. I know my sins are all forgiven;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

And I am on my way to heaven;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 The Lamb, &c.

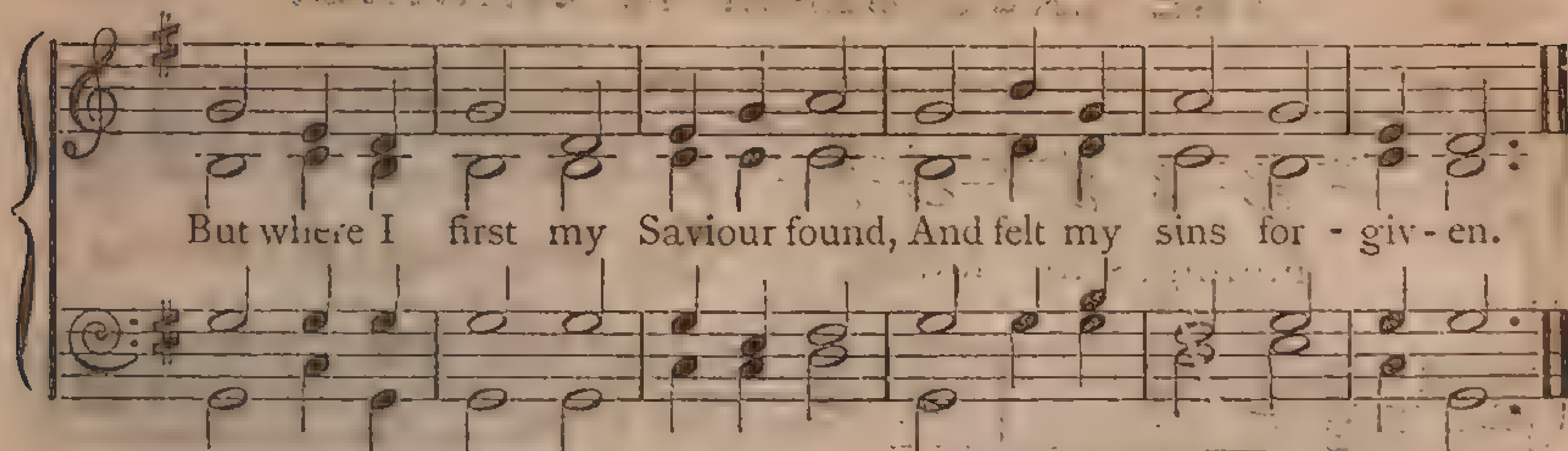
4. And when the storms of life are o'er,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 The Lamb, &c.



There is a spot to me more dear, Than native vale or mountain;
 A spot for which af-fection's tear Springs grateful from its foun-tain.



'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al-most hea-ven;



2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long toss'd upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion;
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that lone hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error!
3. Fainting and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, save me!"

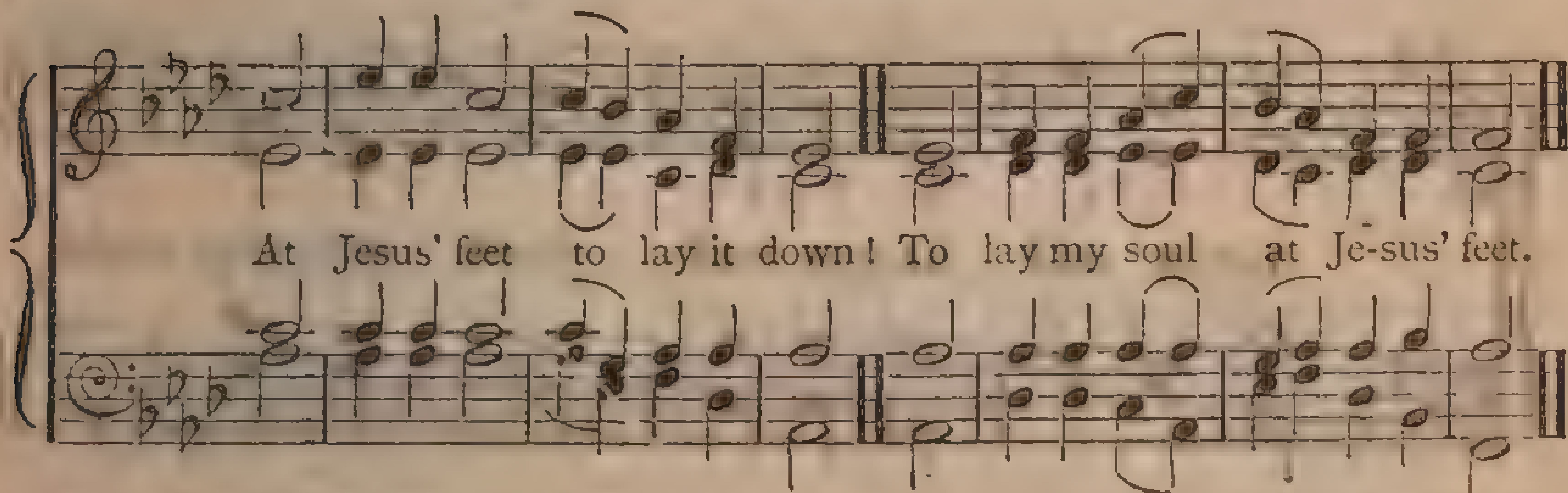
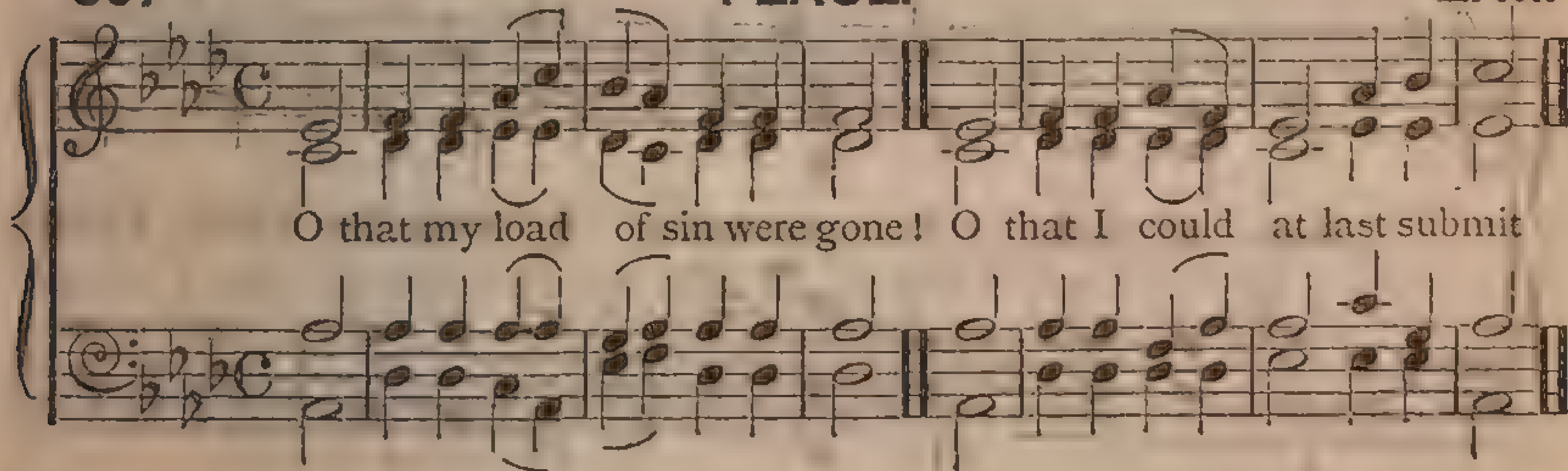
Then, quick as thought, I felt Him mine:
My Saviour stood before me:
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted "Glory! Glory!"

4. O happy hour! O hallow'd spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And when from earth I rise and soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

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PEACE.

L. M.



2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;

The cross all stained with hallow'd blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.

5. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

6. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear! in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

THE LAST BEAM IS SHINING.

Fading, still fading, The last beam is shining,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Father in heaven the day is de - clin - ing,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light, Temp -

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

tation and danger walk forth with the night.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

THE LAST BEAM IS SHINING.—(*Continued.*)

Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime.

Father have mer - cy, Father have mer - cy, Father have

mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call, Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all; Feeble and fainting we trust in Thy might, In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light.</p> | <p>Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns, Wake in Thy arms when morn- ing returns. Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

1 { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Show'rs the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me, }

CHORUS.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.

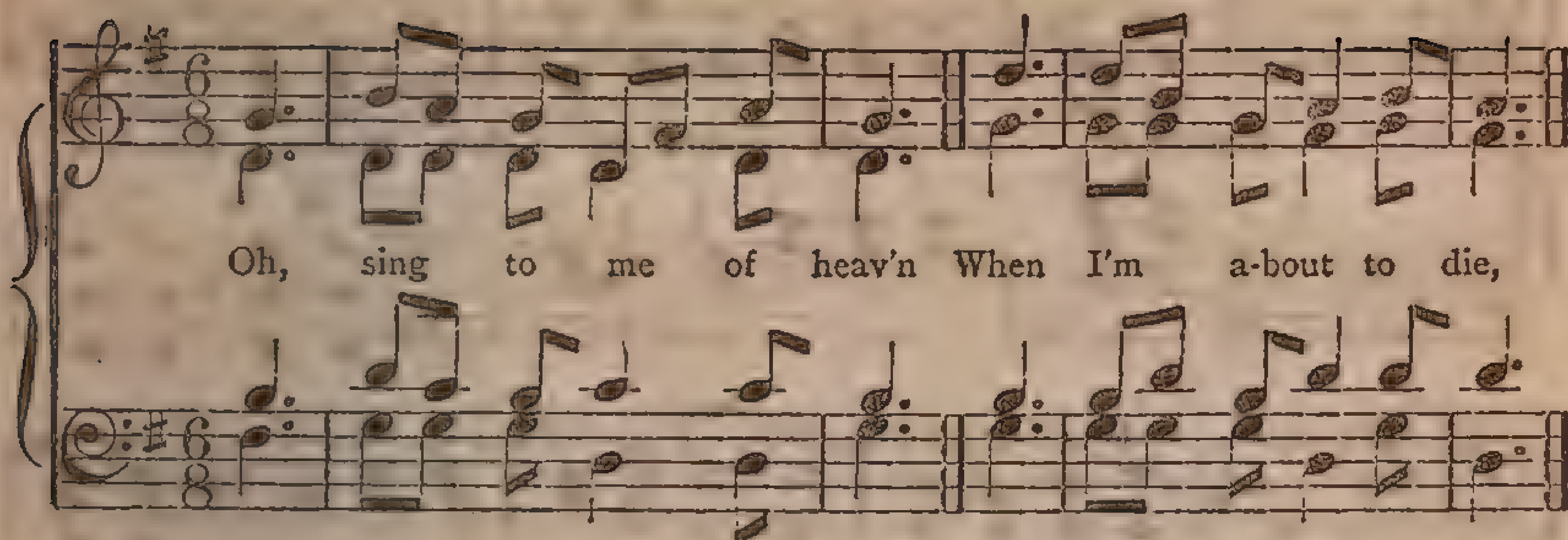
2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

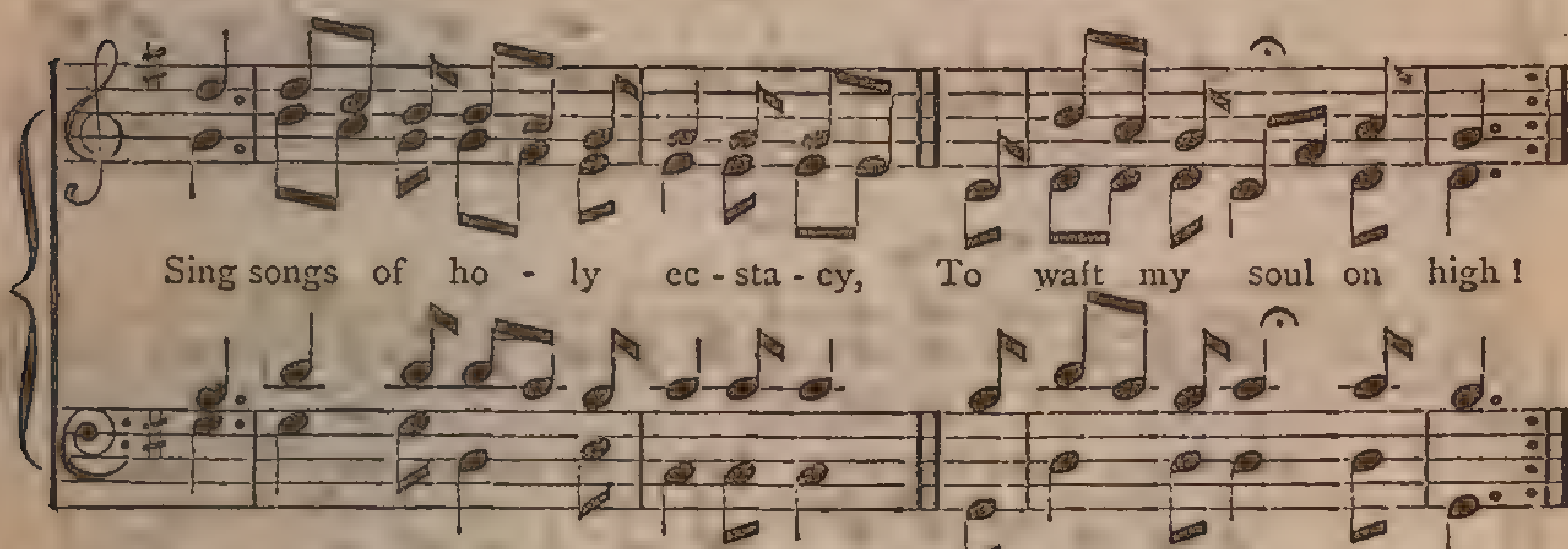
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witness now of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless:
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me—
Even me.



CHORUS.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there.



2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness
Let heaven begin below.

3 Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

TUNE 310]

SALVATION'S FREE.

[2ND HYMN.

1 I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost,
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

CHORUS.
I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 In this cold world below,
With none to care for me,
A pilgrim lone, without a home—
I'm glad salvation's free.
3 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm sav'd thro' Jesus'
blood,
I feel it in my soul.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a

The first system of the musical score for 'A Light in the Window'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a' are written below the treble staff.

light in the window for Thee, A dear one has moved to the

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'light in the window for Thee, A dear one has moved to the' are written below the treble staff.

man-sions a - bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'man-sions a - bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.' are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee,

The first system of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee,' are written below the treble staff.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

The second system of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.' are written below the treble staff.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. -- (Continued.)

2 There's a crown, and a robe,
and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care
you are free;

The Saviour has gone to prepare
you a home,
With a light in the window for
thee.

3 O, watch, and be faithful, and
pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's
troubled sea,

Though afflictions assail you and
storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window
for thee.

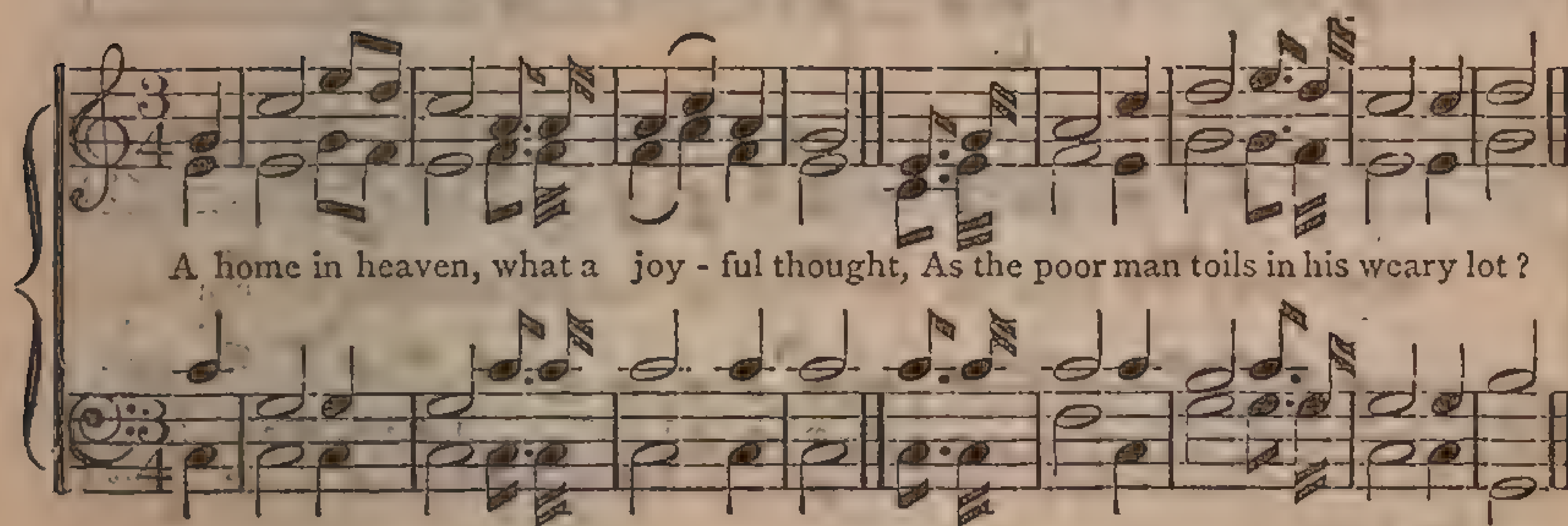
4 Then on, perseveringly on,
brother,
Till from conflict and suffering
free,

Bright angels now beckon you
over the stream,
There's a light in the window
for thee.

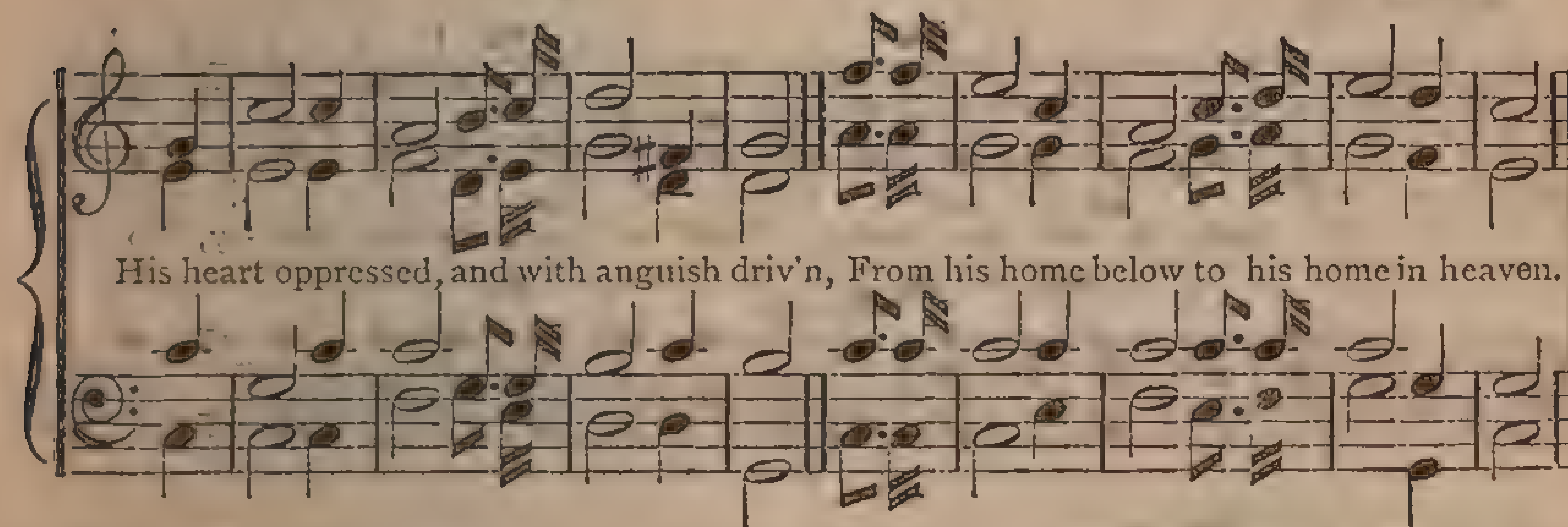
312

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

P.M



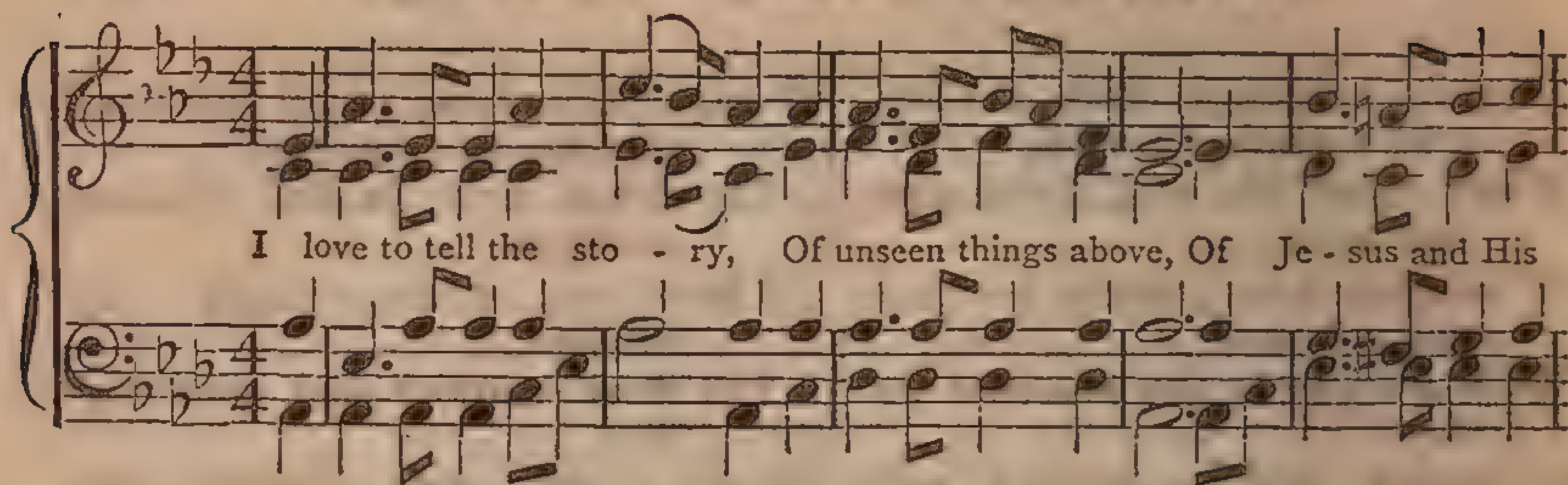
A home in heaven, what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot?



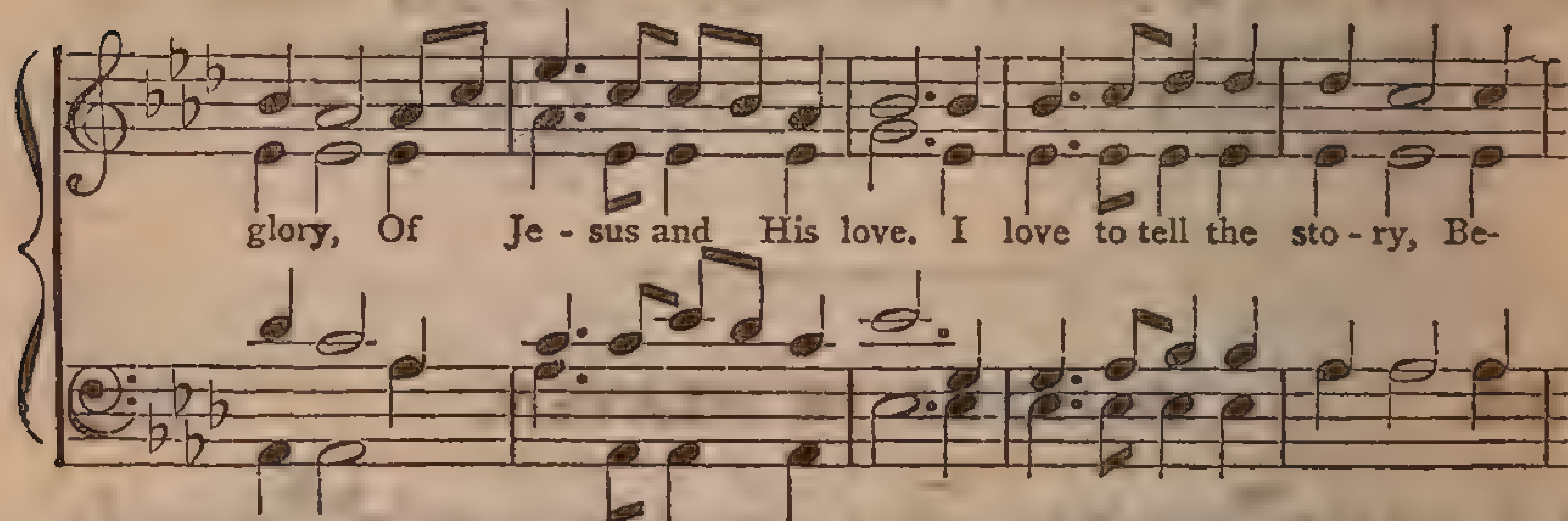
His heart oppressed, and with anguish driv'n, From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the
sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts
his eyes
To that bright home; what a
joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his
home in heaven.

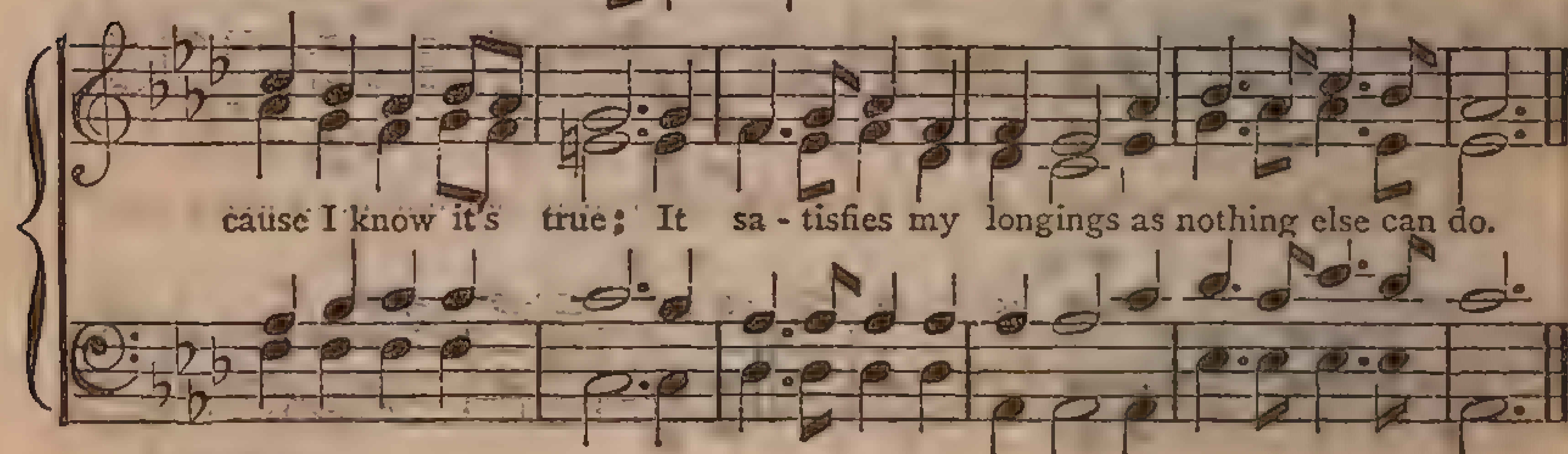
3 A home in heaven! when our
pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the
dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our
health is riven,
We are happy still with our
home in heaven.



I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His

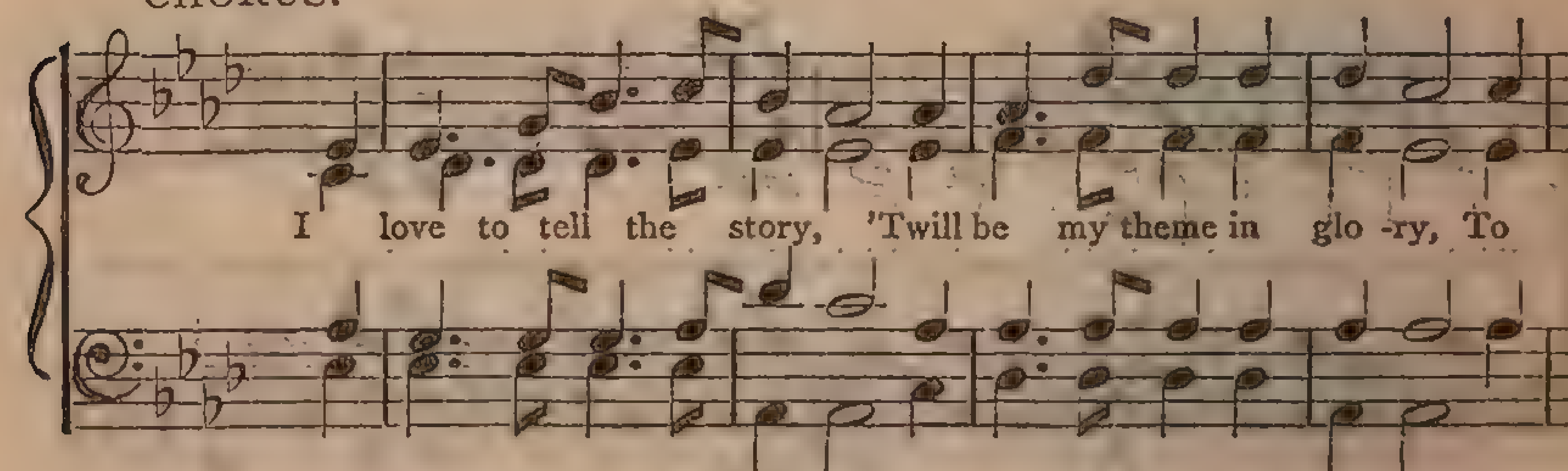


glory, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-

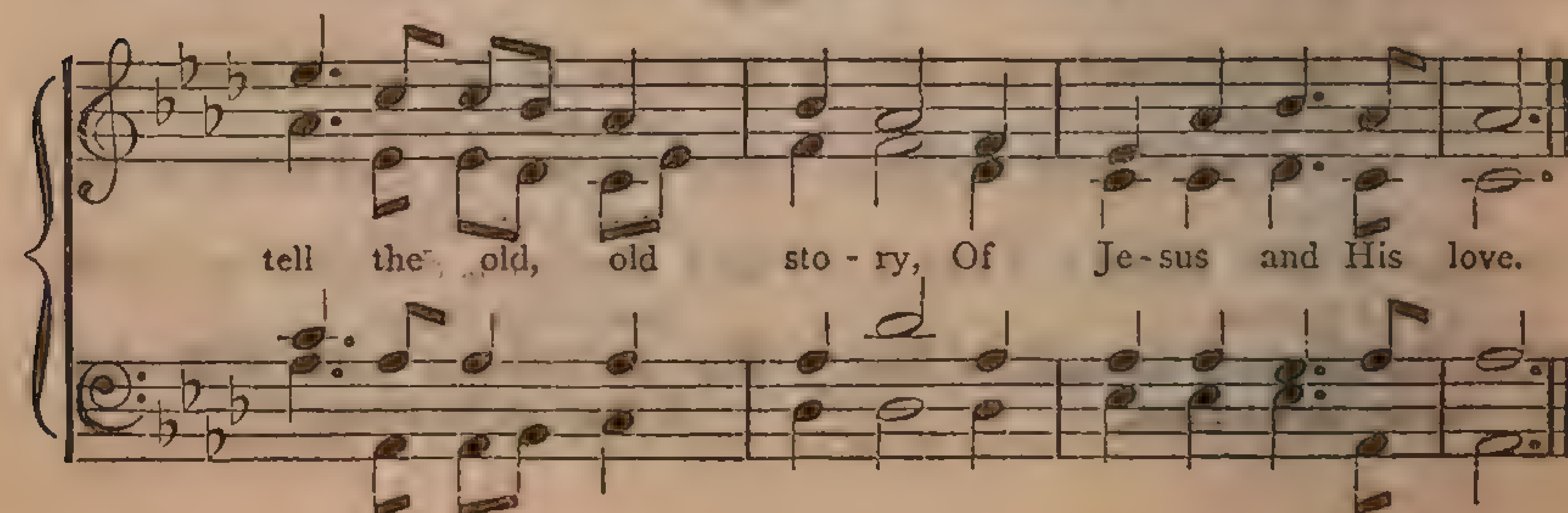


cause I know it's true; It sa - tisfies my longings as nothing else can do.

CHORUS.



I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To



tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—(*Continued.*)

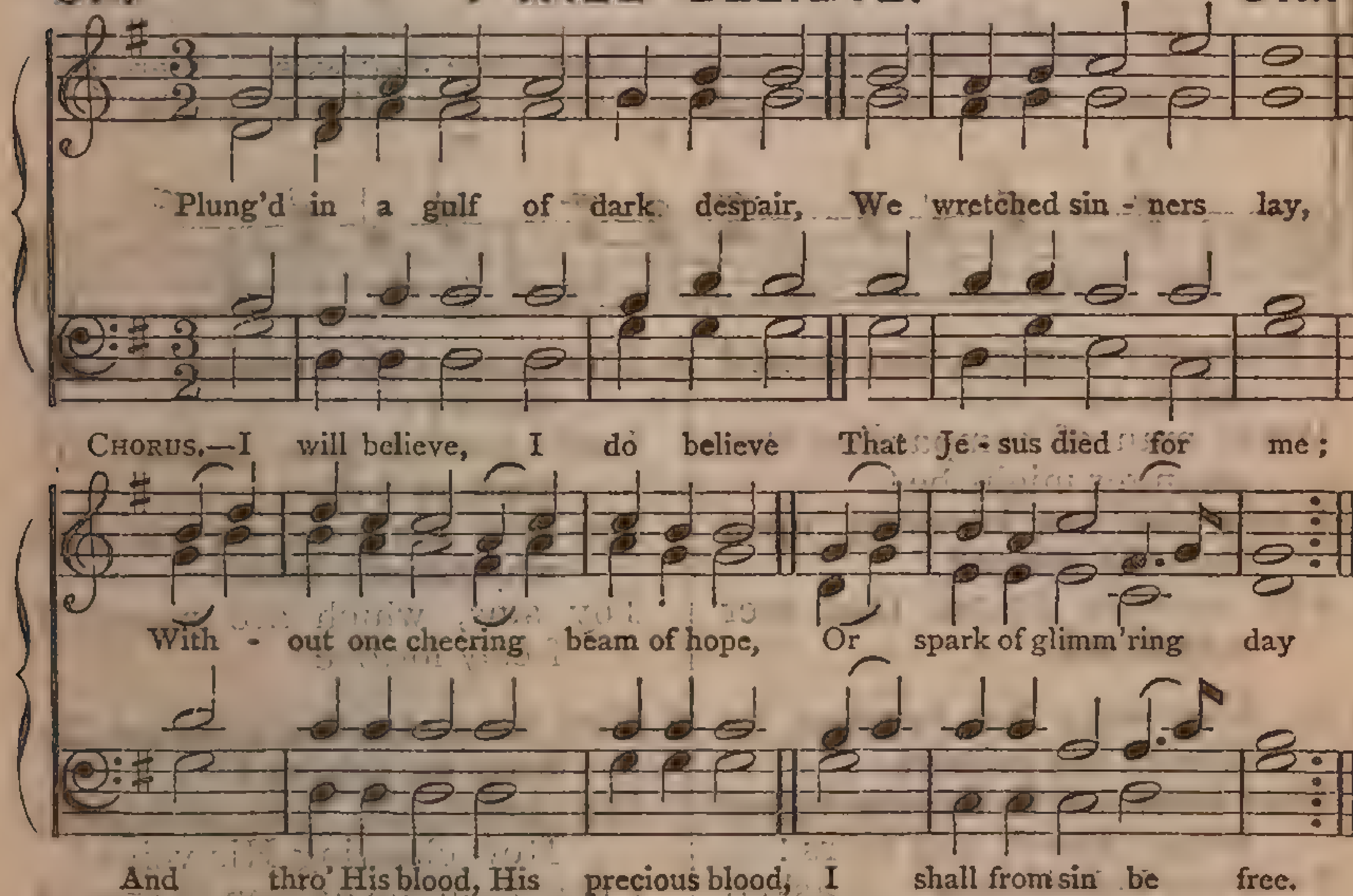
- 1 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
He did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 I love to tell the story
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

- I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*
- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song
'Twill be—the Old Old Story
That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

314

I WILL BELIEVE.

C.M.



Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,

CHORUS.—I will believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me;

With out one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

- 3 With pitying eyes the Prince of
Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 2 Down from the shining seats
above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal
flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love, let rocks and
hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human
tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest
notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

FINE.

While pass-ing a garden I paus-ed to hear
While pleading in an-guish the poor sinner's part.

D.C.

A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the sufferer af-fect-ed my heart,

2 I listened a moment, then turned
me to see
What man of compassion this
stranger might be!
I saw him, low kneeling, upon
the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever
was found.

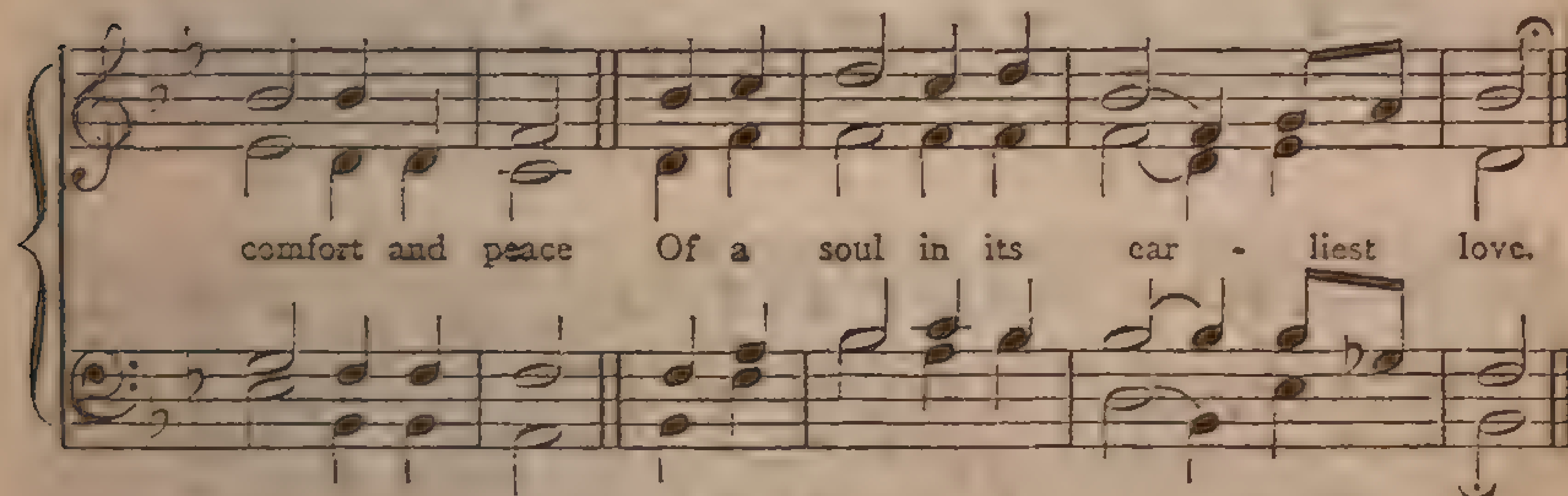
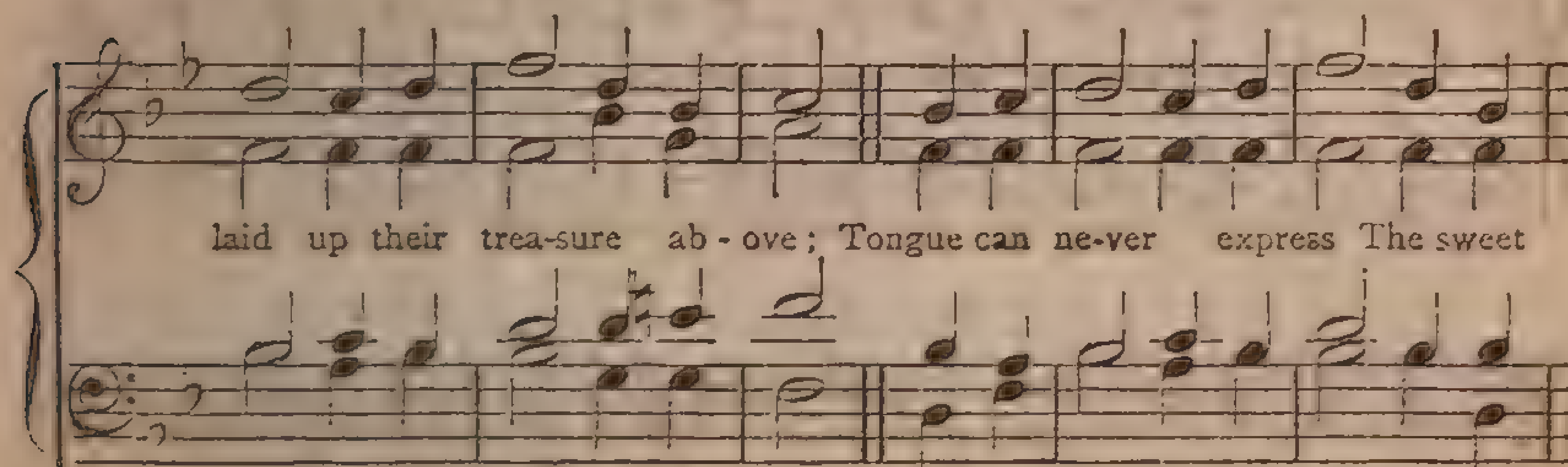
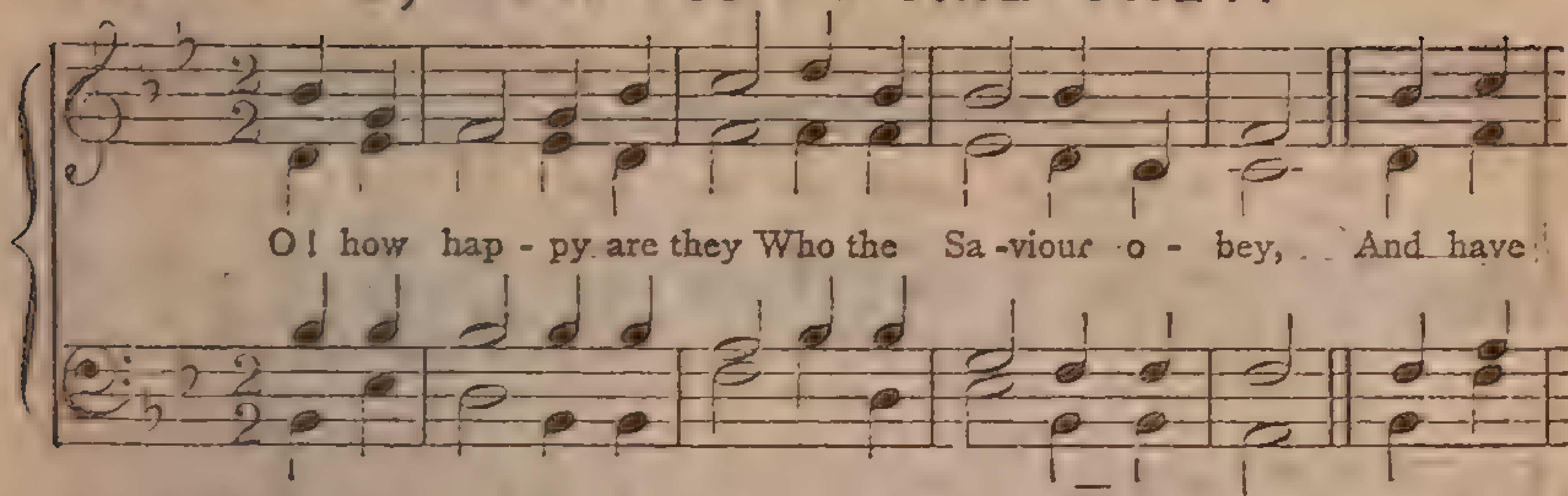
3 So deep were his sorrows, so
fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled
sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him!—I asked
him his name,
He answered, "'Tis JESUS!
from heaven I came!

4 I am thy Redeemer! for thee I
must die;
The cup is most bitter, but can-
not pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are
laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I
suffer for thee."

5 I trembled with terror and loudly
did cry:
Lord, save a poor sinner! O!
save, or I die!
He cast his eyes on me and
whispered: Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I
freely forgive!

6 How sweet was that moment He
bade me rejoice!
His smile, oh, how pleasant!
How cheering His voice!
I flew from the garden to spread
it abroad,
I shouted salvation and glory to
God!

7 I'm now on my journey to man-
sions above;
My soul's full of glory, of light,
peace, and love!
I think of the garden, the
prayers, and the tears
Of that loving stranger that
banished my fears.



2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favour divine
I received thro' the blood of the
Lamb;

When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see!

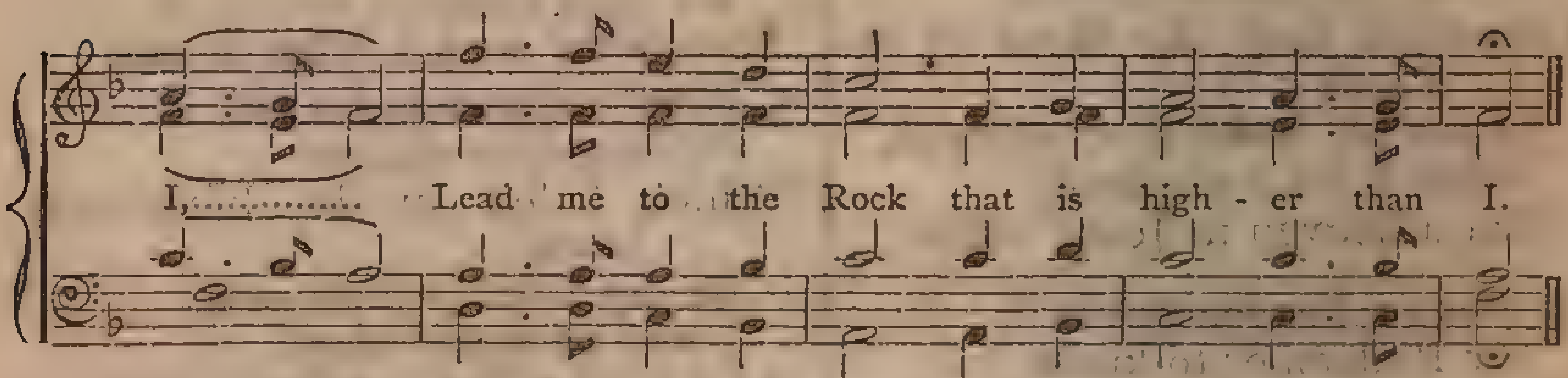
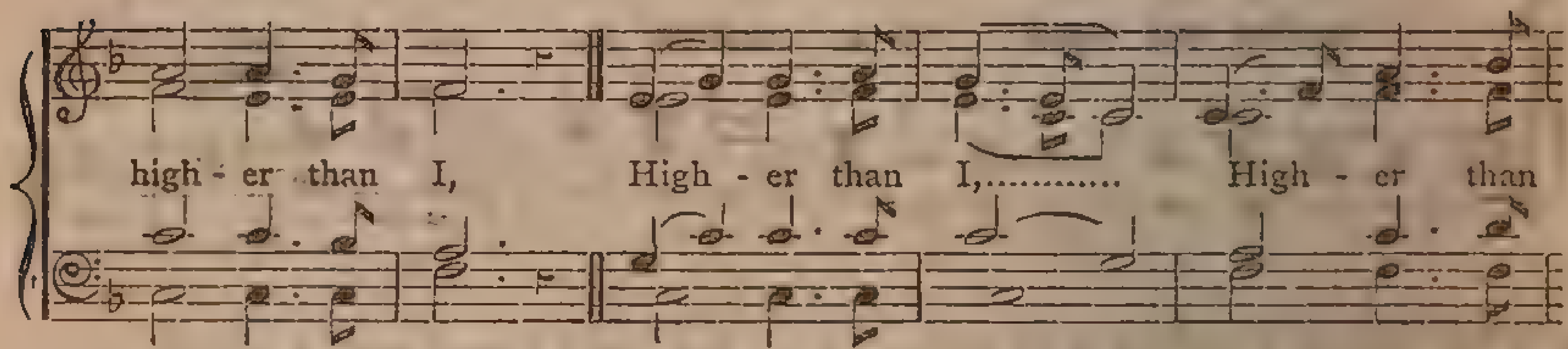
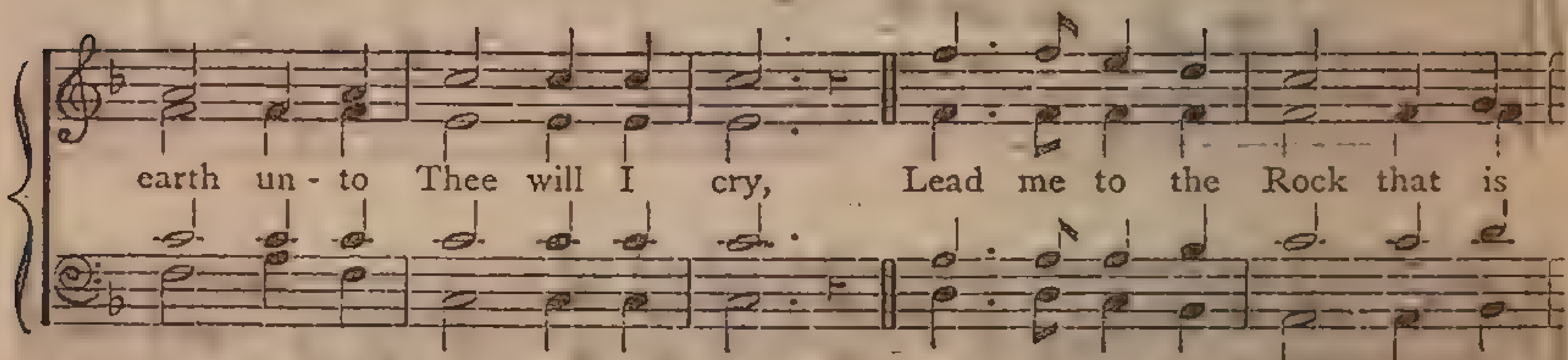
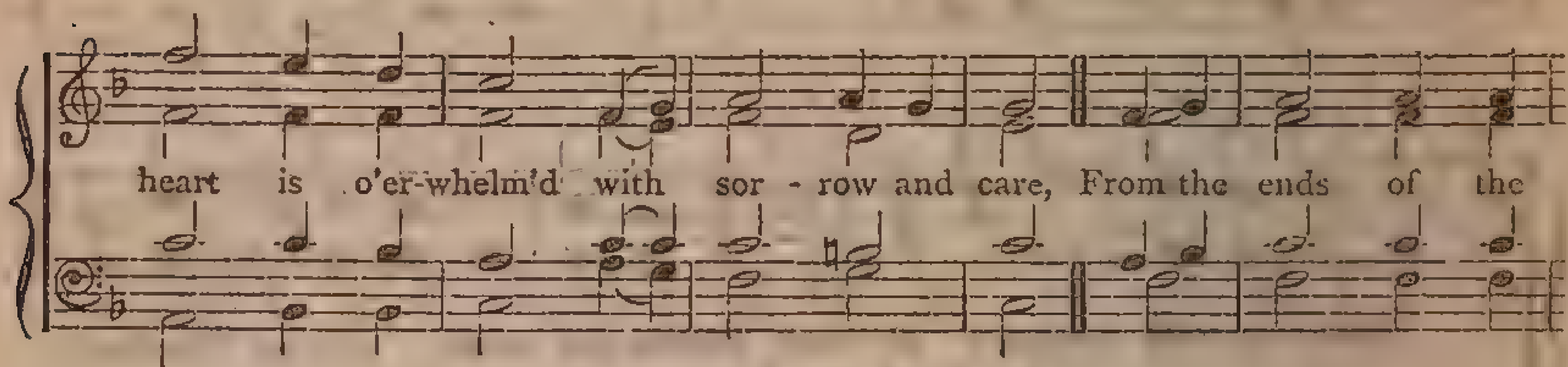
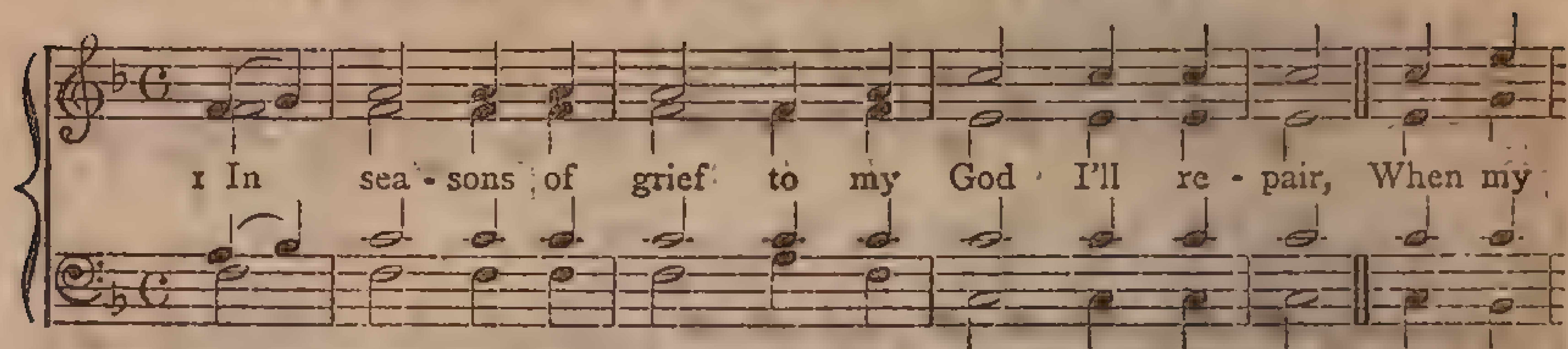
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving
blood;

Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

CHORUS.—*Tune: Tramp, Tramp.*
We'll all shout glory, hallelujah,
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining host above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all
the day.

317 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.



2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners did die—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear,

In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
Transported I'll join with the ransomed on high
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry's mountain, Long time a - go;

And sal - va - tion's roll - ing fountain Now free - ly flows.

2 Once His voice in tones of pity,
Melted in woe,
And He wept o'er Judah's city
Long time ago.

3 On His head the dew's of midnight
Fell long ago;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on His brow.

4 Jesus died, yet lives for ever,
No more to die,
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high!

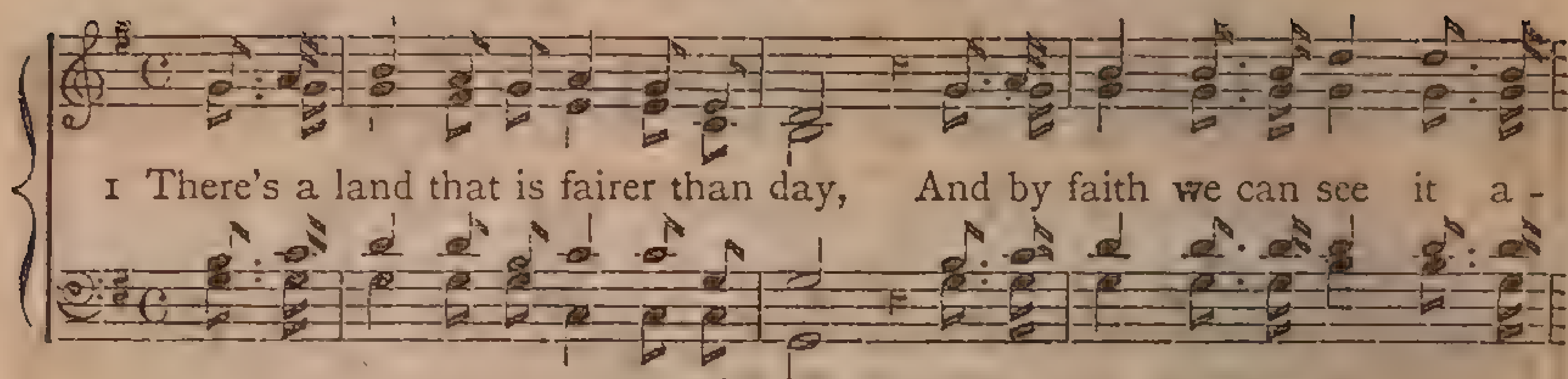
5 Now in heaven He's interceding
For dying men,
Soon He'll finish all His pleading,
And come again.

1 One there is a - bove all o - thers Well deserves the name of Friend;
2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?

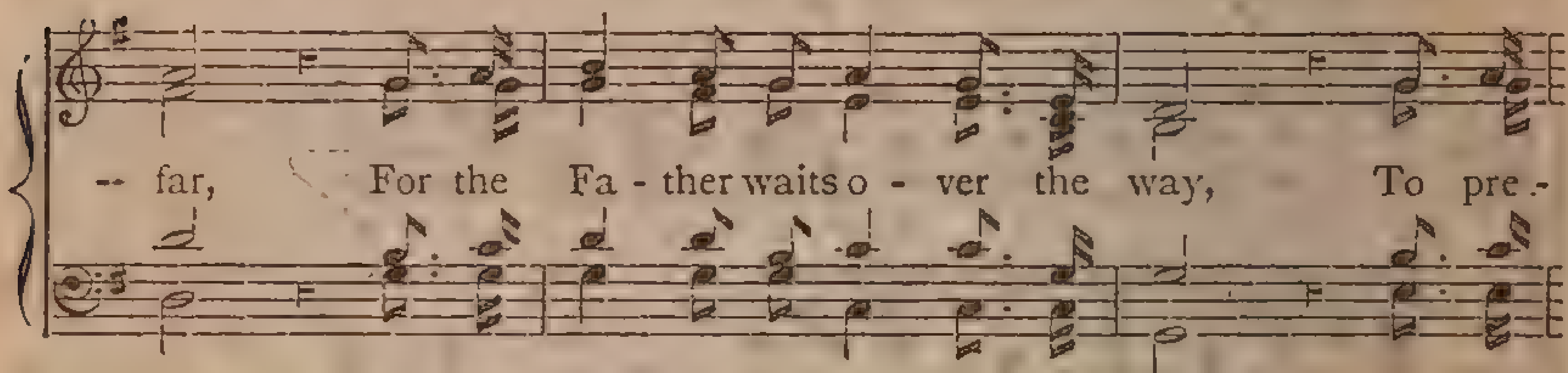
His is love be - yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je - sus died to have us Re - con-ciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

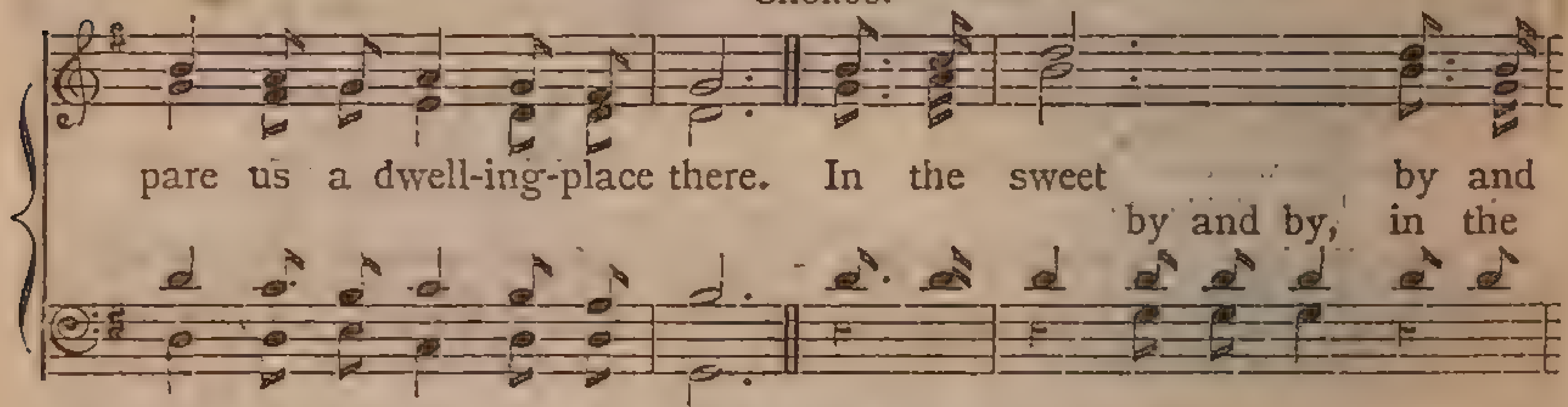


1 There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it a -



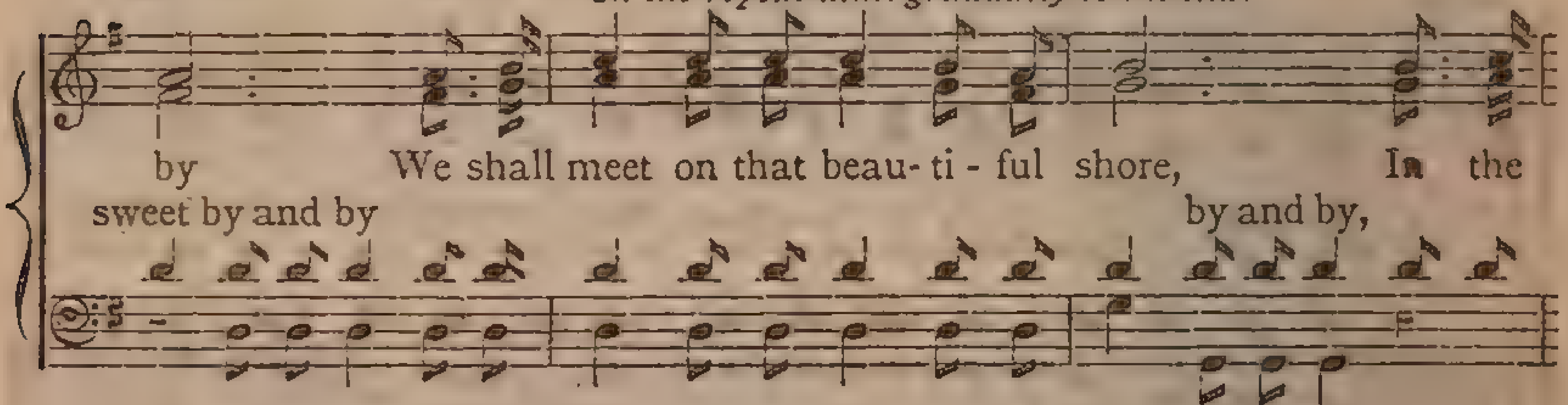
-- far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -

CHORUS.

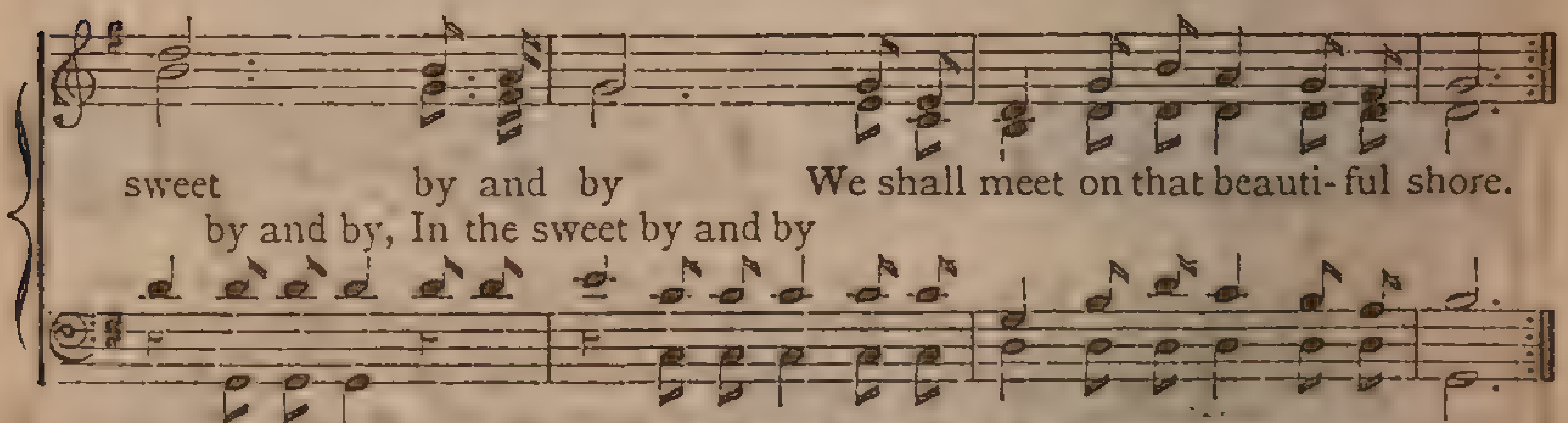


pare us a dwell-ing-place there. In the sweet by and by and by, in the

In the repeat dim. gradually to the end.



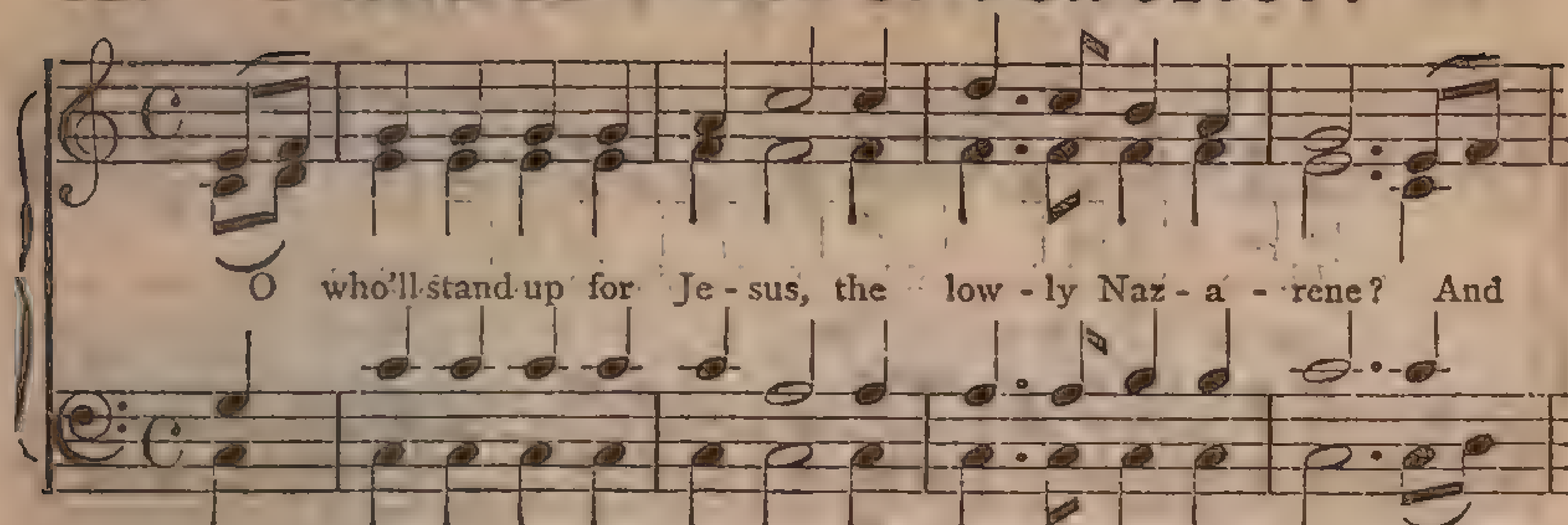
by We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the
sweet by and by by and by,



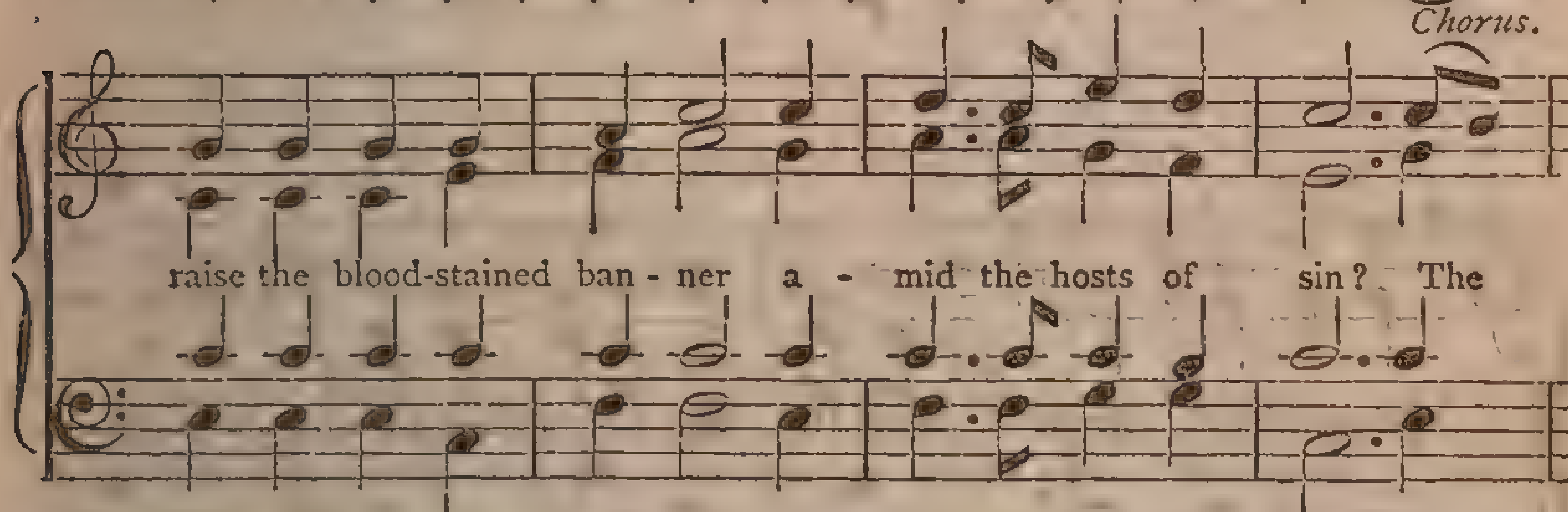
sweet by and by We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, &c.

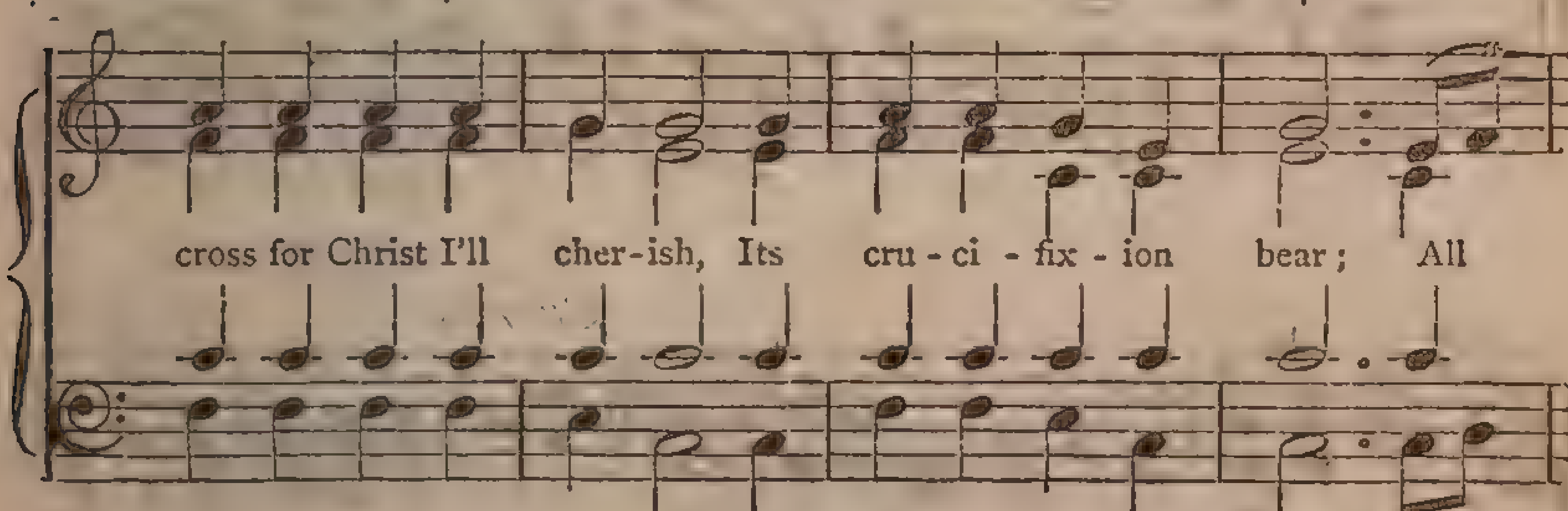
3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love.
And the blessings that hallow our
days.
In the sweet, &c.



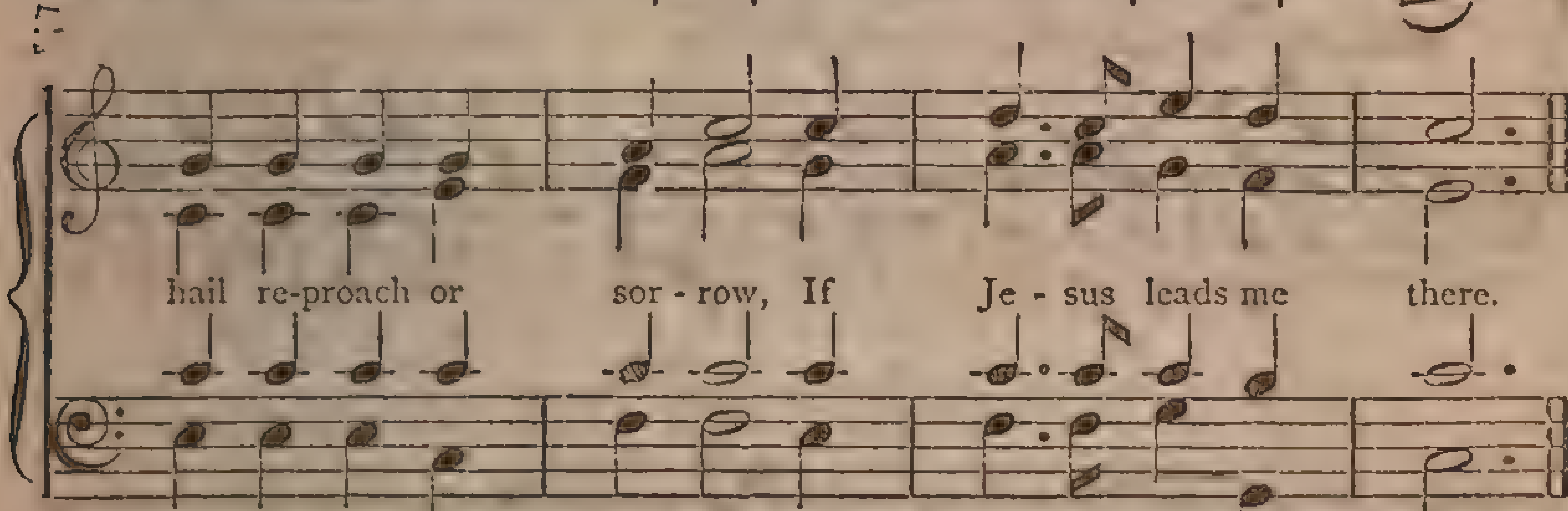
O who'll stand up for Je - sus, the low - ly Naz - a - rene? And



raise the blood-stained ban - ner a - mid the hosts of sin? The



cross for Christ I'll cher-ish, Its cru - ci - fix - ion bear; All



hail re-proach or sor - row, If Je - sus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in His name?

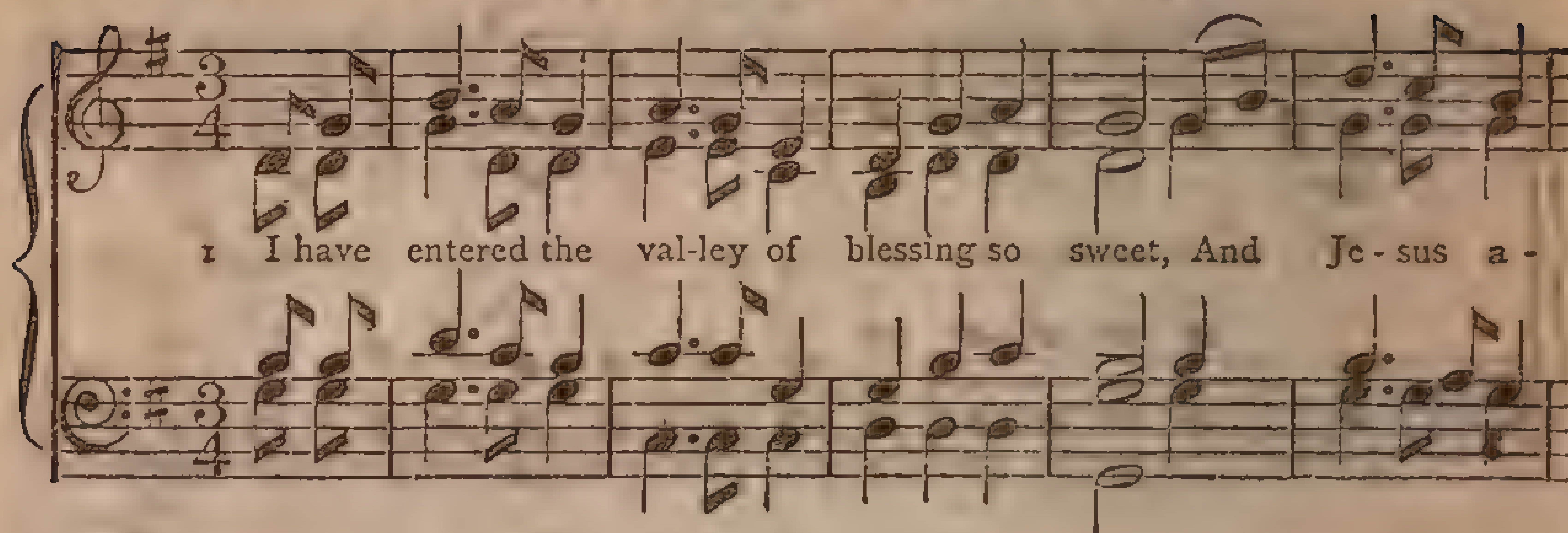
3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may go for ever,
Who will with Jesus go?

4 Though foes shall madly gather,
And devils rage and roar,

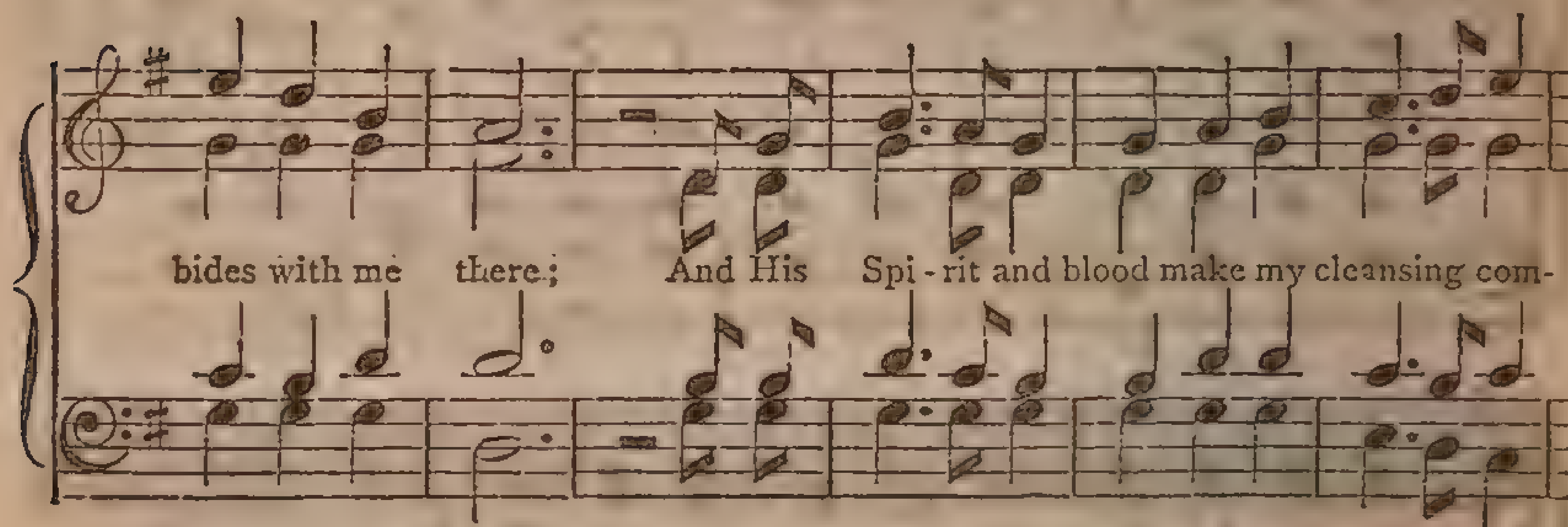
Who'll choose the fiery furnace,
With Jesus evermore?

5 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

6 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to Thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

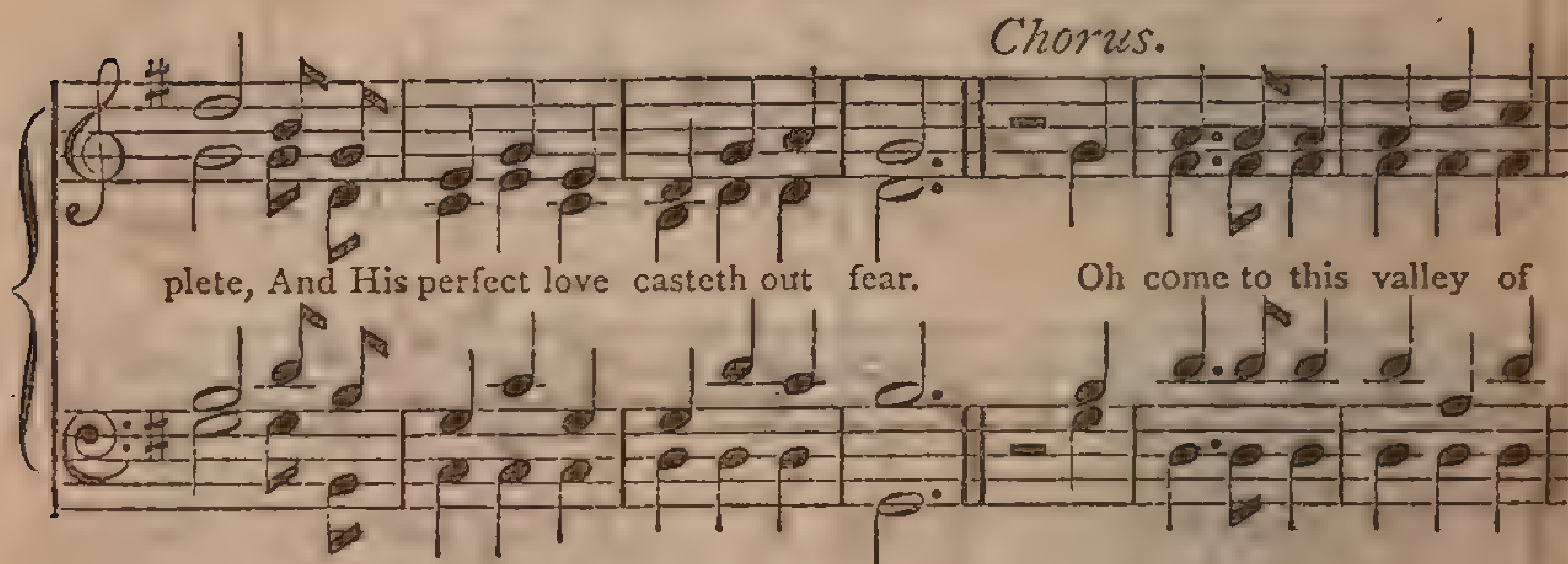


1 I have entered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus a -

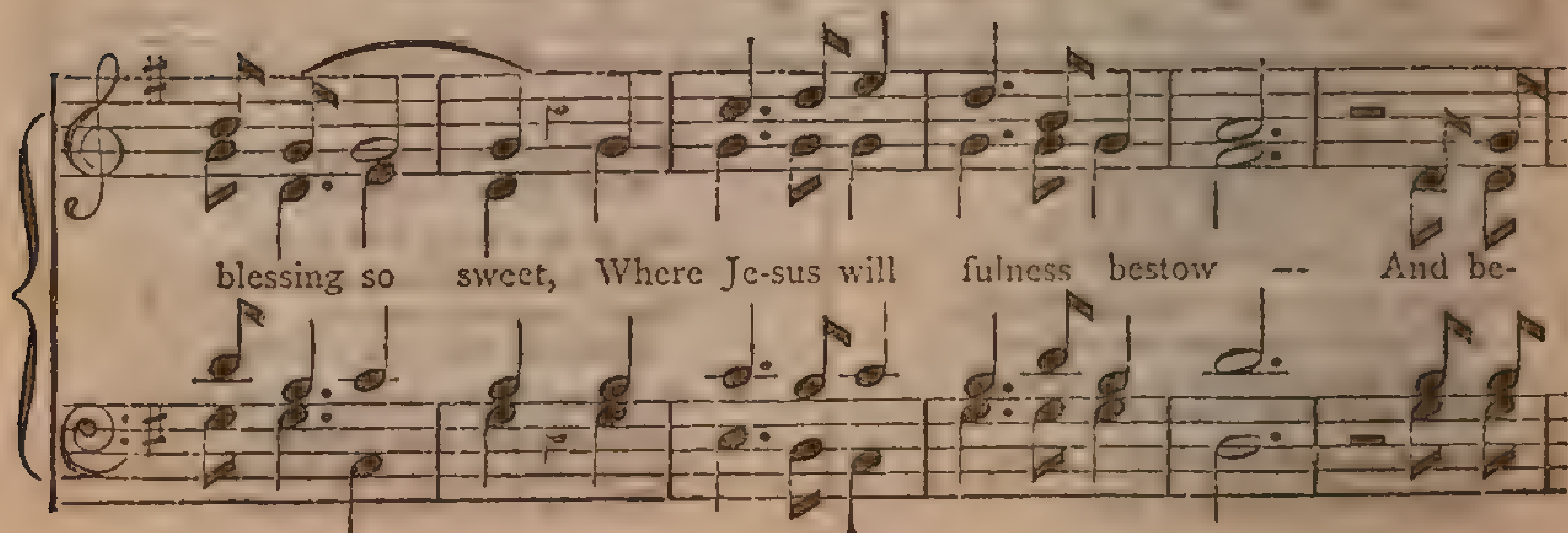


bides with me there; And His Spi-rit and blood make my cleansing com-

Chorus.

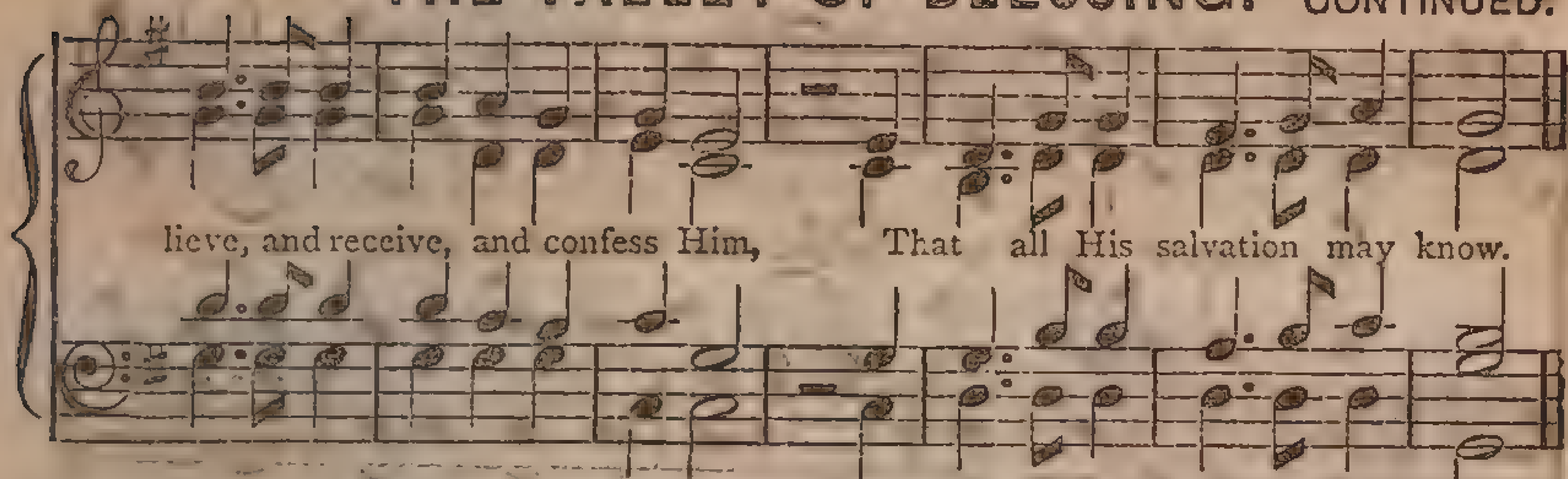


plete, And His perfect love casteth out fear. Oh come to this valley of



blessing so sweet, Where Je-sus will fulness bestow -- And be-

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.—CONTINUED.

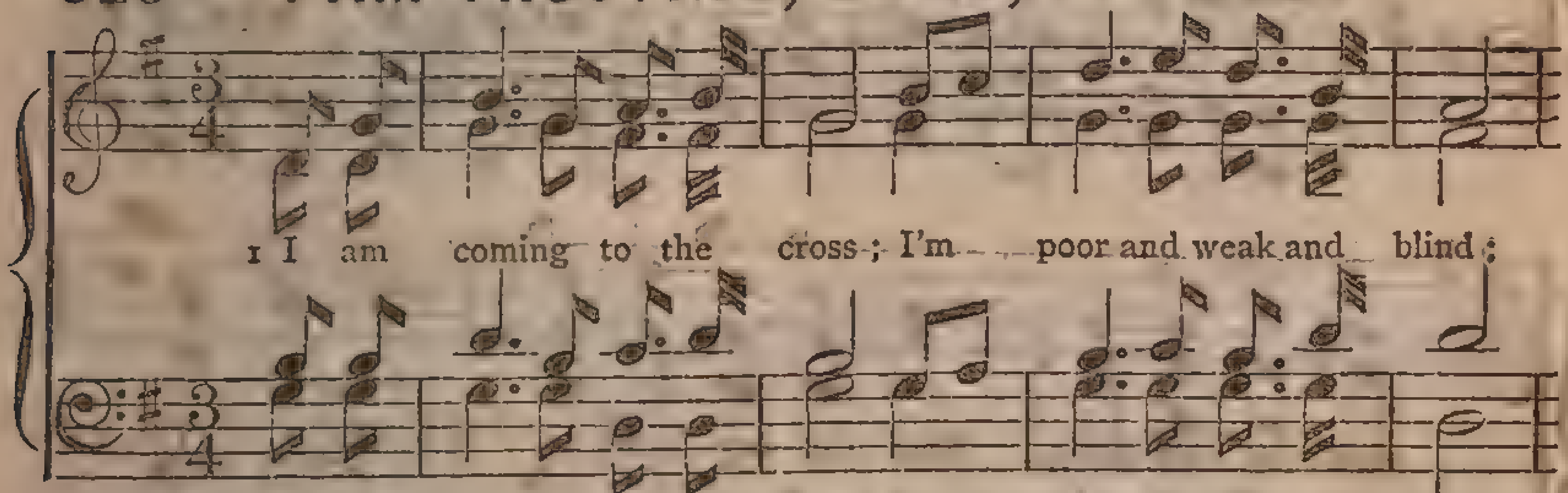


lieve, and receive, and confess Him, That all His salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart,
And there's rest for the weary, worn
traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed
may feel,

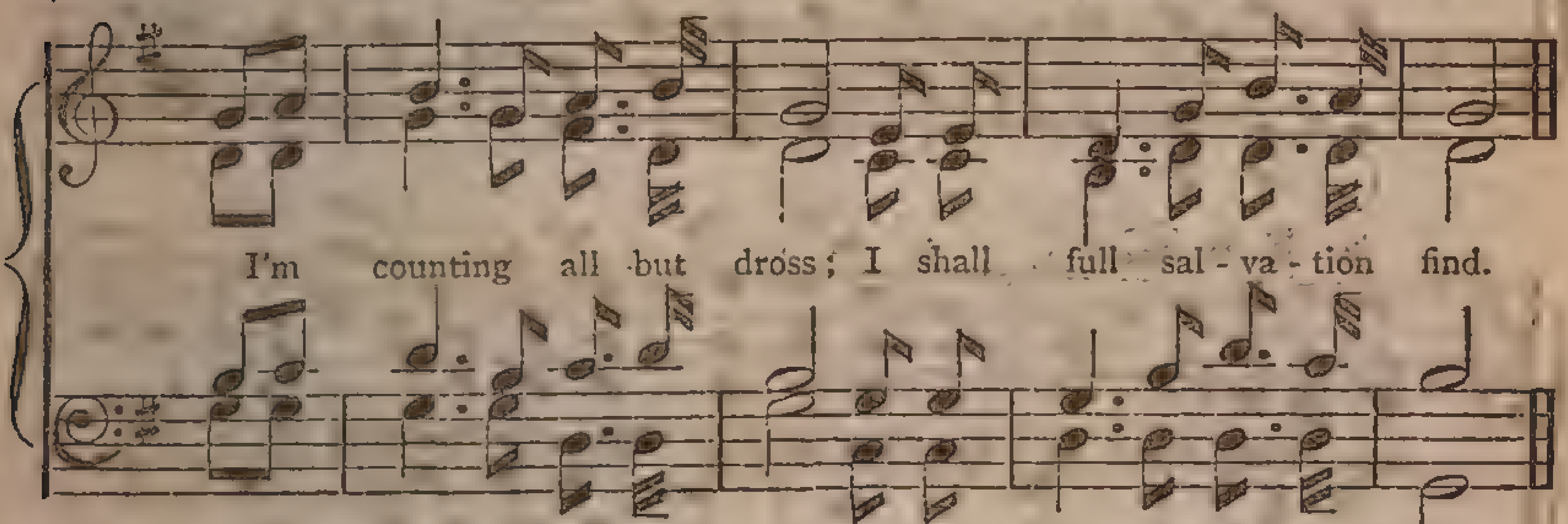
- When heaven comes down redeemed
spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His
feet,
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was
slain!

323 I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.



I am coming to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



I'm counting all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.

Humbly at Thy feet—I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—CHO.
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for evermore.—CHO.
- 4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;

- I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.
- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
- (Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me, saves me now!

A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In

Chorus.
yon-der realms of light, Pre - pared for me. I'm near-er my home,

near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day; Yes,

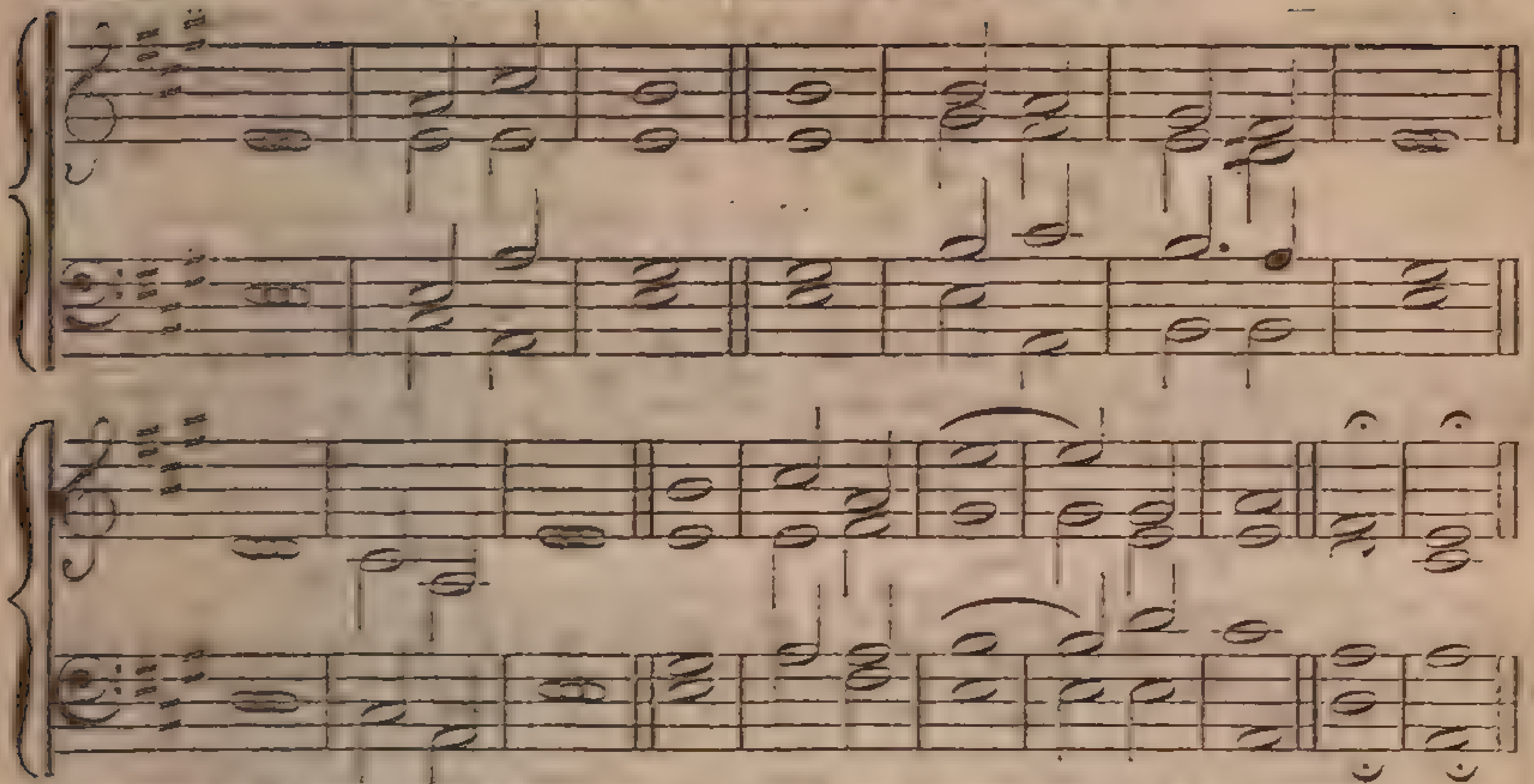
near - er my home in hea - ven to - day Than ever I've been be - fore.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,

O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend!

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.



1 When march'd on the nightly plain,
The glimmering host be- | stard the | sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the | wanderer's | wandering | eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from | ev'ry | gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,
The ocean yaw'd, and rudely blow'd | bark.
The wind that | toss'd my | foundering |

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark fore- | bodings | cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It | led me..to the | port of | peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, | first..in night's | diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem!

1 To - day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'ers, come; O,
ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now;
Walk in His sacred hall.
To love Him.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O, grieve Him not
His mercy's n

1 I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels
Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and

are; } There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part-ing,
care. }

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—REFRAIN.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home. [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one.—REFRAIN.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs for ever ours—
The walls—the golden streets.—REFRAIN.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair;
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there!—REFRAIN.

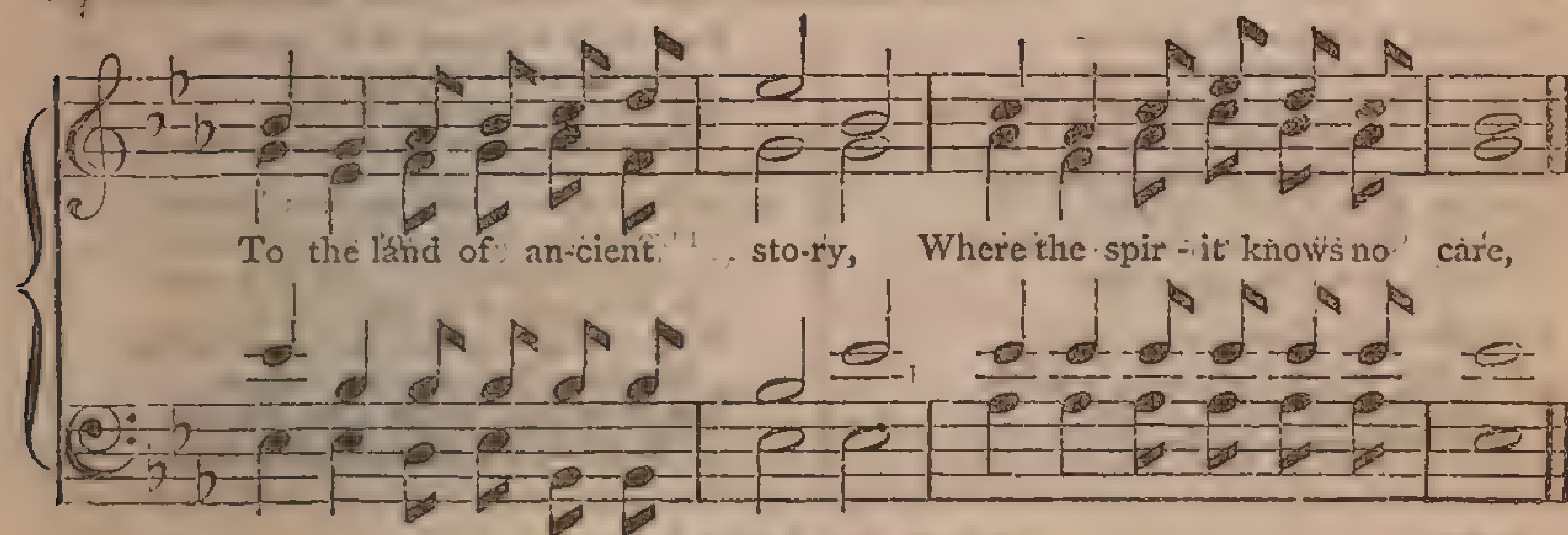
328 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

1 When we hear the music ring - ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome,

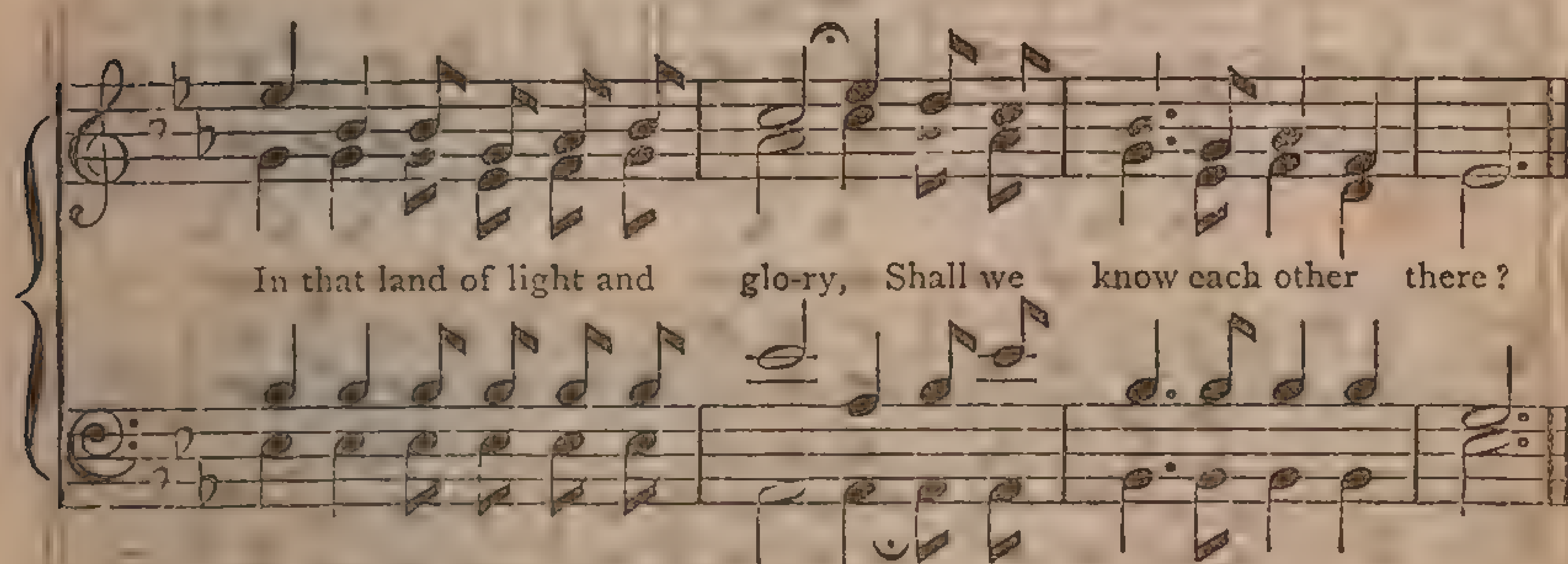
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—CON.



When sweet angel voi-ces singing Glad-ly bid us welcome home,

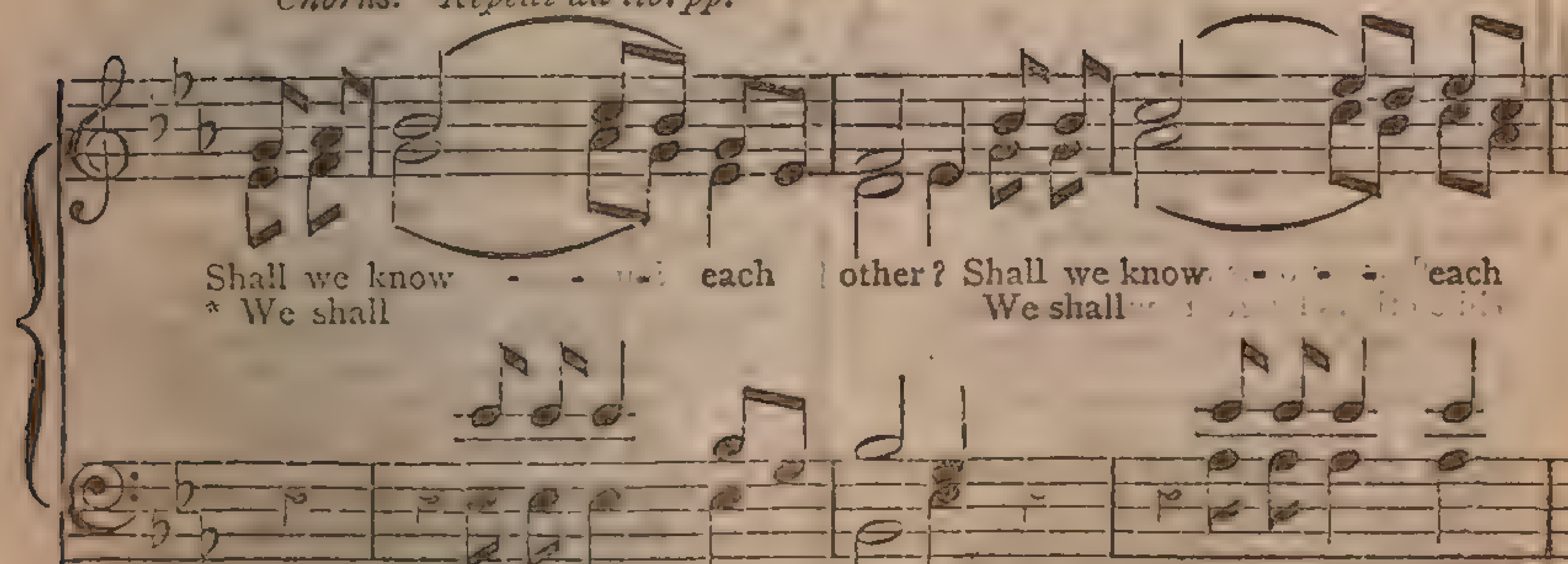


To the land of an-cient sto-ry, Where the spir-it knows no care,



In that land of light and glo-ry, Shall we know each other there?

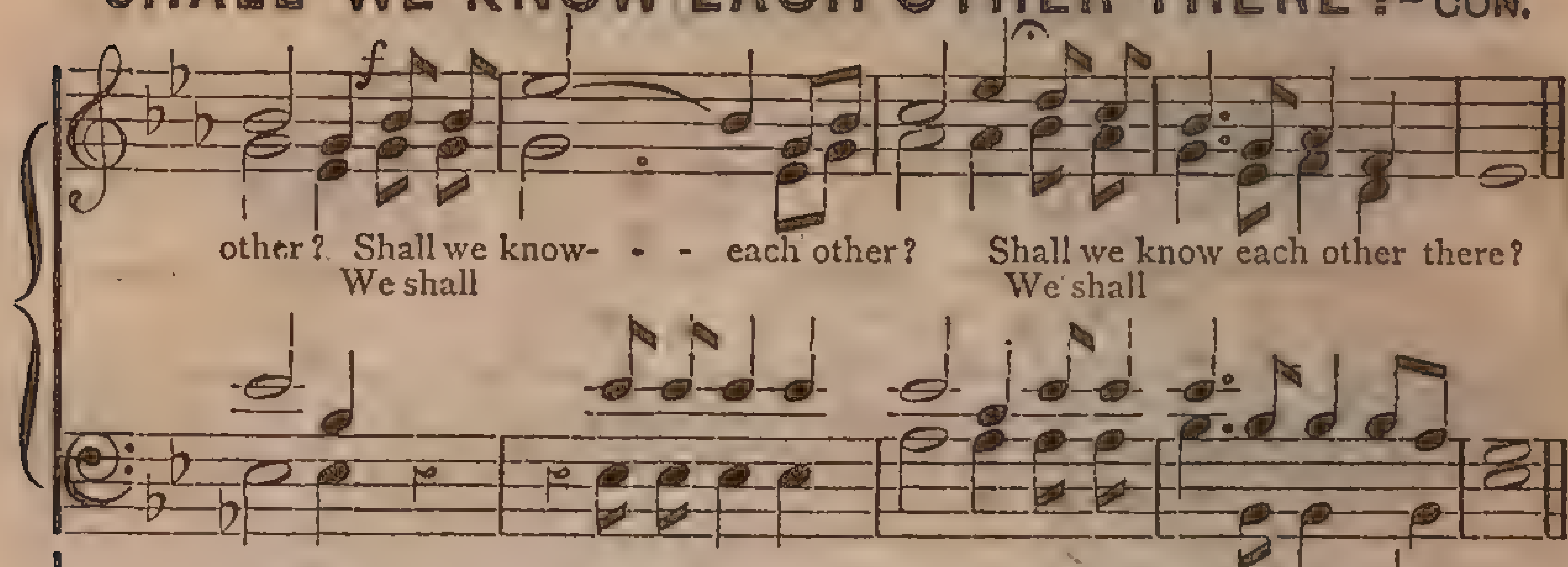
Chorus. Repeat ad lib. pp.



Shall we know each other? Shall we know each
 * We shall We shall

* For the last verse or second chorus.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—CON.



other, We shall know each other, We shall know each other there.

2 When the holy angels meet us
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright

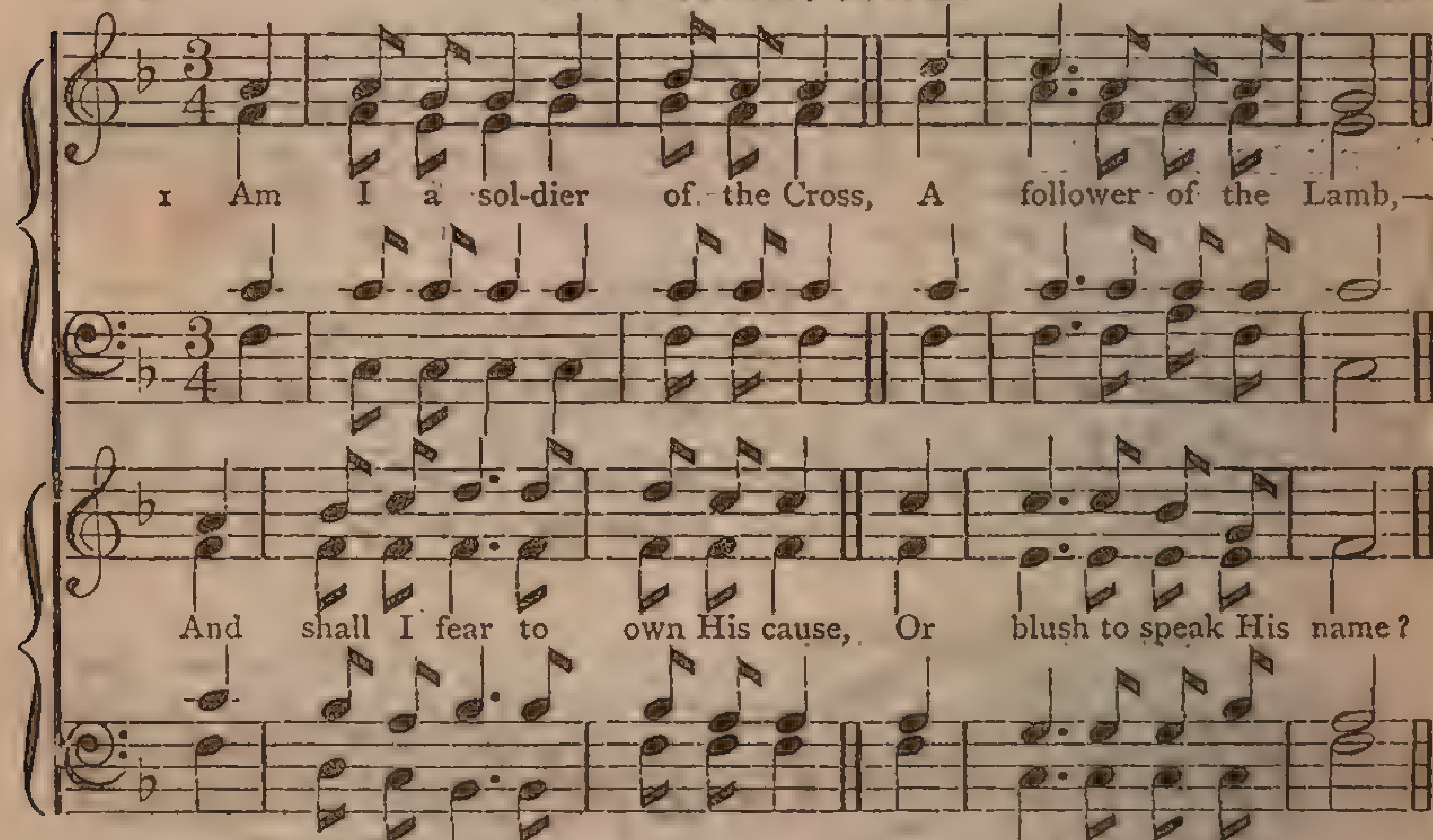
That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there."

329

THE WARFARE.

C.M.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

1 "Land a-head!" Its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2 "Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless-ed wave their hands;

And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright immor-tal bands.

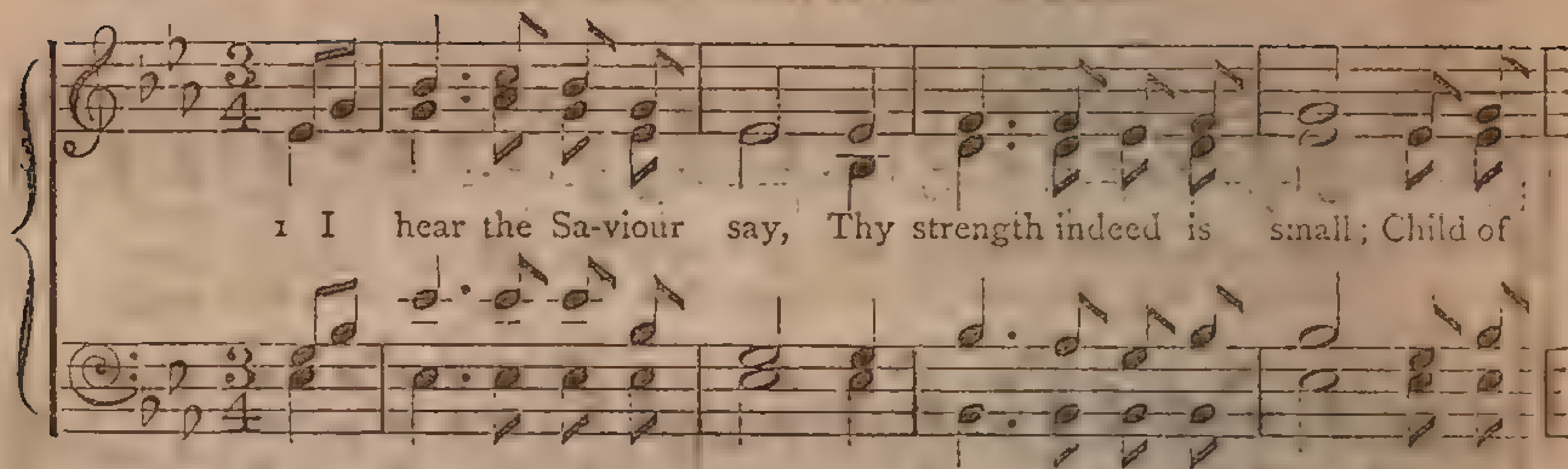
CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore.

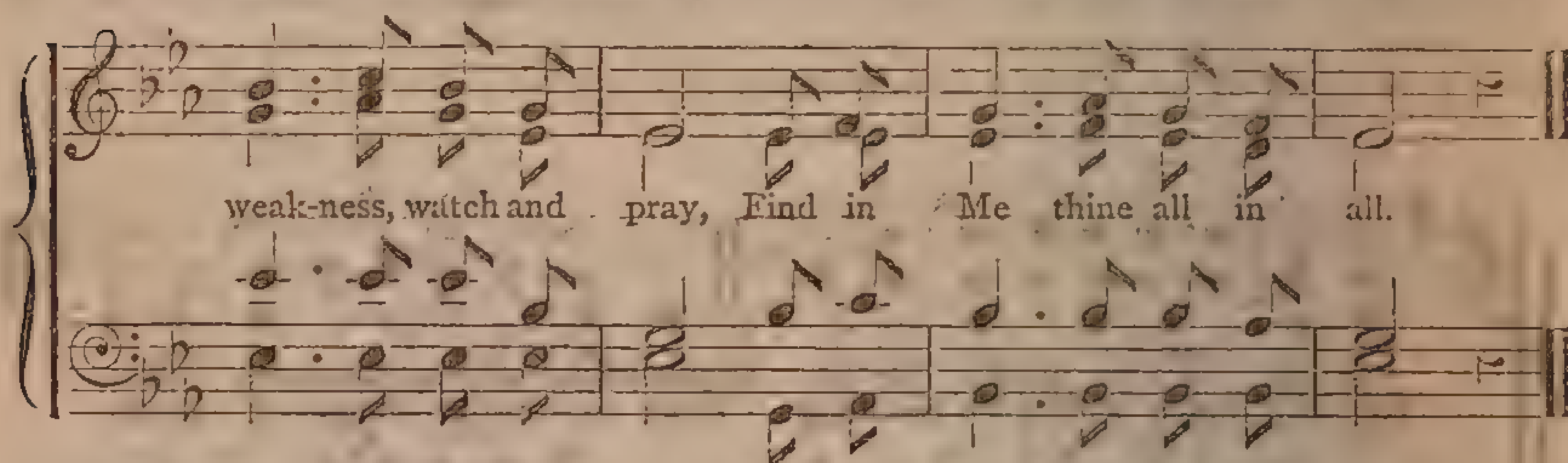
Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Rocks and storms, &c.

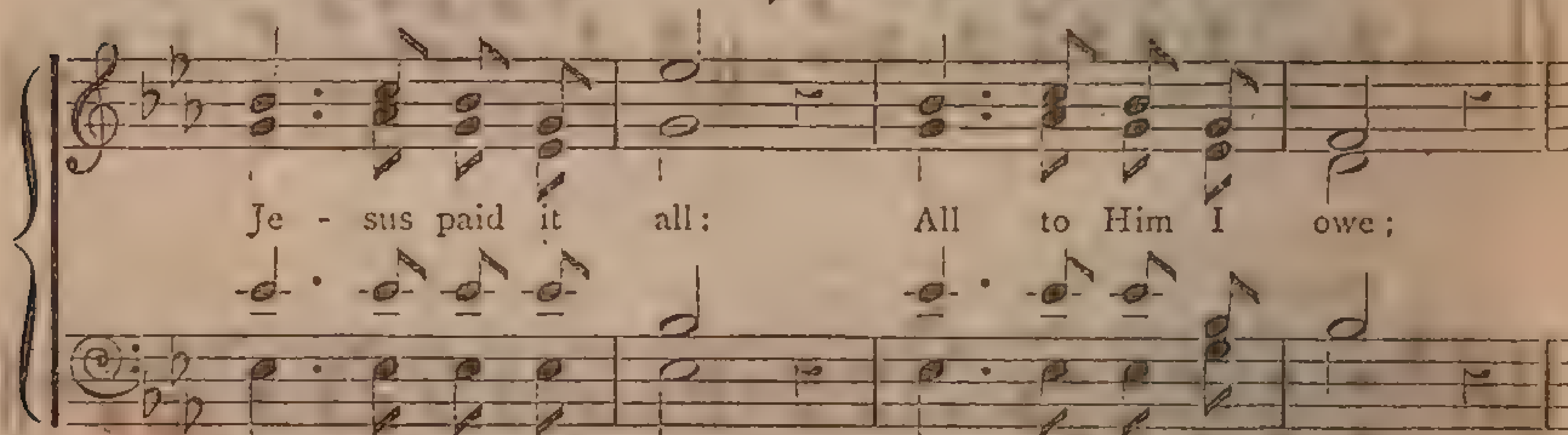
4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation;
We are safe at home at last.
Rocks and storms, &c.



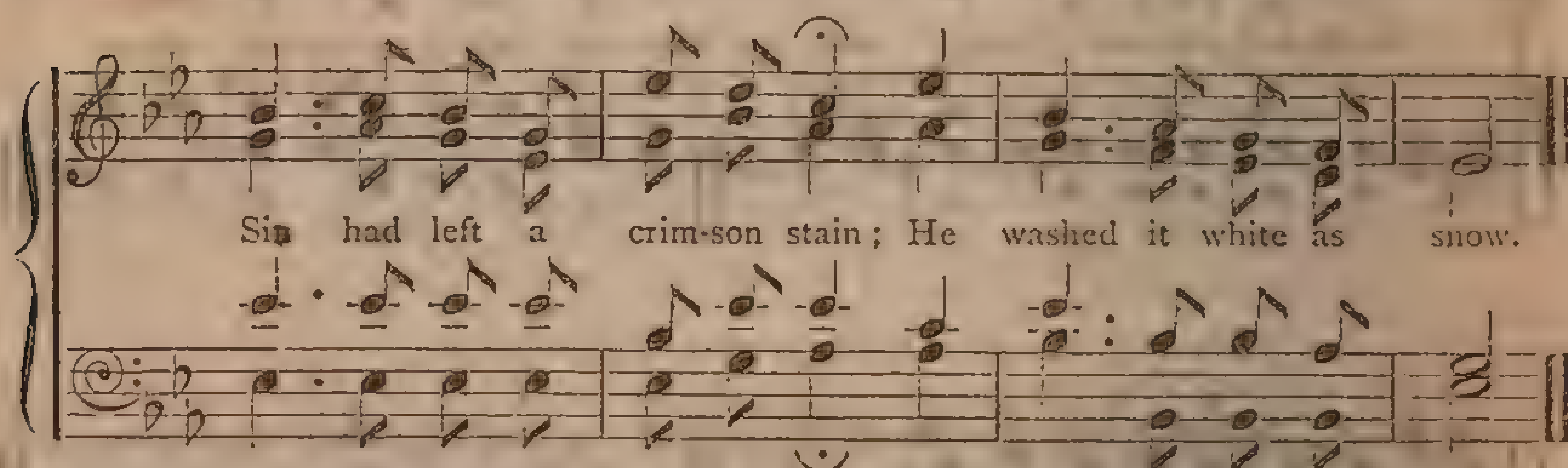
1 I hear the Sa-viour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of



weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.



Je - sus paid it all: All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
Jesus paid, &c.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Jesus paid, &c.

4 Then down beneath His cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring,—
Thy grace must make me whole.
Jesus paid, &c.

5 And then complete in Him
My robe His righteousness,
Close shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.
Jesus paid, &c.

6 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
Jesus paid, &c.

7 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.
Jesus paid, &c.

1 He lead-eth me! oh, bless-ed thought, Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
2 Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!

CHORUS.

f He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me; His

faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For-by His hand He lead-eth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,
He leadeth me, &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me,
He leadeth me, &c.

Dr. Mason, by permission.

I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a

desert drear, Heav'n is my home. Danger and sor - row stand Round me on

ev - ery hand, Heaven is my father - land, Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be over-past;
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest—
 Heaven is my home.

1 To that bright land where Jesus reigns In all His glo-ry now,

Where mu-sic sounds in sweetest strains, I hope ere long to go.

CHORUS.

It's heaven, blest heaven, Sweet heav'n of rest; How I long to be

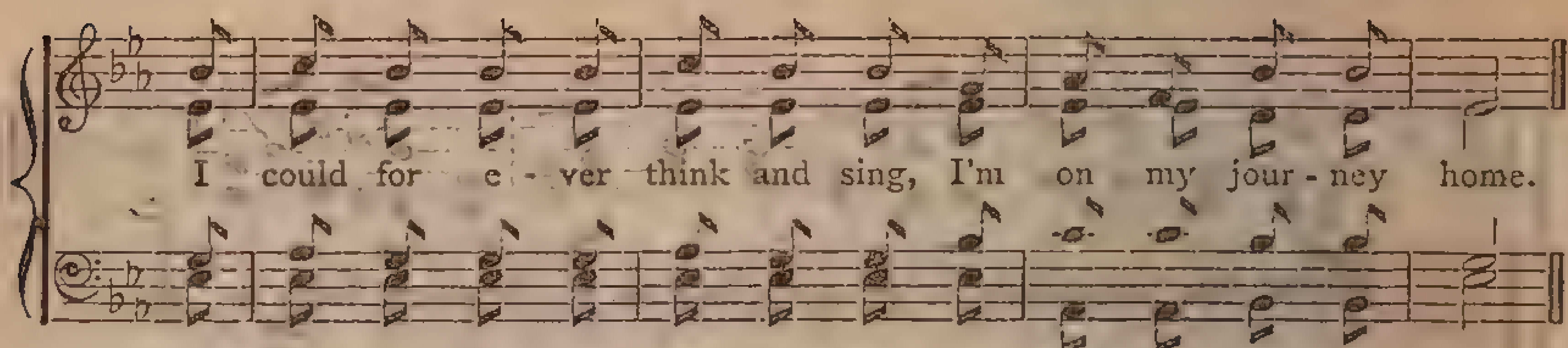
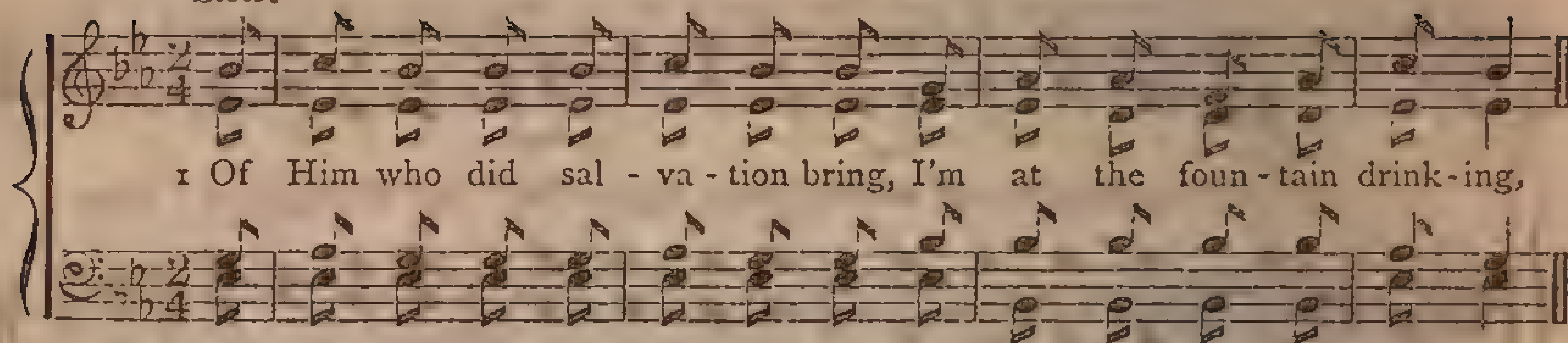
there, And its glo-ries to share, And to lean on Je-su's breast.

2 To see the streets of purest gold,
The garments white as snow;
To pleasures which cannot be told,
I hope ere long to go.

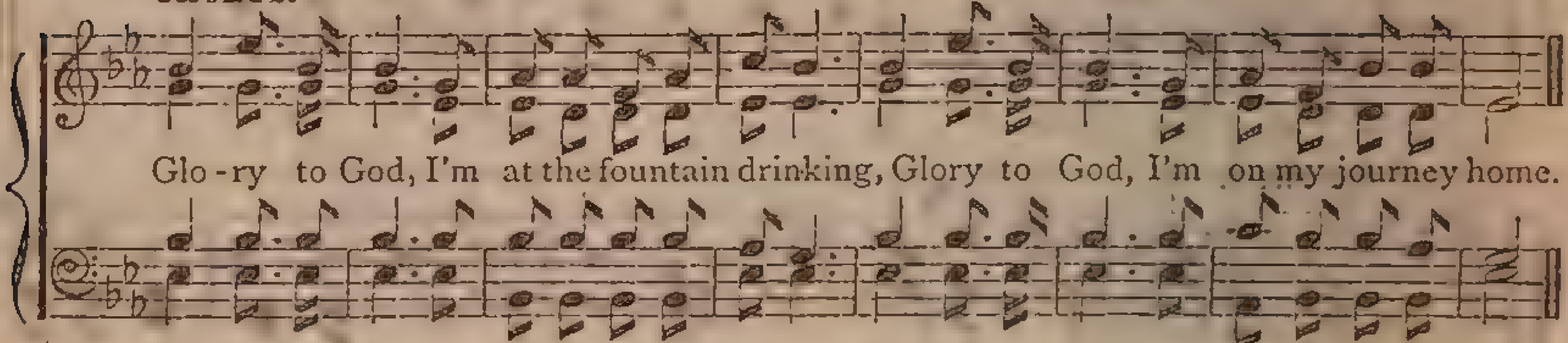
3 To gaze upon the living streams,
Which through the city flow,
Where glory pours its brightest
beams,
I hope ere long to go.

4 Where saints and angels robed in
white
Before the throne do bow,
Where day continues without night,
I hope ere long to go.

5 To that good land beyond the skies,
Where none can sorrow know,
But where the ransom'd share the
prize,
I hope ere long to go.

Slow.

CHORUS.



2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

4 Let all the world fall down and know,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

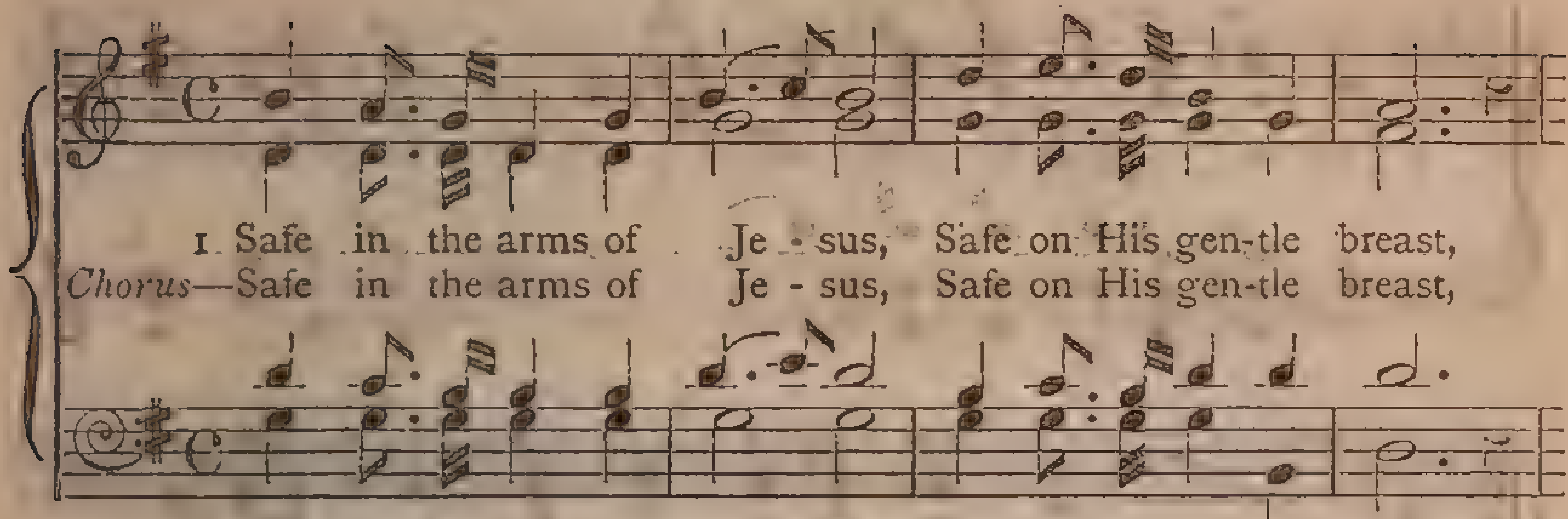
1 Salvation, friends, is ever free,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
O! come, yes, come along with me,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

2 Jesus has bought us with His blood,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Come, walk with me along this road,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

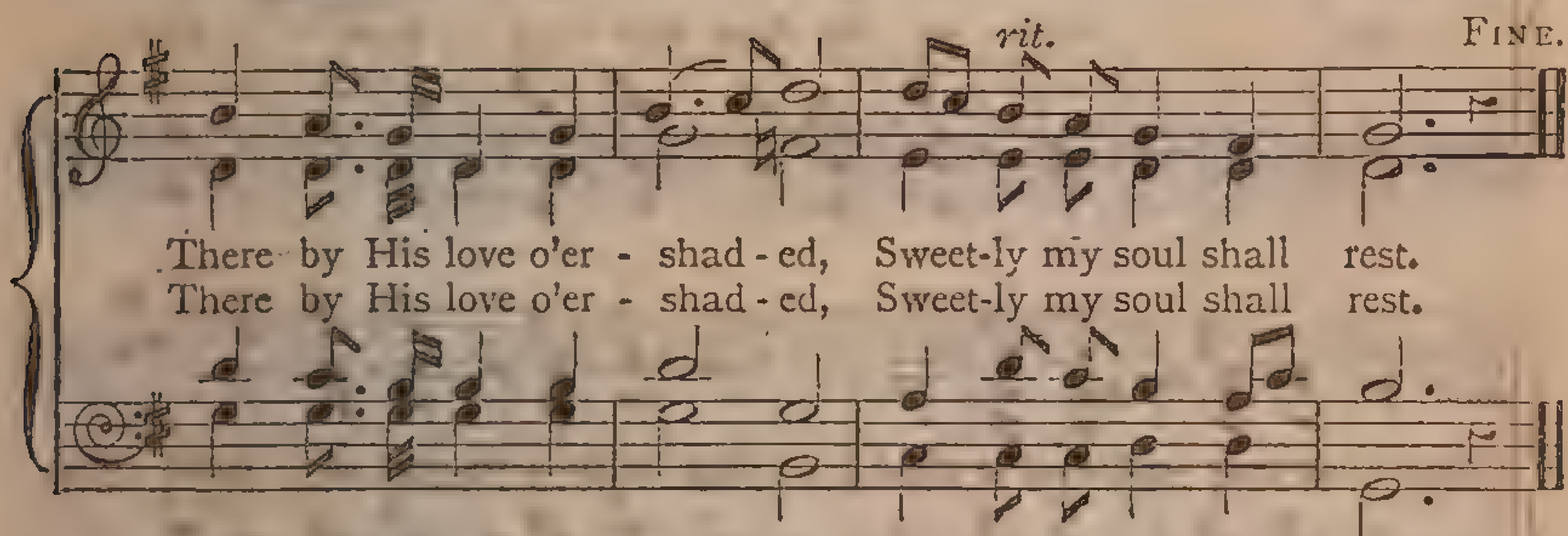
3 The living water, O! how sweet,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Do come and drink, I oft repeat,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

4 The path tho' narrow leads to life,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
And soon will end this mortal strife,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.

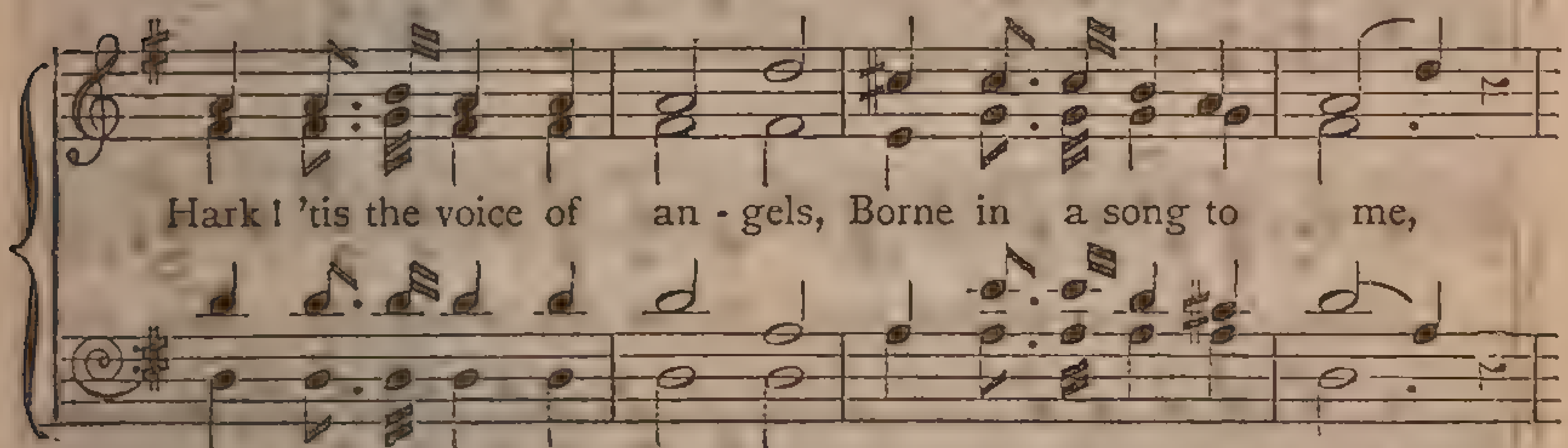
5 Yes, hark! I hear the angels call,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Farewell to earth, farewell to all,
I'm on my journey home.
Glory to God, &c.



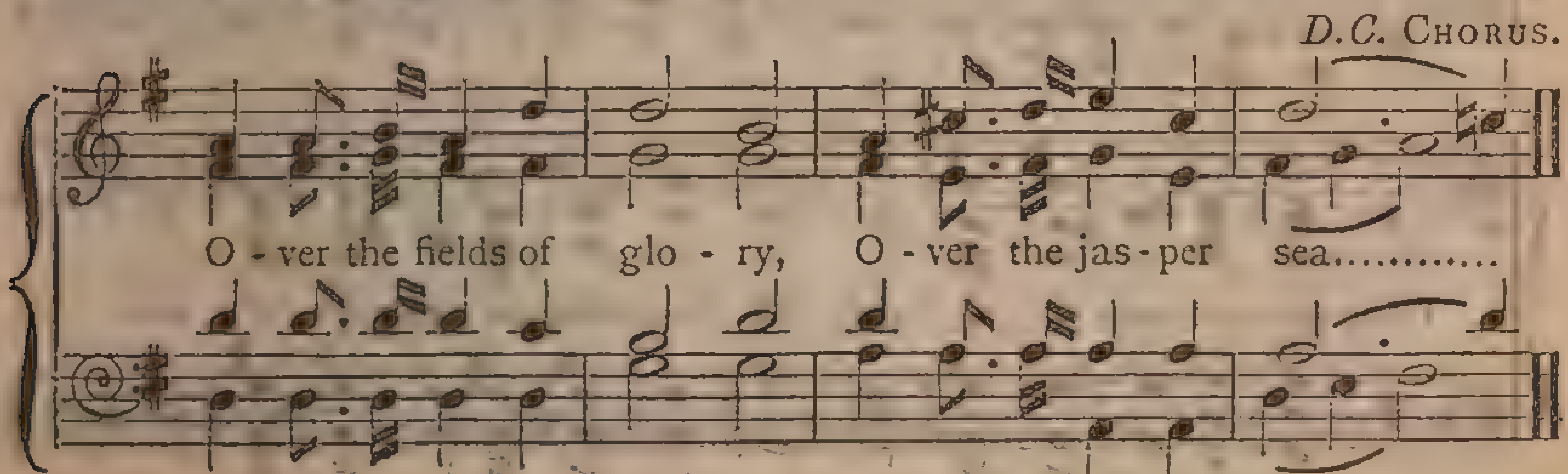
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 Chorus—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

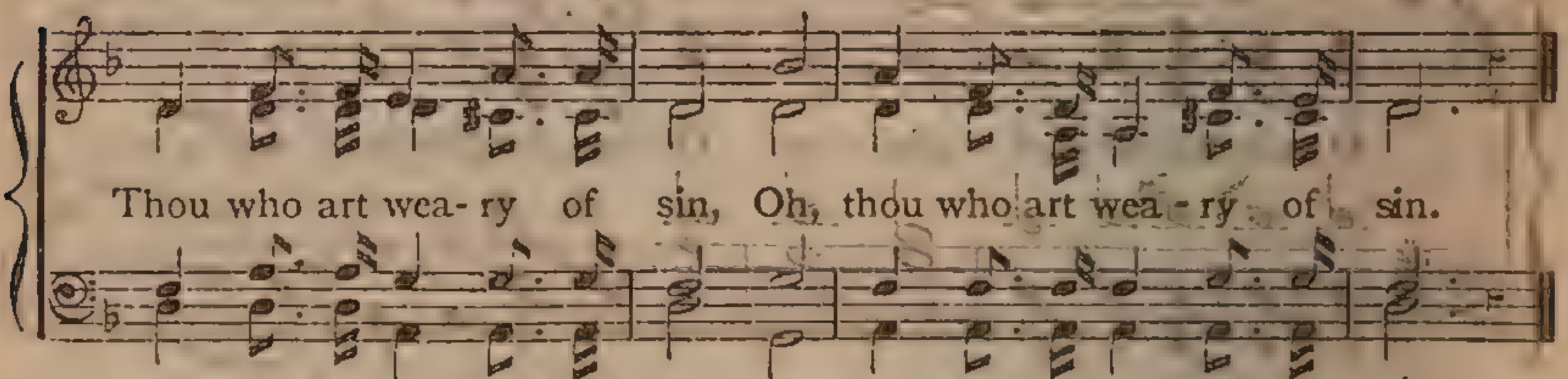
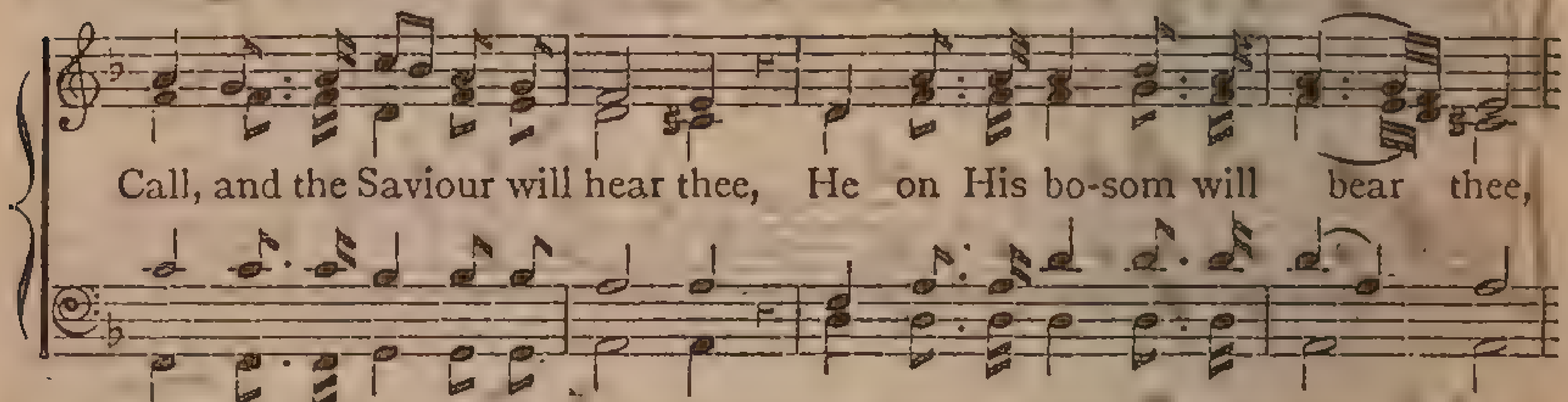
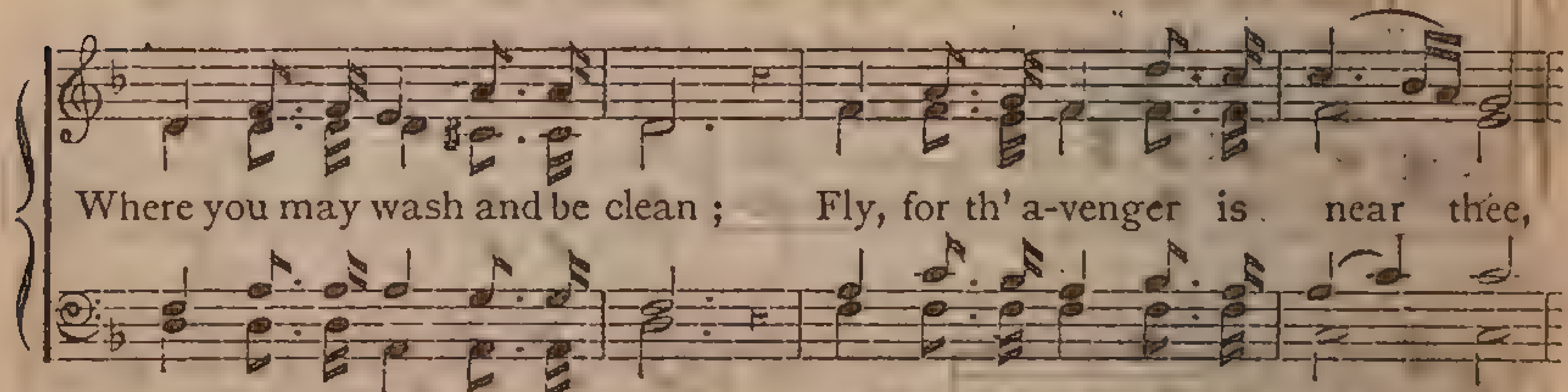
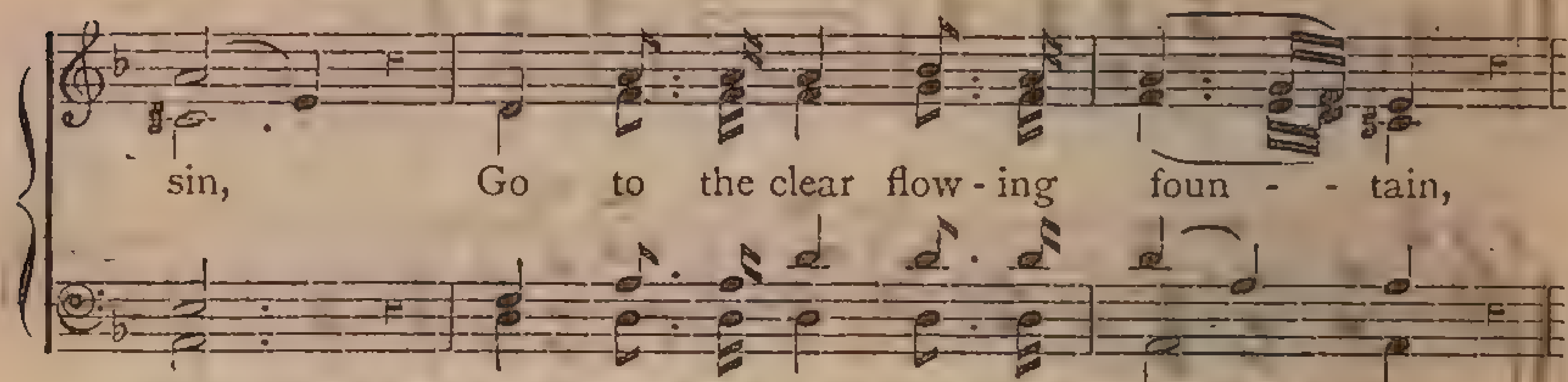
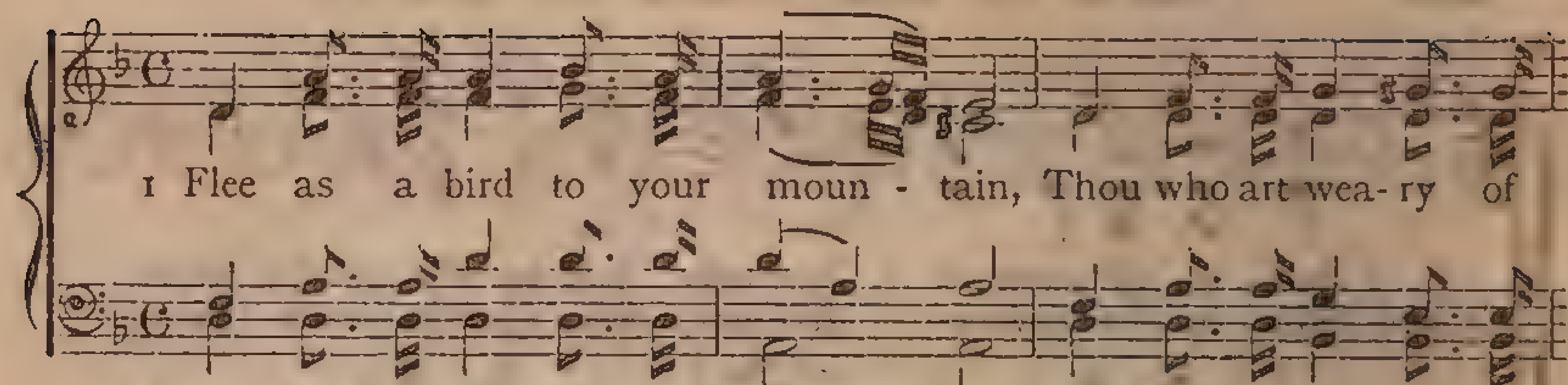


O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!
 Safe in the arms, &c.

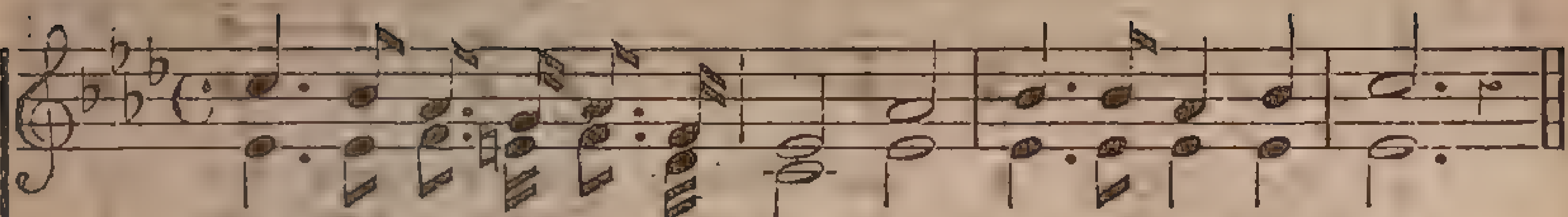
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er,
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.
 Safe in the arms, &c.

FLEE AS A BIRD.



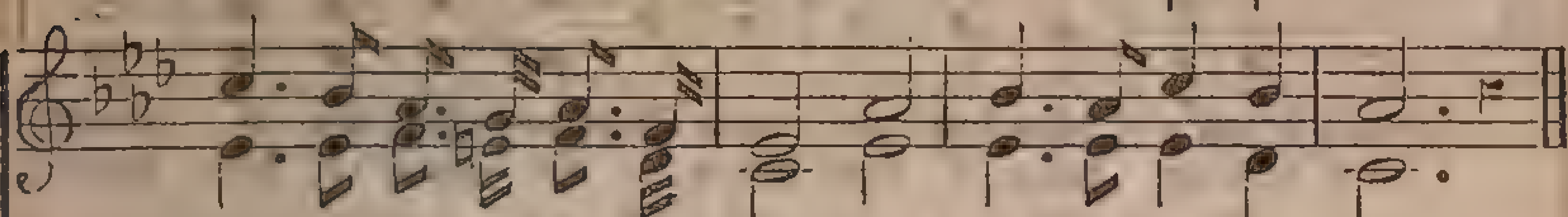
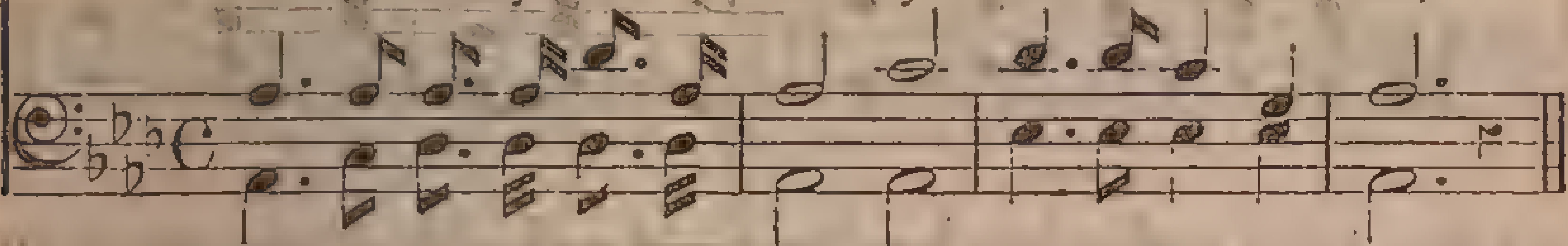
2 He will protect thee for ever,
 Wipe every falling tear;
 He will forsake thee, Oh, never;
 Sheltered so tenderly there.
 Haste, then, the hours are flying,
 Spend not the moments in sighing,
 Cease from your sorrow and crying,
 The Saviour will wipe every tear.

PASS ME NOT.



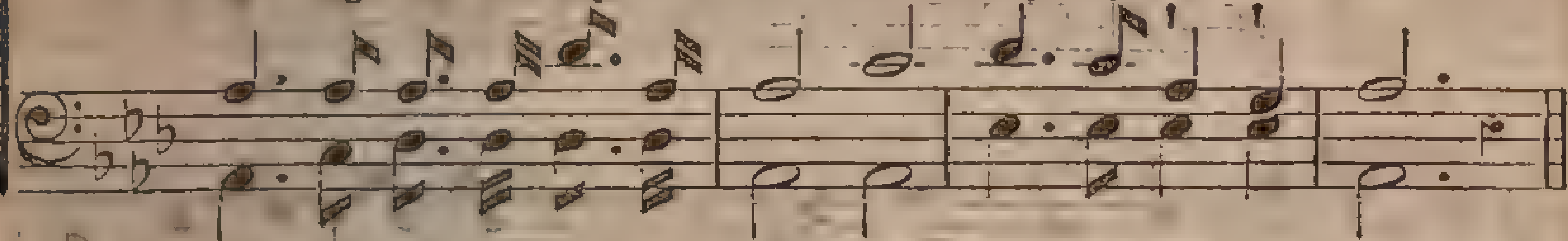
1 Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa-viour, Hear my humble cry:

2 Let me at Thy throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;

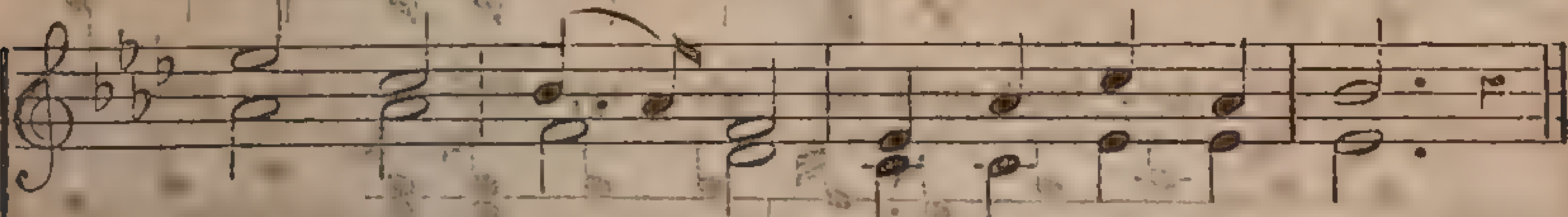


While on o-thers Thou art smi-ling, Do not pass me by.

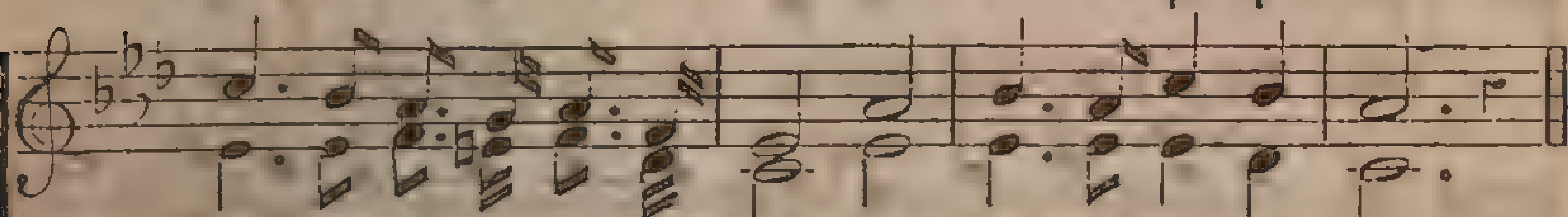
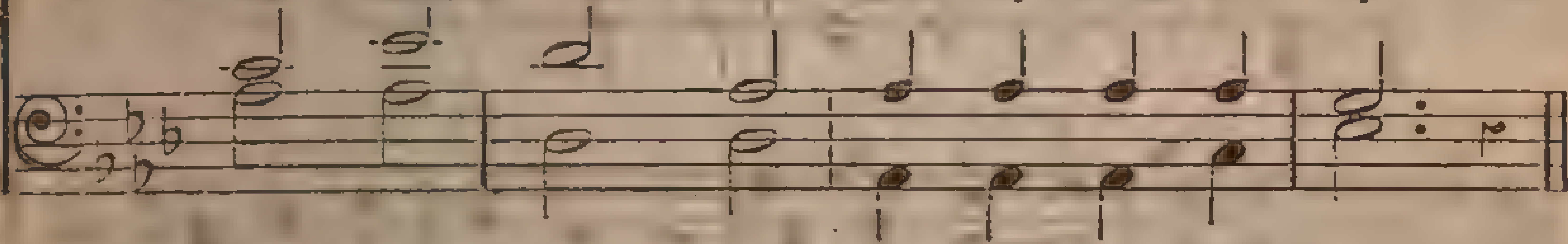
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.



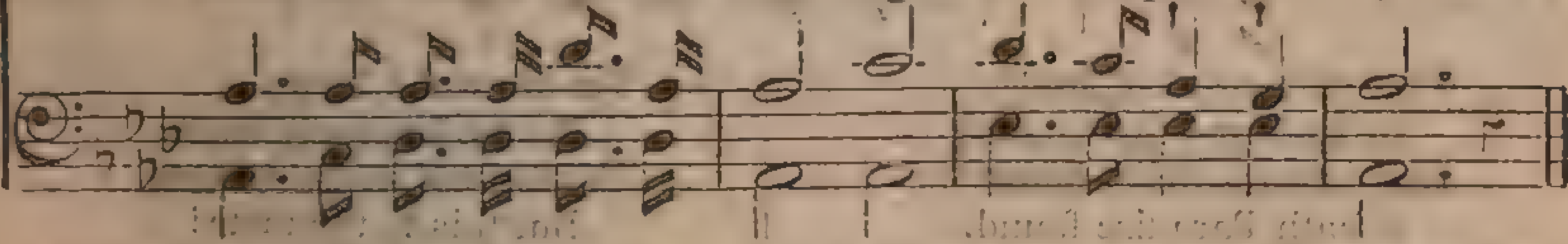
CHORUS.



Sa-viour, Sa-viour, Hear my hum-ble cry,

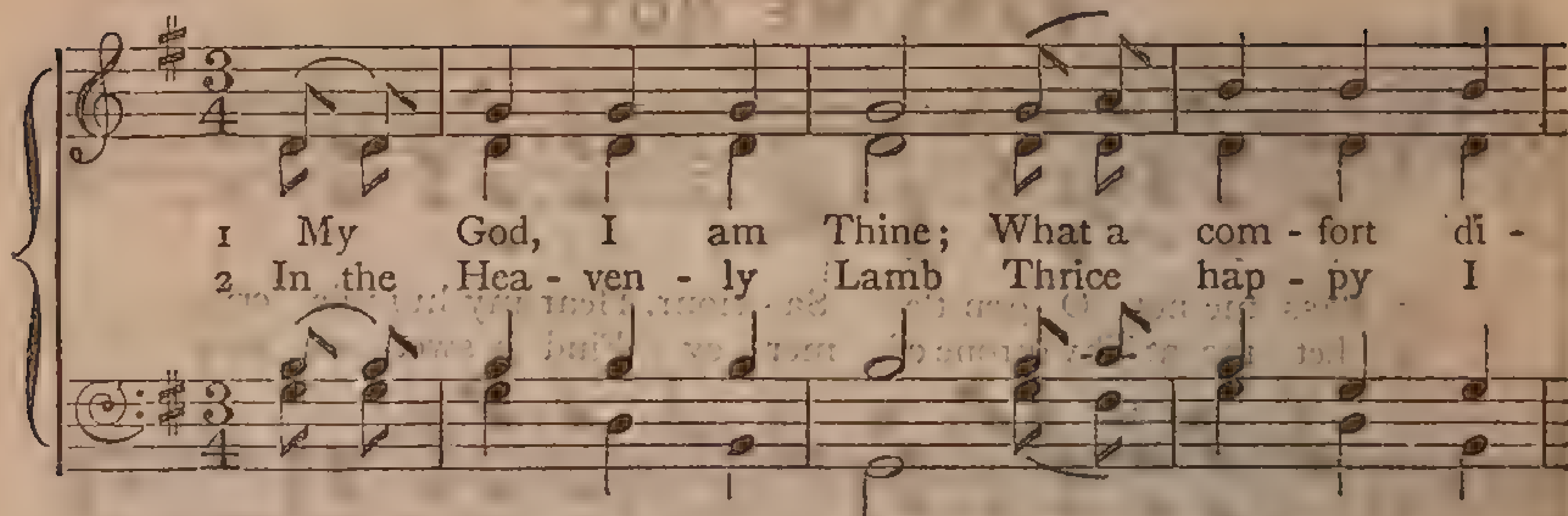


While on o-thers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

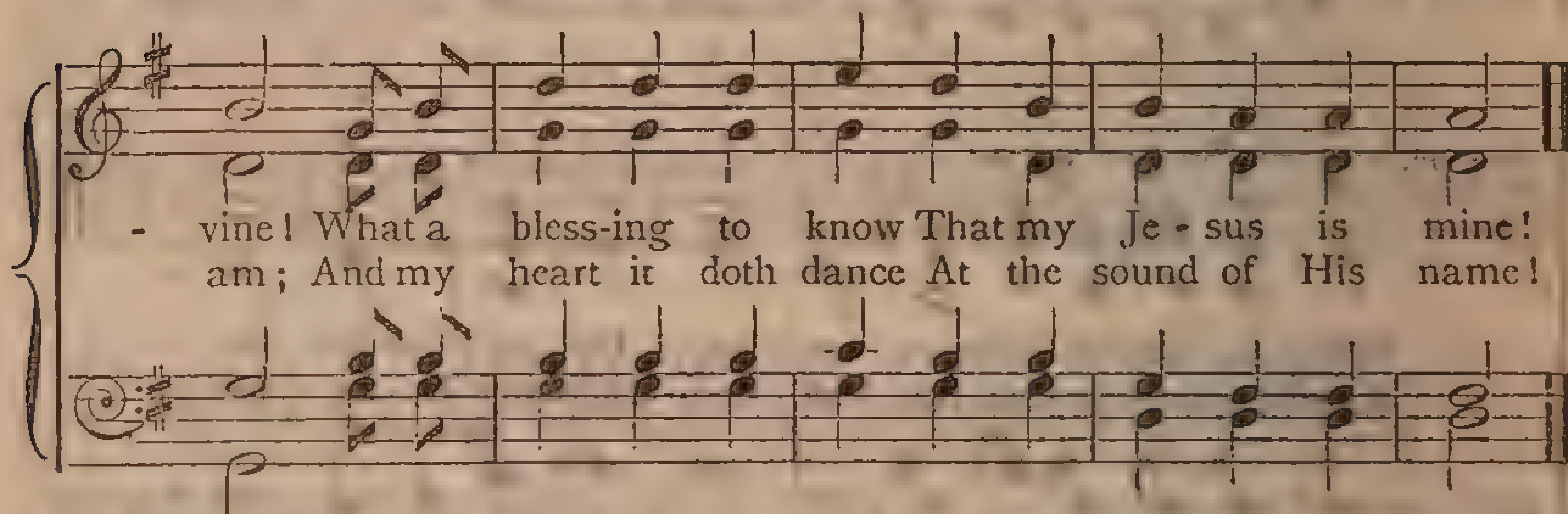


3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
Saviour, &c.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
Saviour, &c.

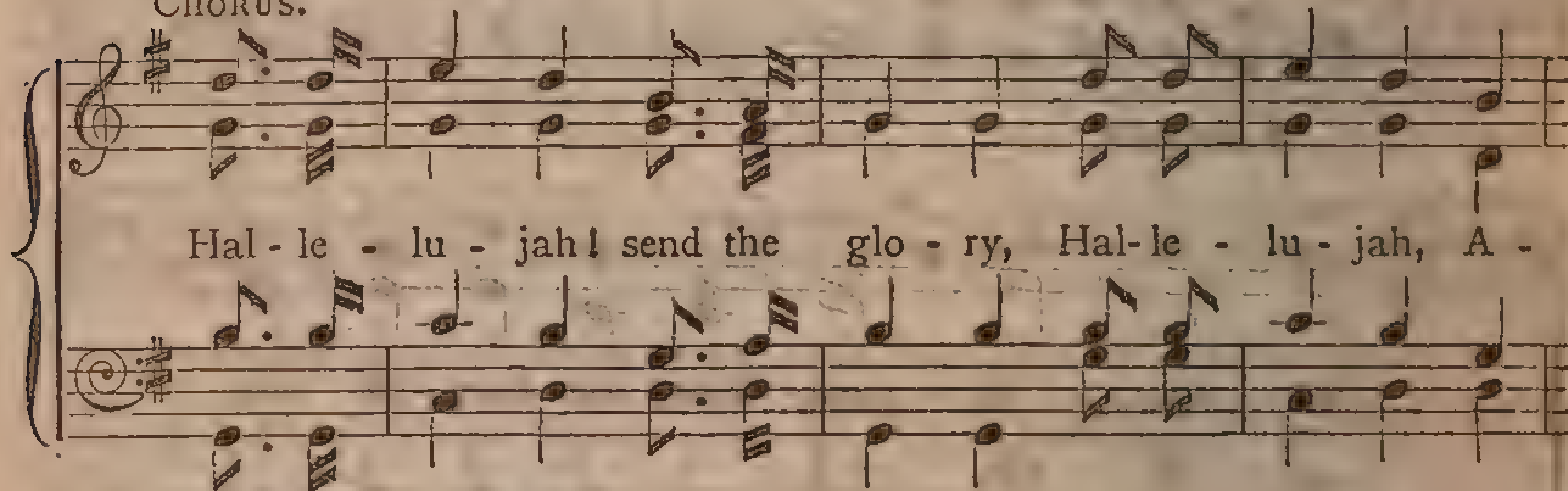


1 My God, I am Thine; What a com - fort di -
2 In the Hea - ven - ly Lamb Thrice hap - py I

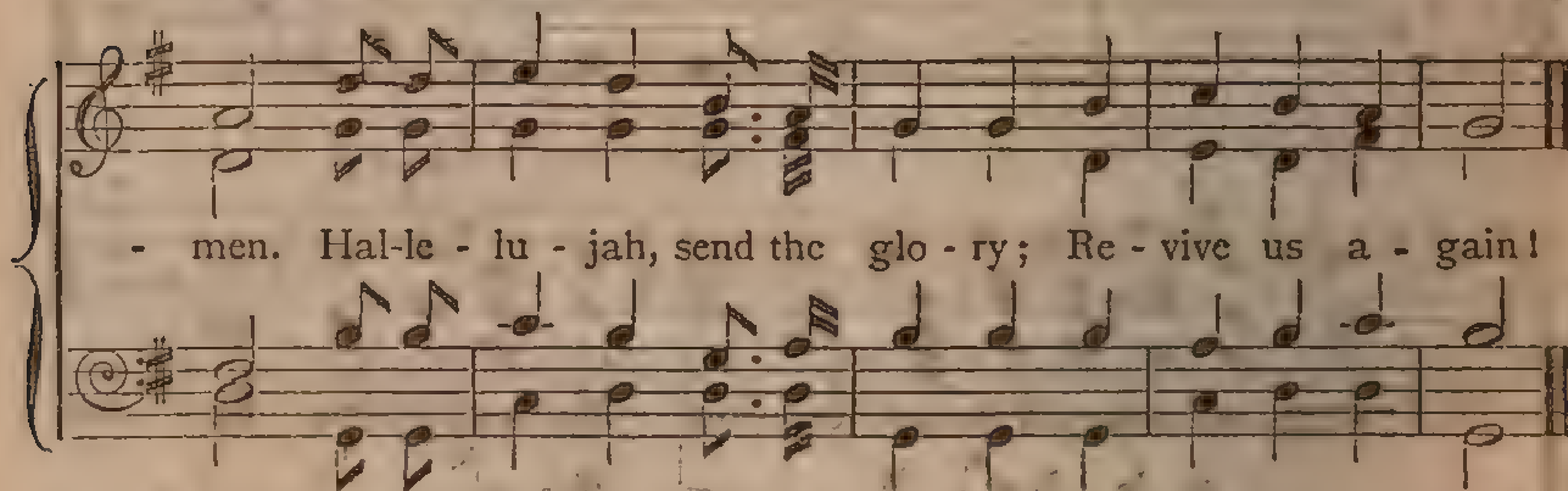


- vine! What a bless - ing to know That my Je - sus is mine!
am; And my heart it doth dance At the sound of His name!

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -



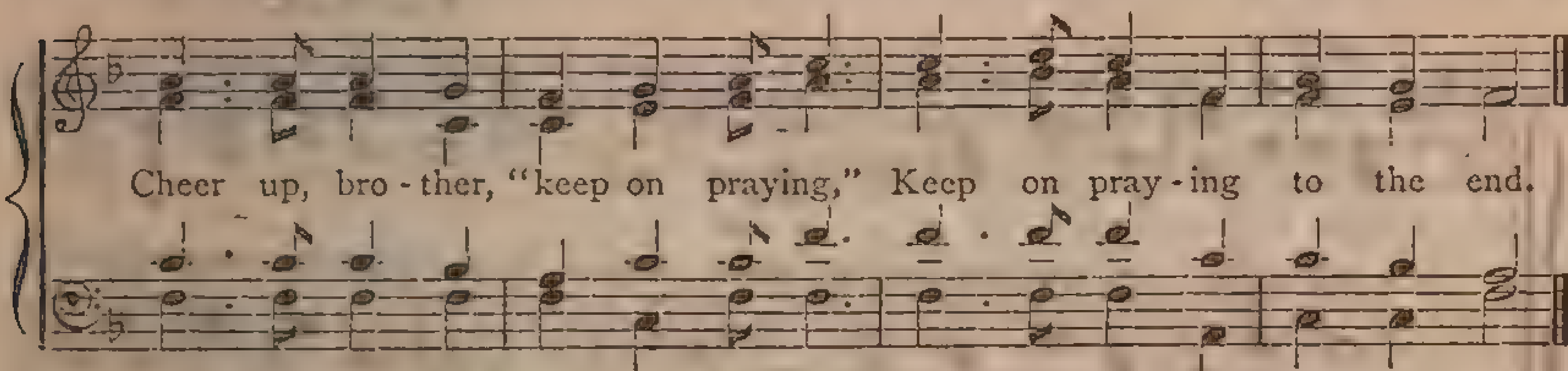
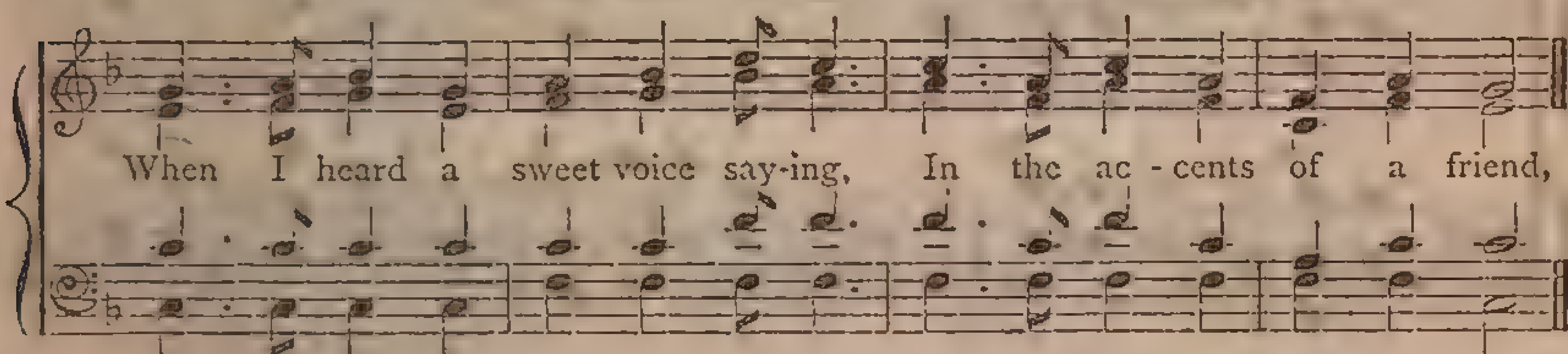
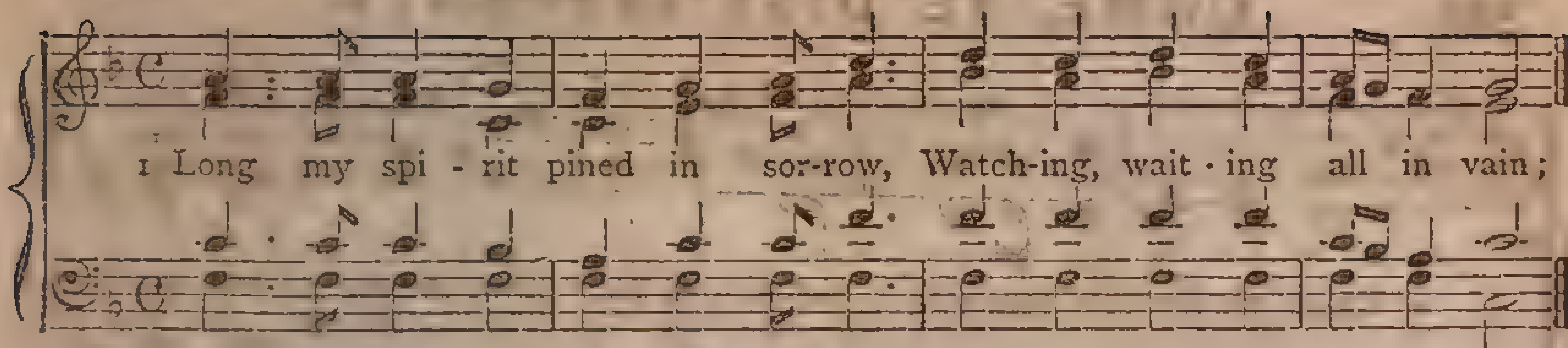
- men. Hal - le - lu - jah, send the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain!

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found
It hath Paradise found.

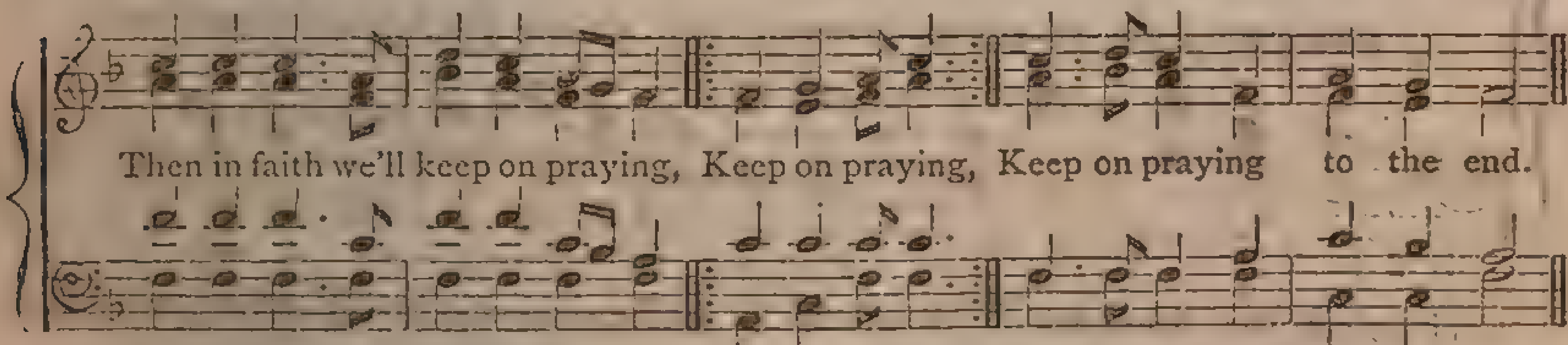
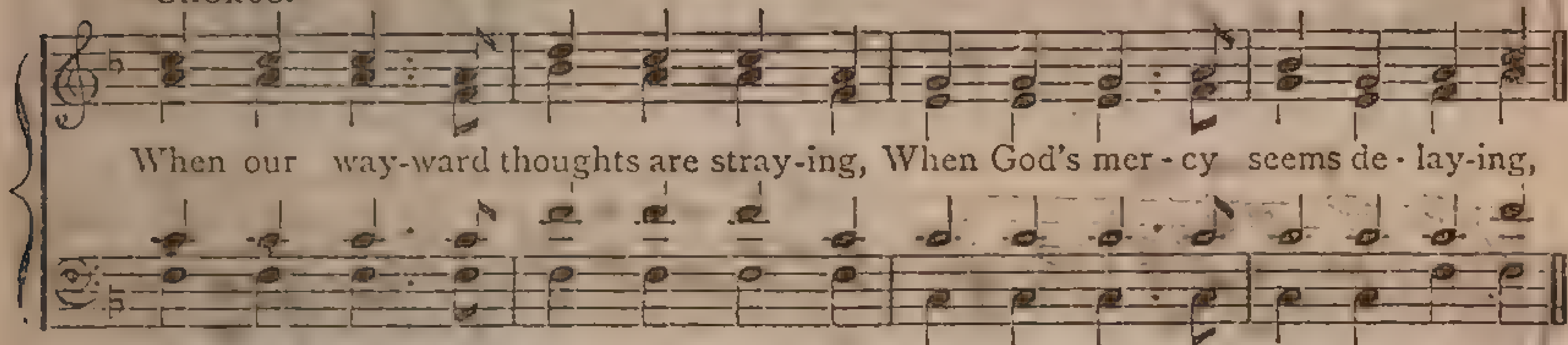
4 My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting—
'Tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
That ~~that~~ is the fulness,
But this is the taste!

6 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens,
In Jesus's love.

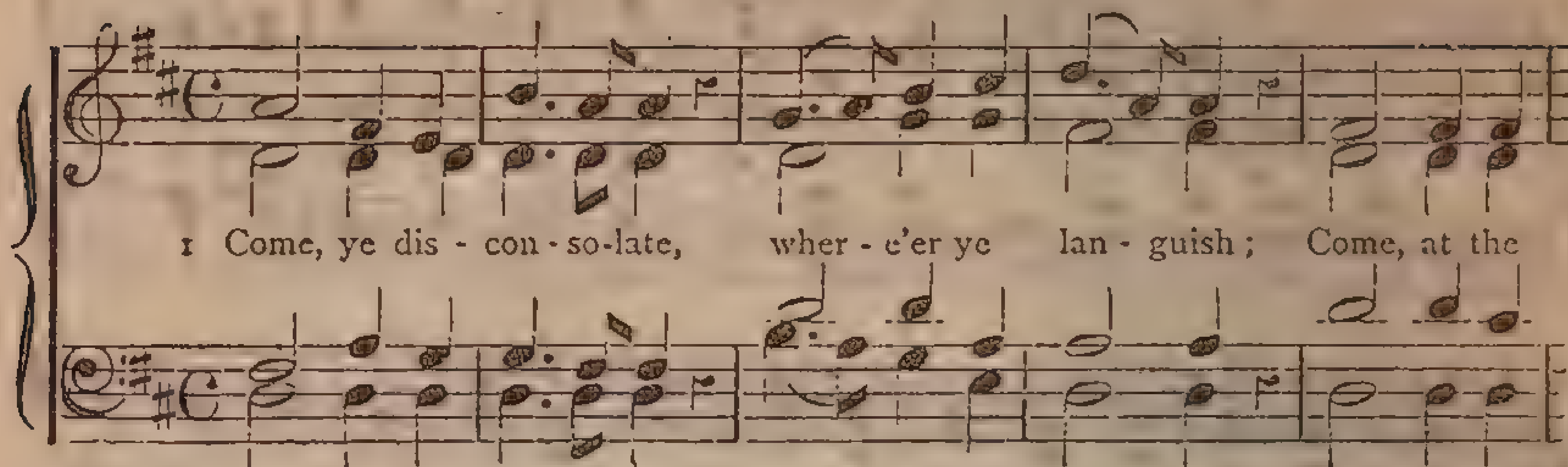


CHORUS.

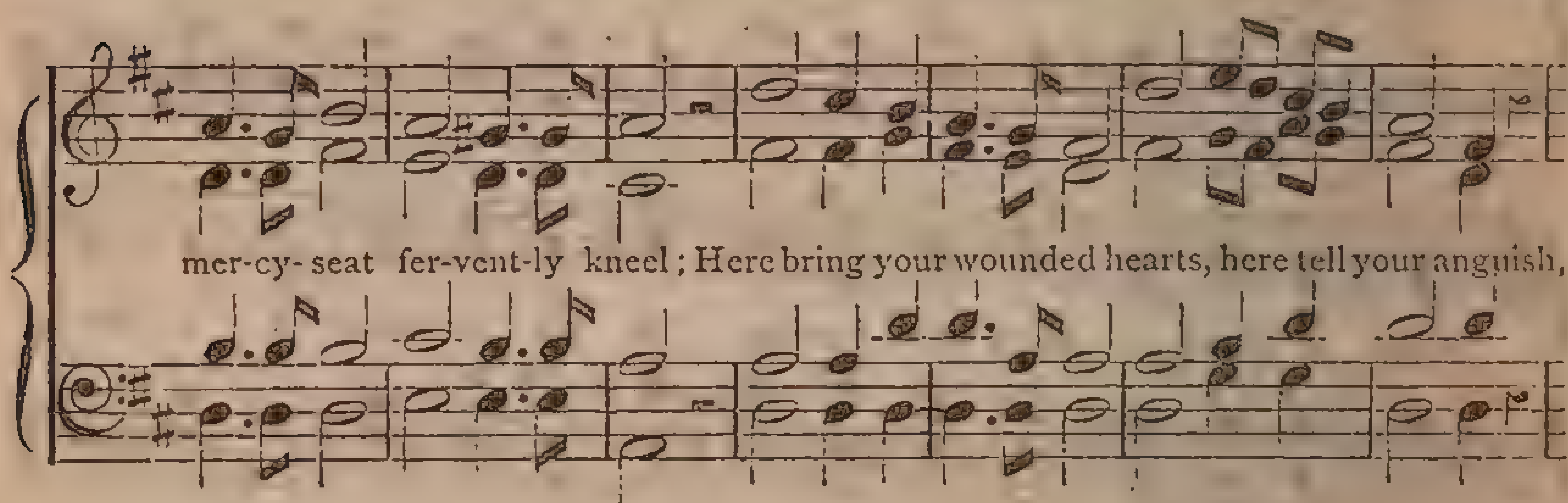


2 Ye who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory;
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.
When our wayward, &c.

3 How the angel-band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days:
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.
When our wayward, &c.

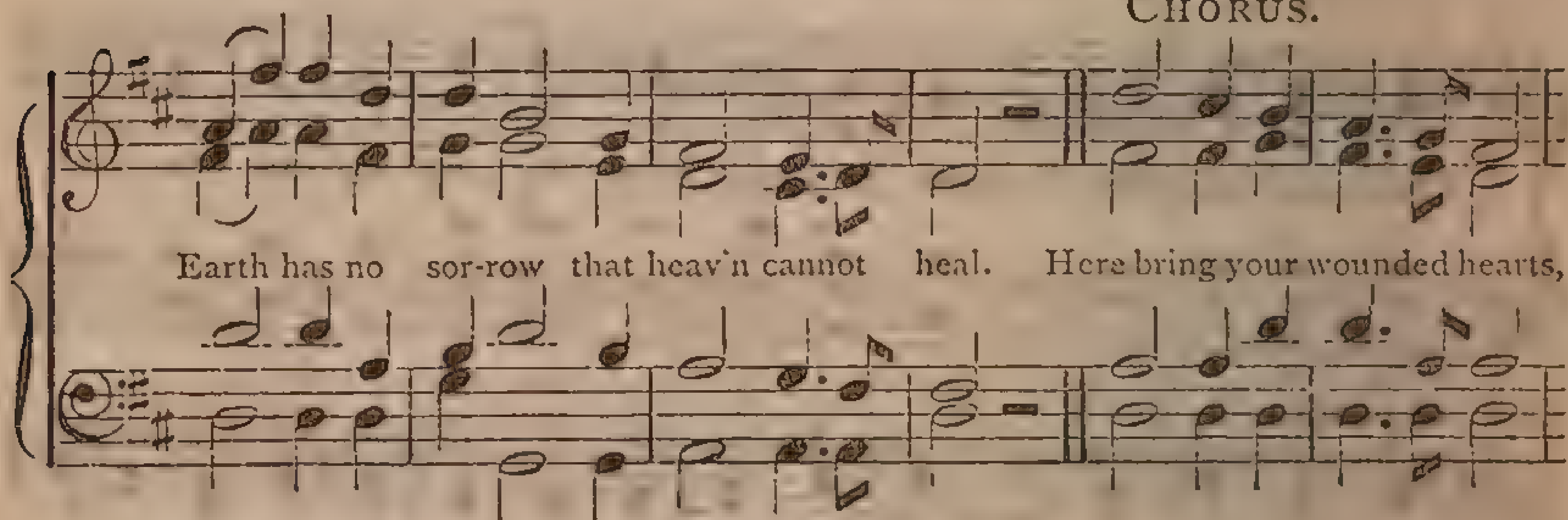


1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the

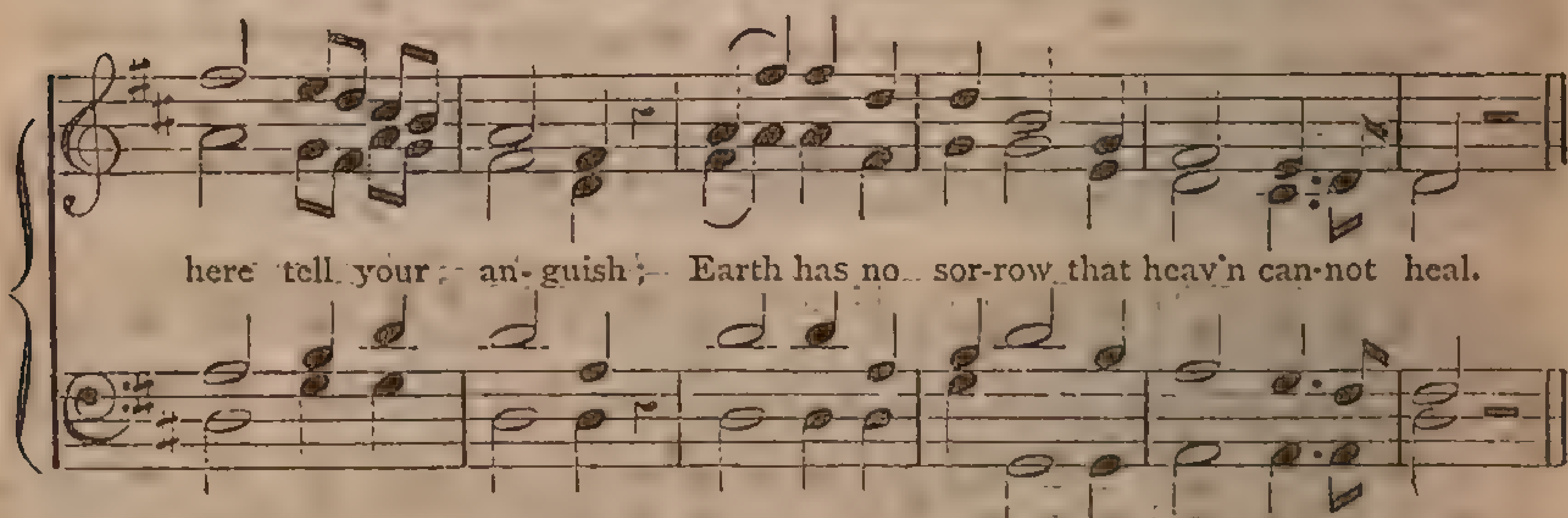


mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,

CHORUS.



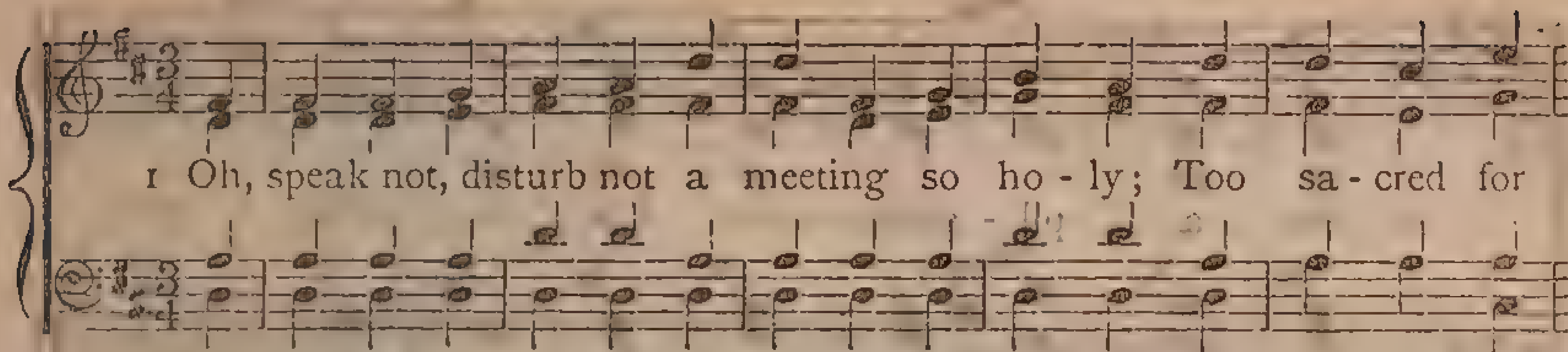
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot heal. Here bring your wounded hearts,



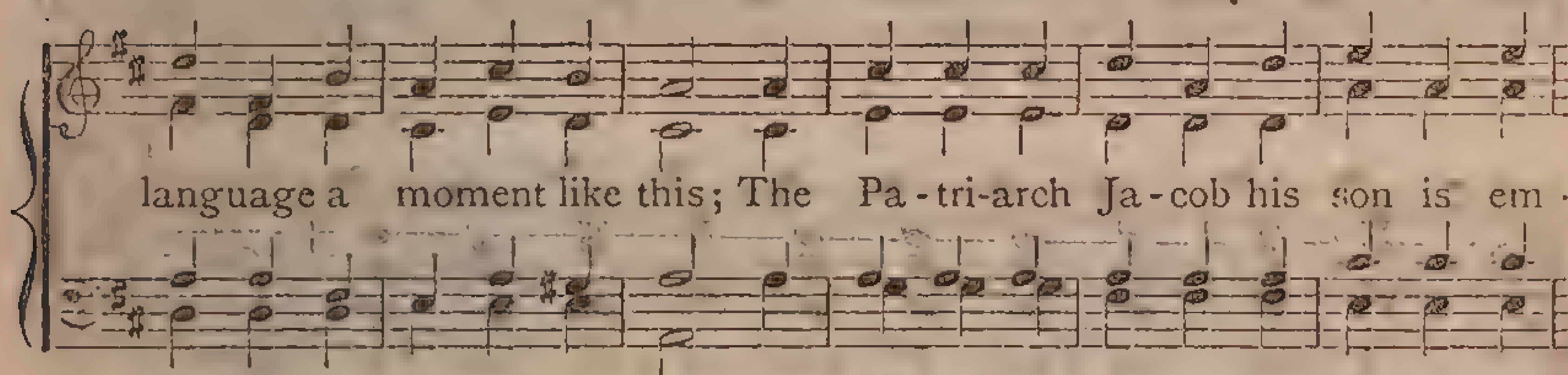
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

2 Hope of the desolate, light of the
straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless, and
pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot cure.—*Chorus.*

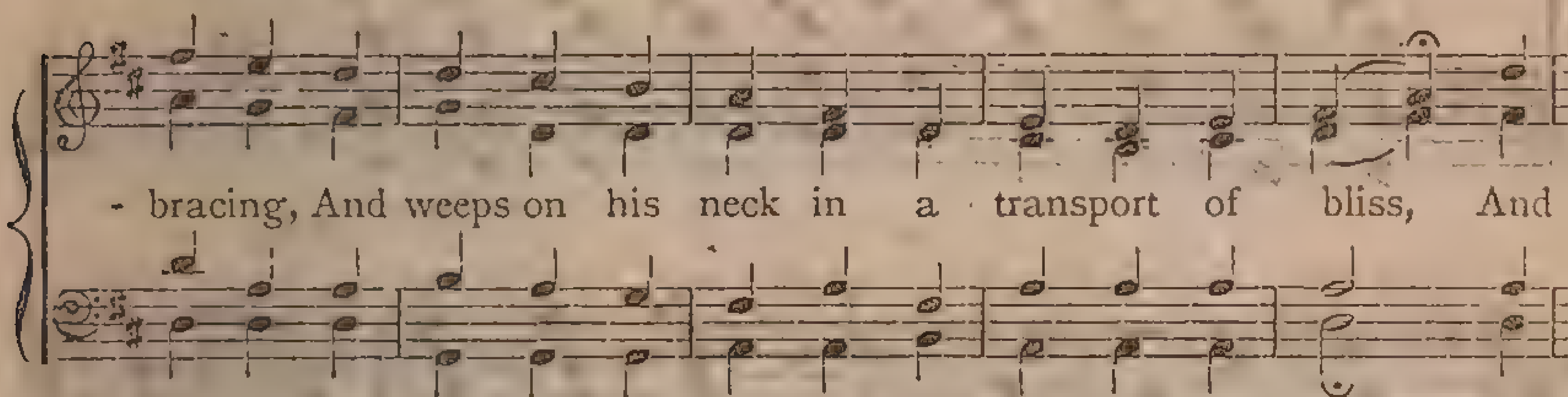
3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God,
pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come,
ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven
can remove.—*Chorus.*



Oh, speak not, disturb not a meeting so ho - ly; Too sa - cred for

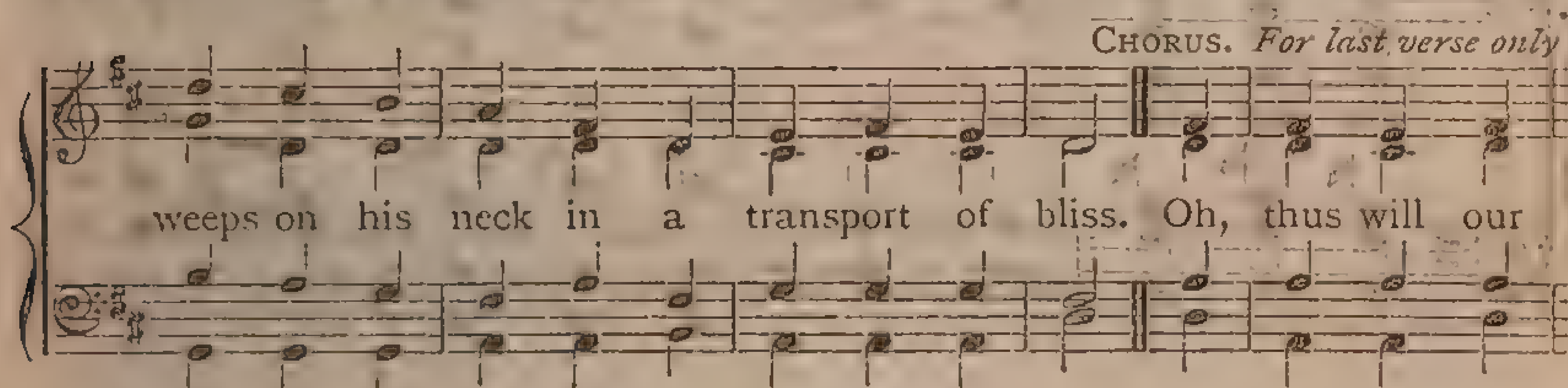


language a moment like this; The Pa - tri - arch Ja - cob his son is em -

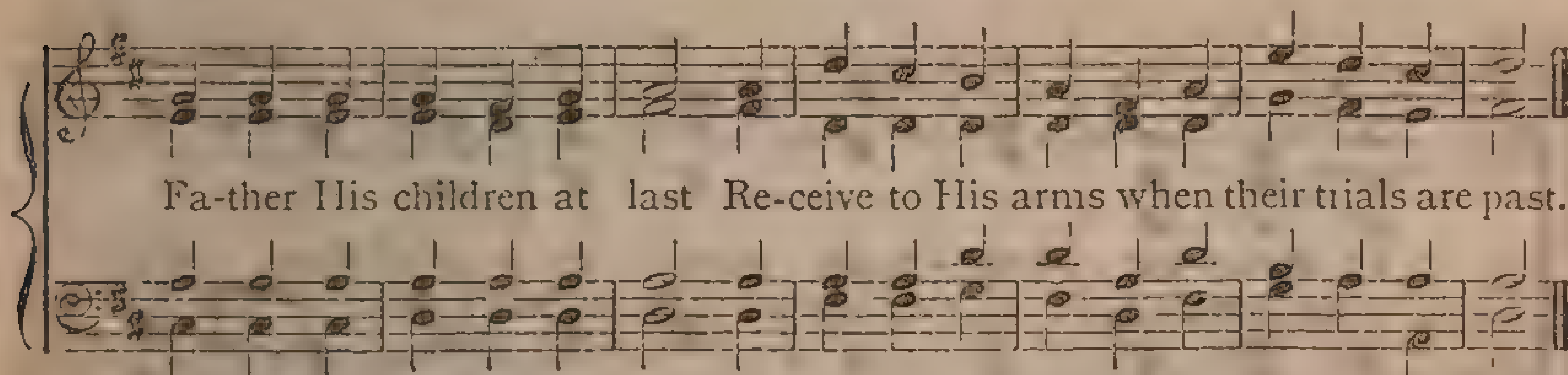


- bracing, And weeps on his neck in a transport of bliss, And

CHORUS. *For last verse only*



weeps on his neck in a transport of bliss. Oh, thus will our



Fa - ther His children at last Re - ceive to His arms when their trials are past.

2 How long he has sorrowed, refusing
all comfort,
For Joseph, his loved one, they
told him was slain;
But now is the spirit of Jacob re -
viving,
He sees him, he hears him, he
clasps him again,
He sees him, he hears him, he
clasps him again.

3 Though far from his country, the
land of his kindred,
His journey is prospered, his heart
is at rest;
The anguish of years in a moment
forgotten,
The lost one is found, and the
patriarch blest,
The lost one is found, and the
patriarch blest.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger;

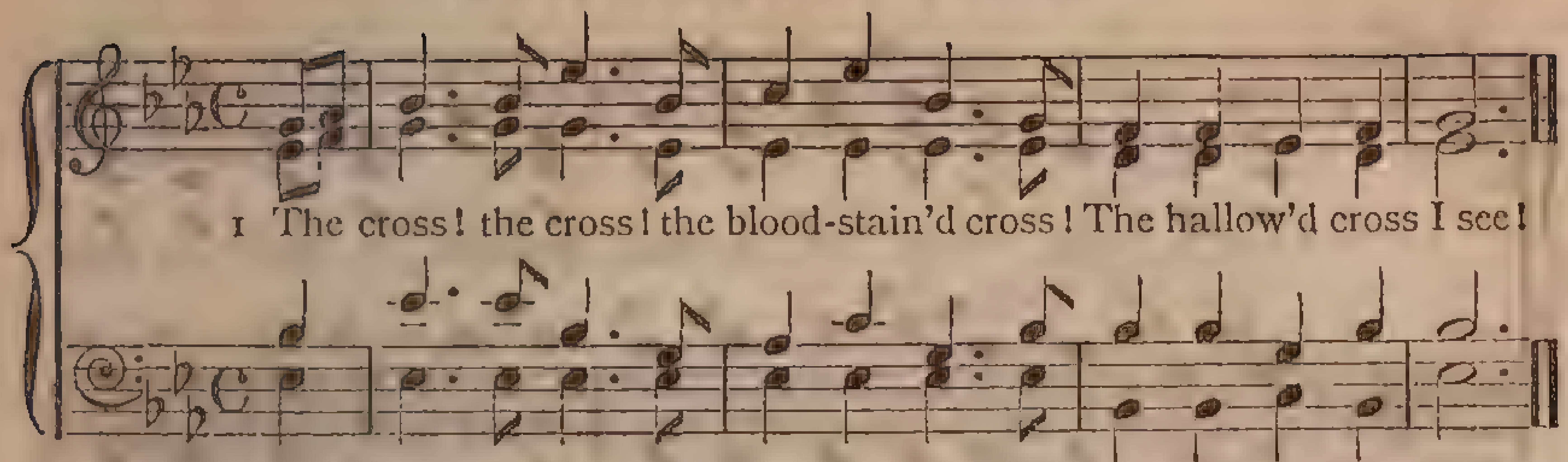
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night. FINE.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing

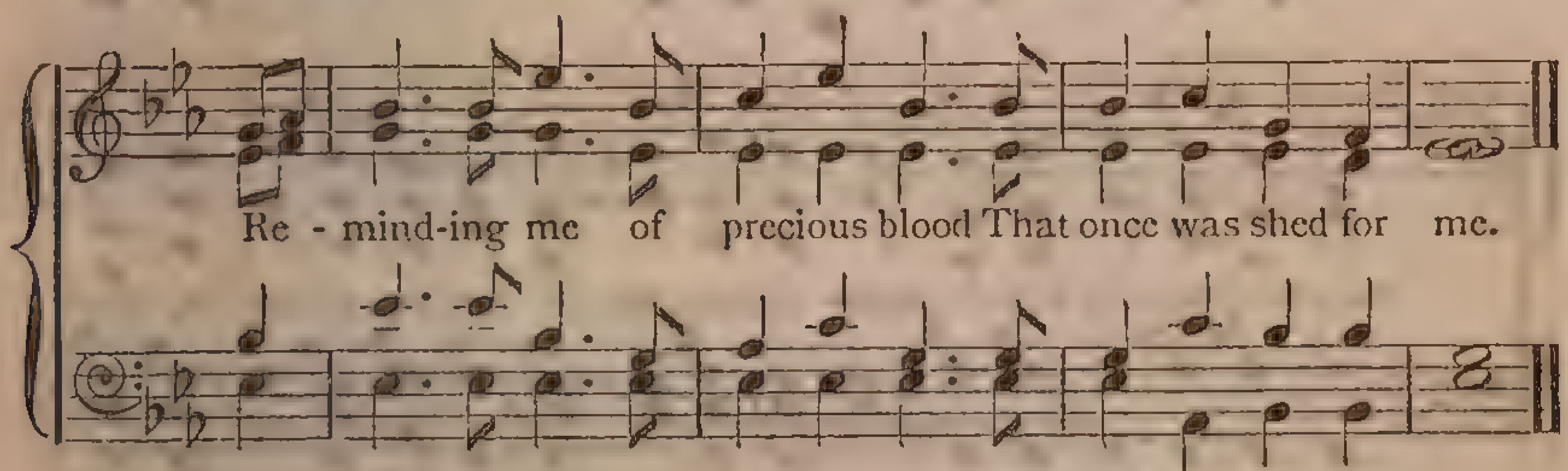
To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing. D.C.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
 Oh, my longing heart, my longing
 heart is there; [dreary,
 Here in this country, so dark and
 I long have wandered, forlorn and
 weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its
 light!
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

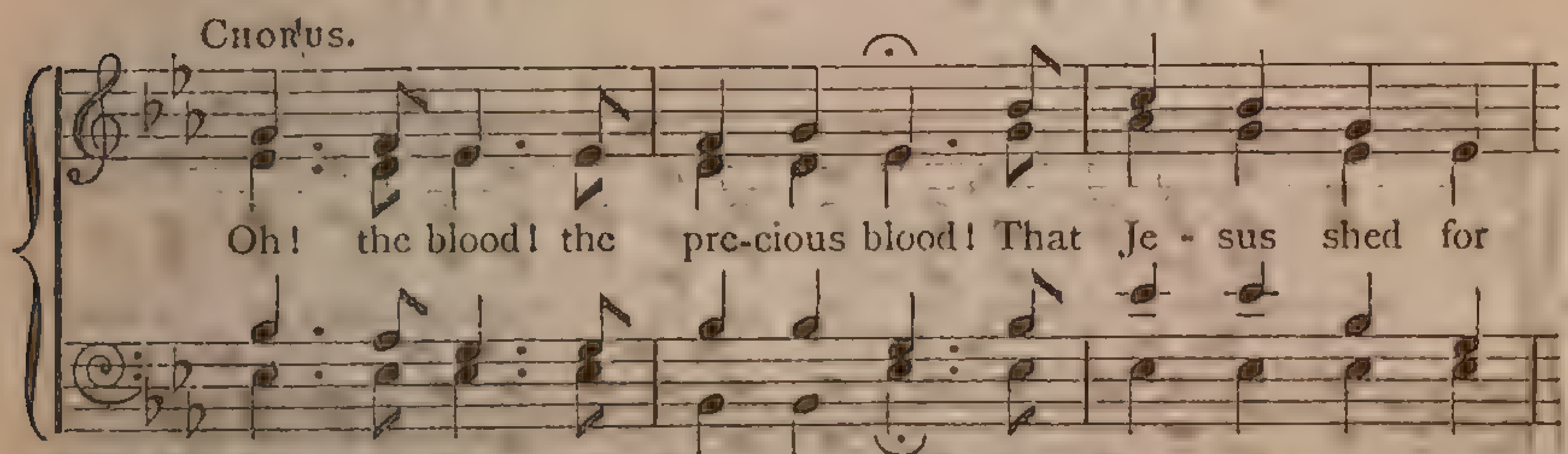


1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!

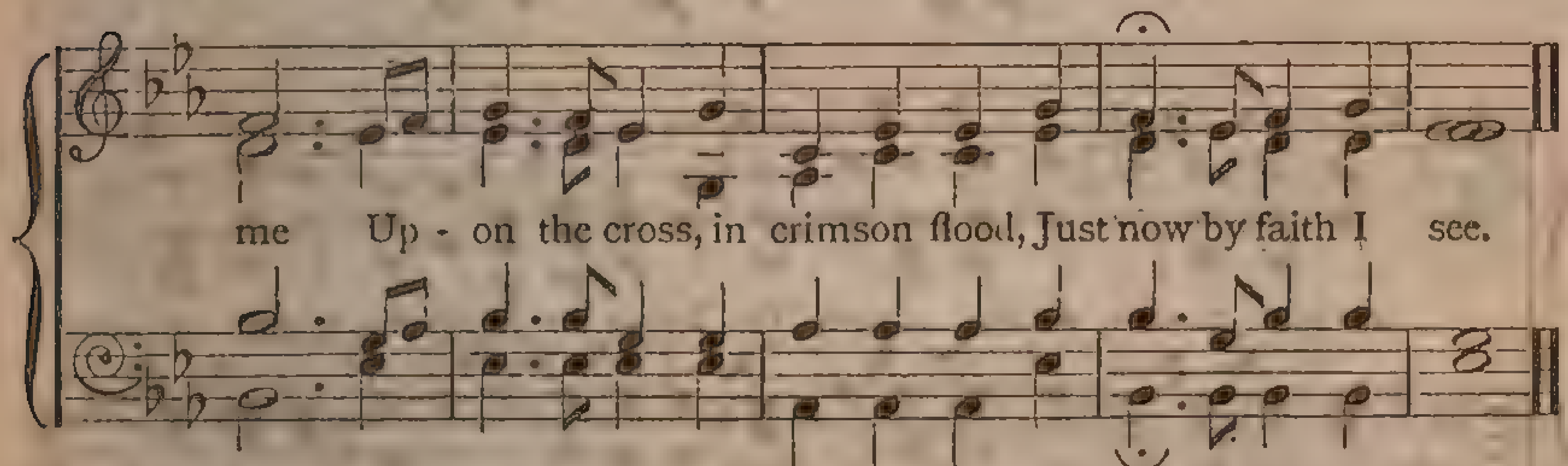


Re - mind-ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.

Chorus.



Oh! the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for



me Up - on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

2 A thousand, thousand fountains
spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring,
As Jesus' precious blood.

3 'That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with His blood.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood!

5 This wond'rous theme will best em-
ploy
My harp before my God, [joy,
And make all heaven resound with
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

There is light in the val - ley once shrouded in dark-ness, Hope

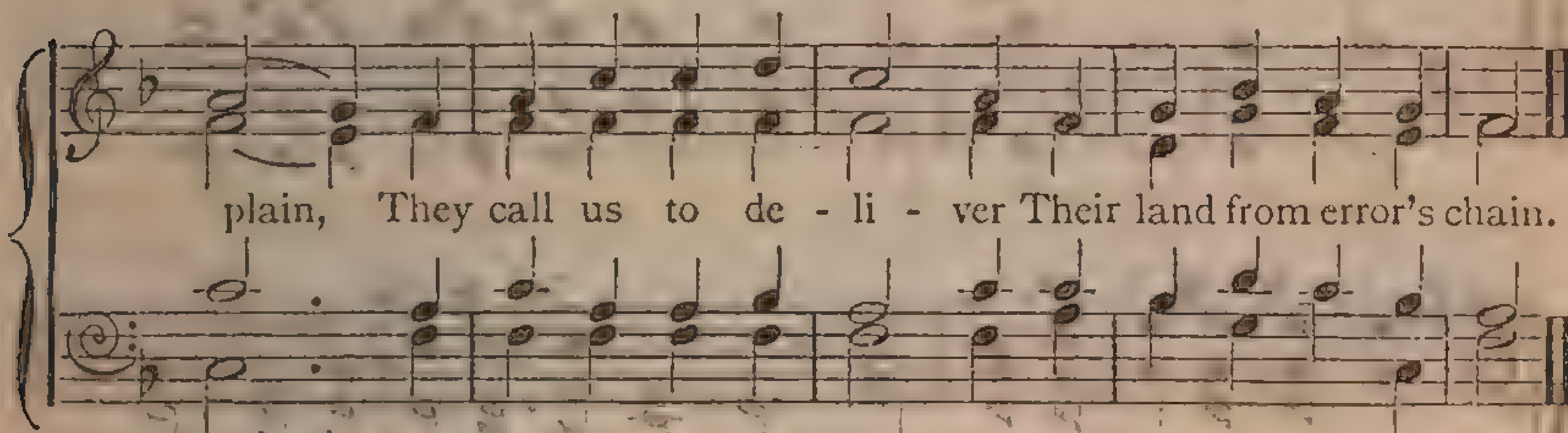
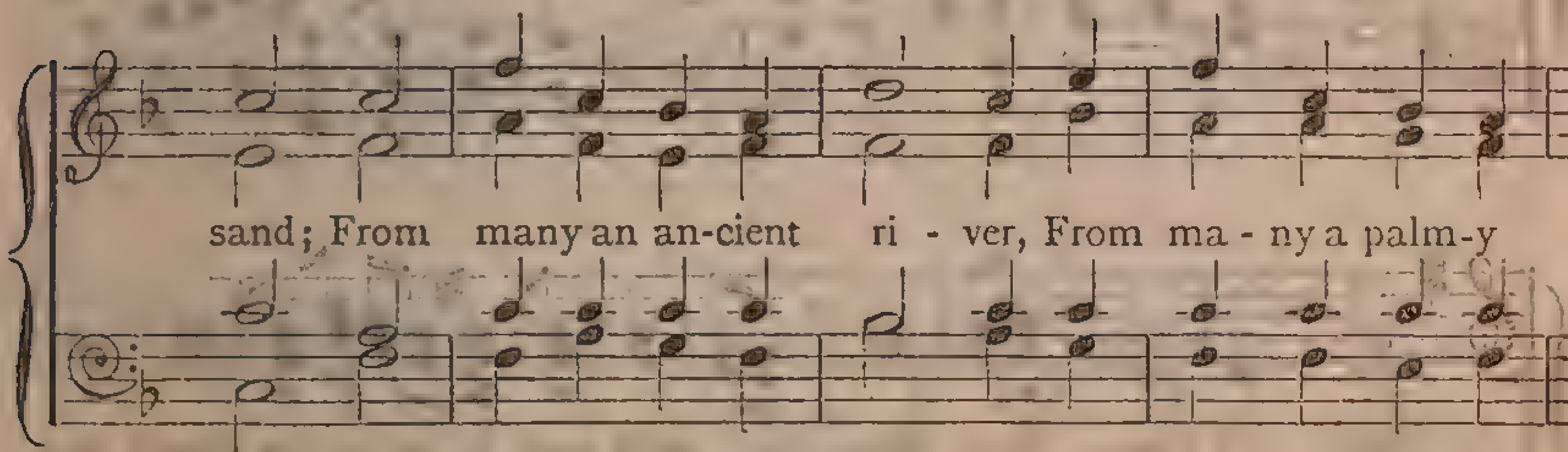
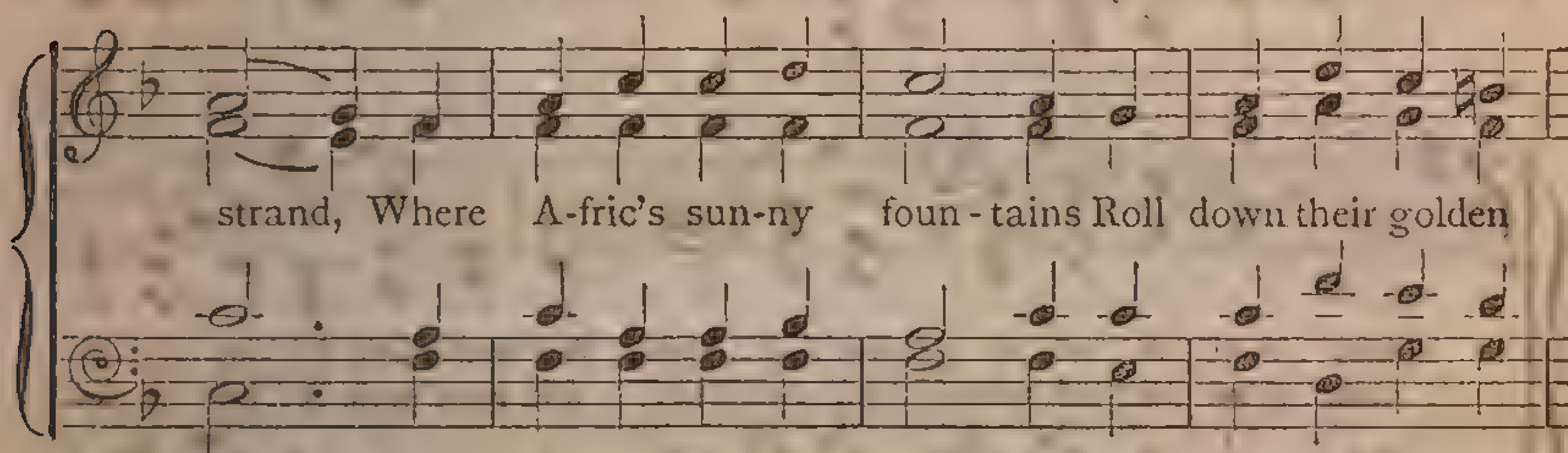
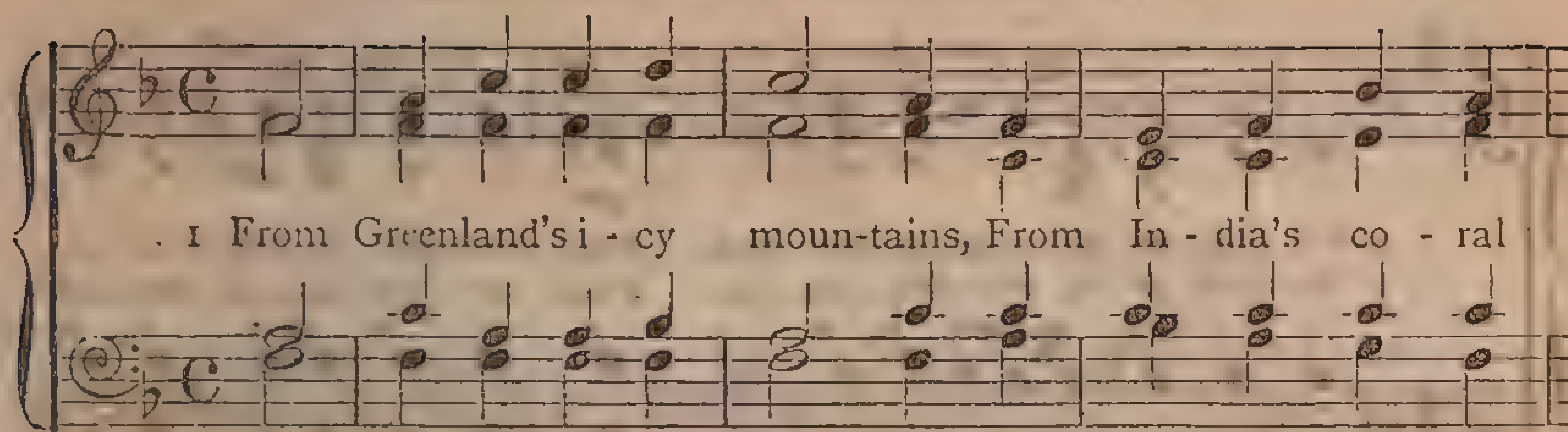
sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom of the grave; A Saviour as-cend-ing fill'd

earth with His brightness, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus, the migh - ty to save,

migh - ty to save, migh - ty to save, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus the mighty to save.

2 O'er the dark realms of death shines a hallow of glory,
 The tyrant no longer exerts his dread sway;
 His dark reign is ended, his sceptre is broken,
 Henceforth all his subjects, his subjects are free.

3 Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story,
 And sing, all ye ransomed, from death's dismal thrall;
 In triumph ascend to the regions of glory,
 For ever, for ever restored from the fall.

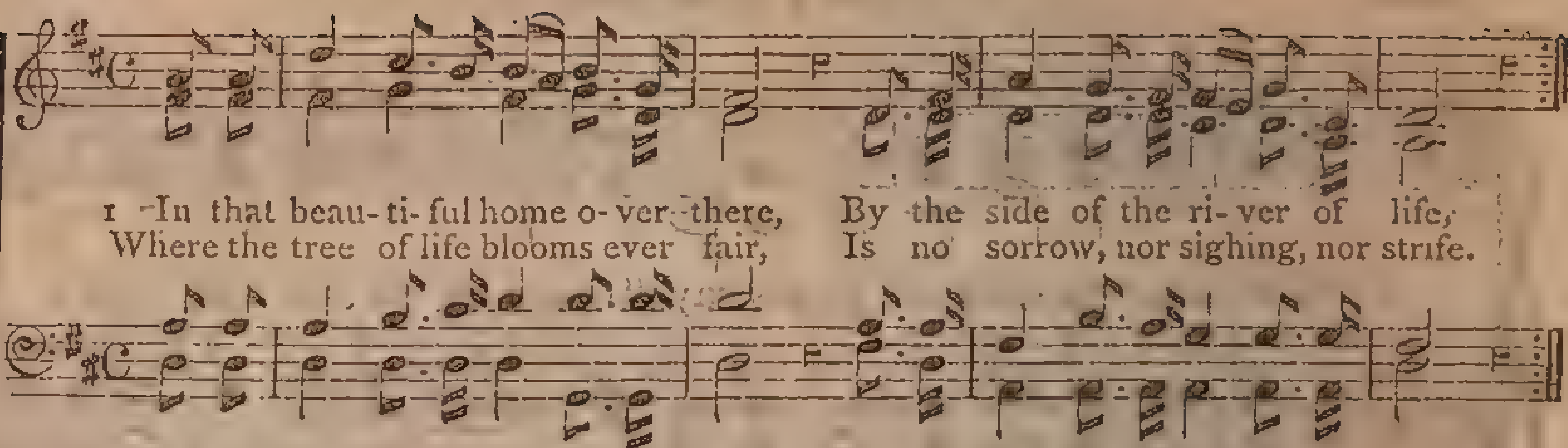


2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

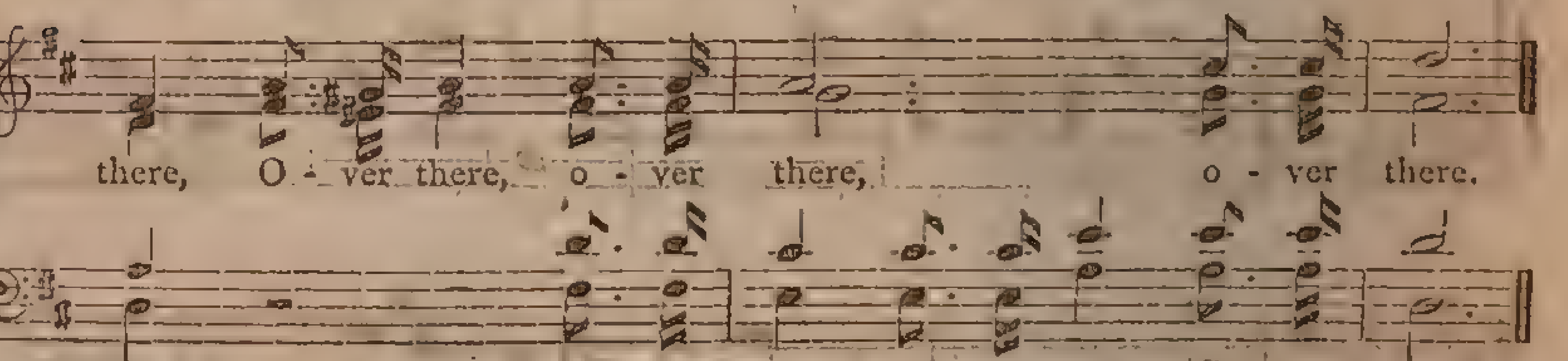
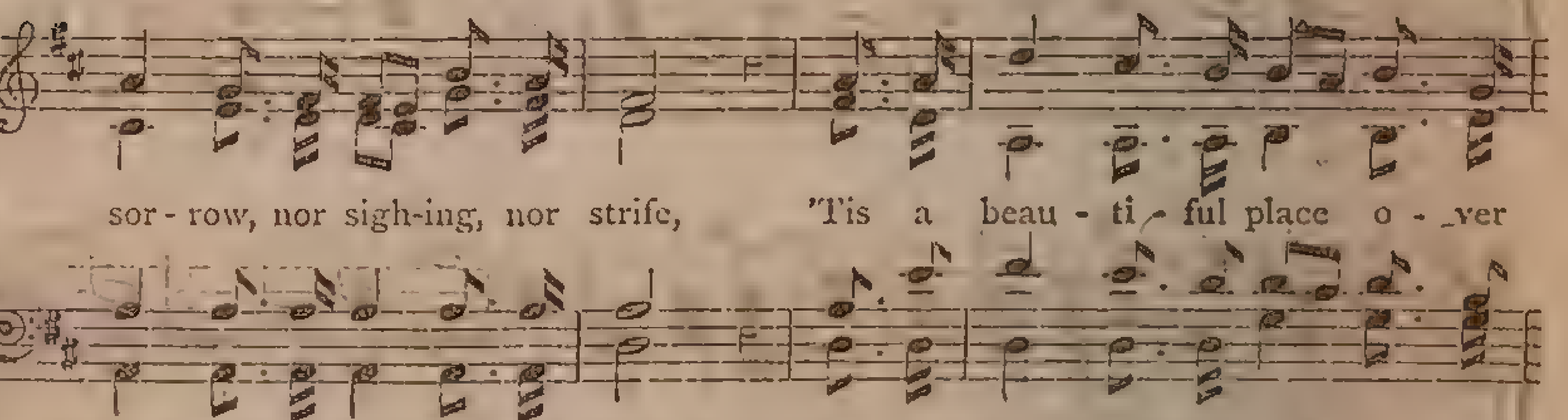
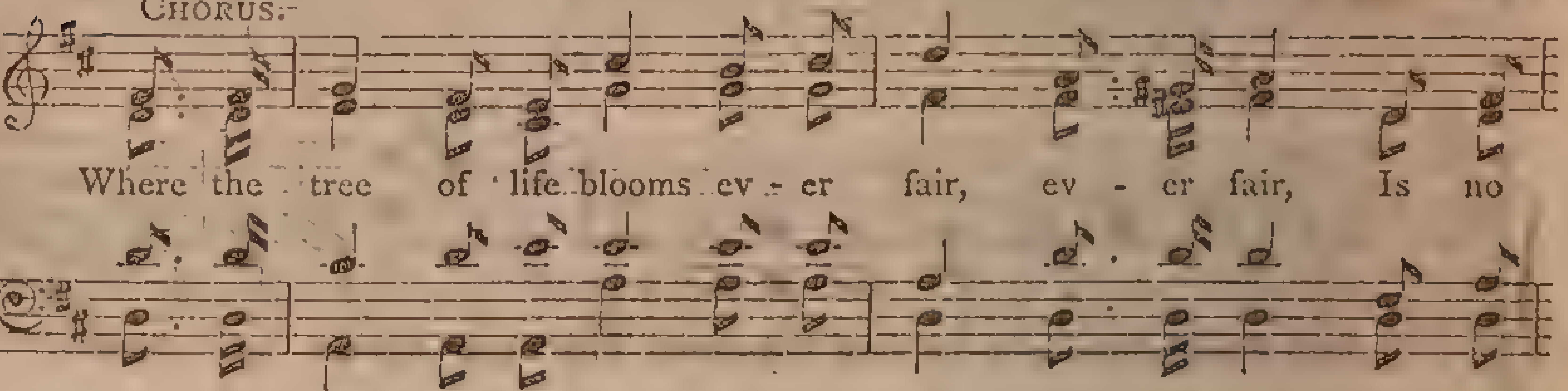
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And ye, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



CHORUS:-



2 The glorified saints over there,
They once suffer'd and toil'd here
below; [share,
Now exalted, Christ's triumph they
Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever
know.

3 They have gone to their home over
there, [bright,
Where the city is glorious and
And the crowns of the victor they
wear, [light.
And our God and the Lamb is the

4 In that glorious land over there,
Are the martyrs and prophets of
old,

And our loved ones, all radiant and
fair,
Both the throne and the Lamb now
behold.

5 Soon we'll go to our home over
there, [throng,
Join the ransomed and glorified
Christ's glory and power declare,
Swell with triumph the celestial
song.

6 How I long, how I long to be there,
Reclining by life's crystal stream,
All free from earth's toilings and
care,
Without a veil dimming between.

I "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve;

"Al - most per - suad - ed," Christ to re - ceive,

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, spi - rit, go thy way,

Some more con - ve - nient day On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 Almost persuaded," turn not away.
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 O wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
 "Almost" cannot avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 "Almost but lost!"

Duet.

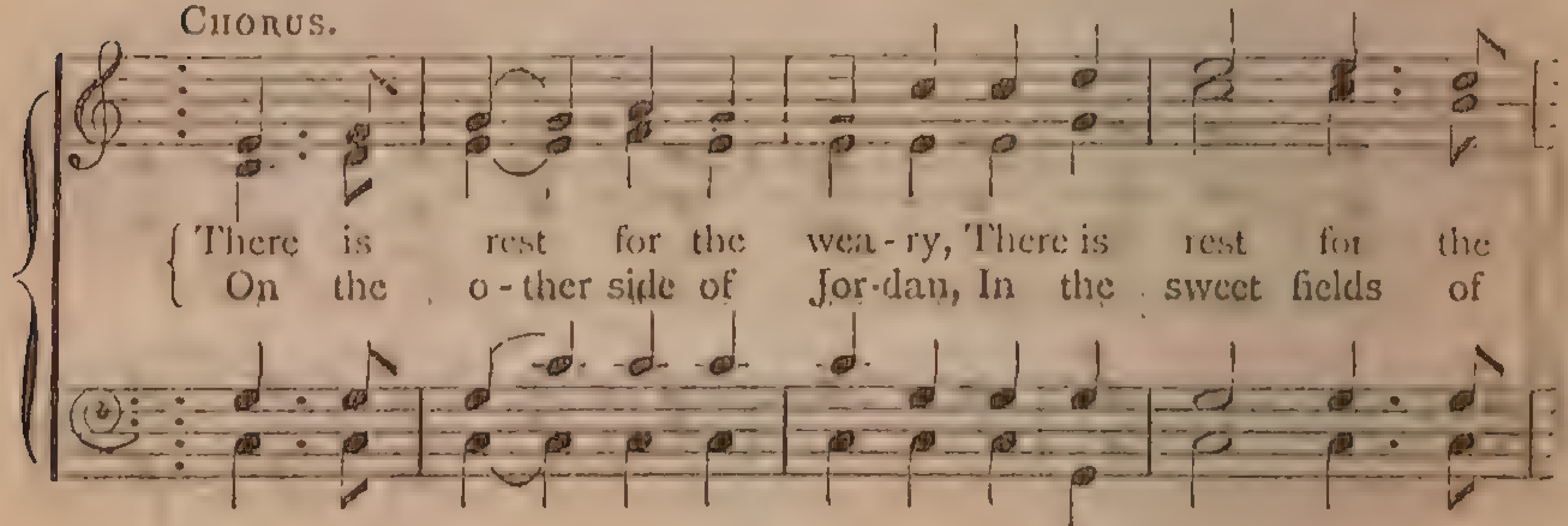


1 In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;

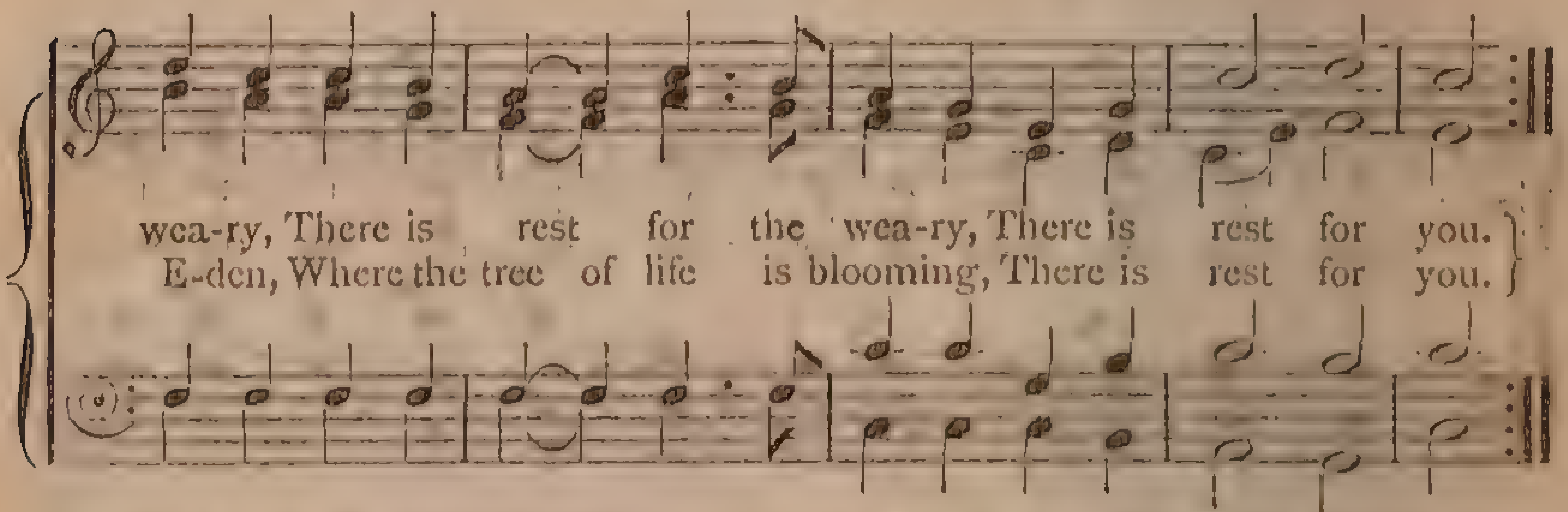


There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfil my soul's re - quest;

CHORUS.



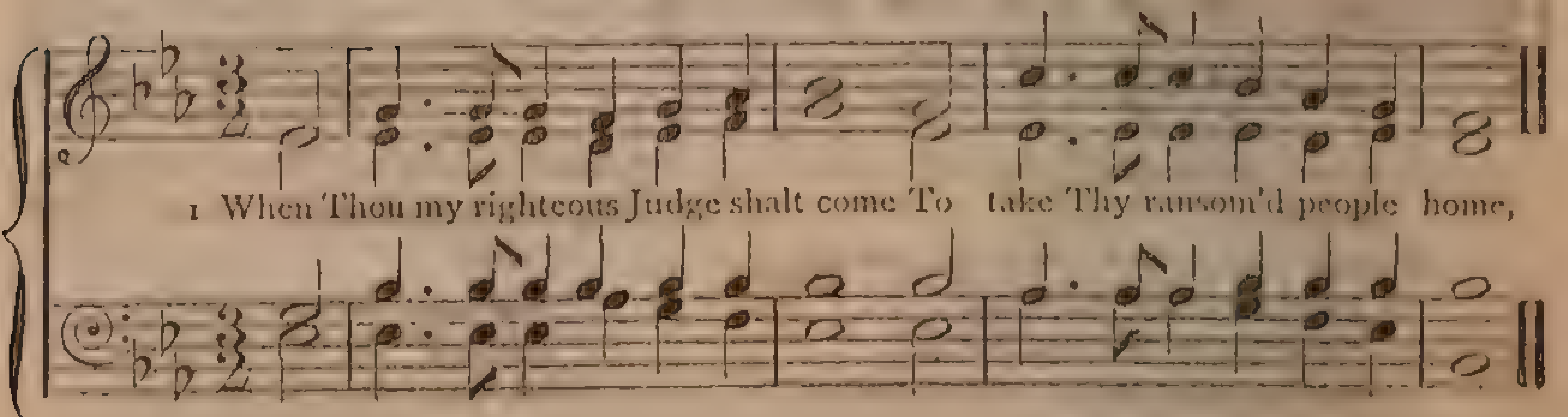
{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
On the o - ther side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of



wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.
E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.



1 When 'Thou my righteous Judge shalt come To take Thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand!

2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this th'accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

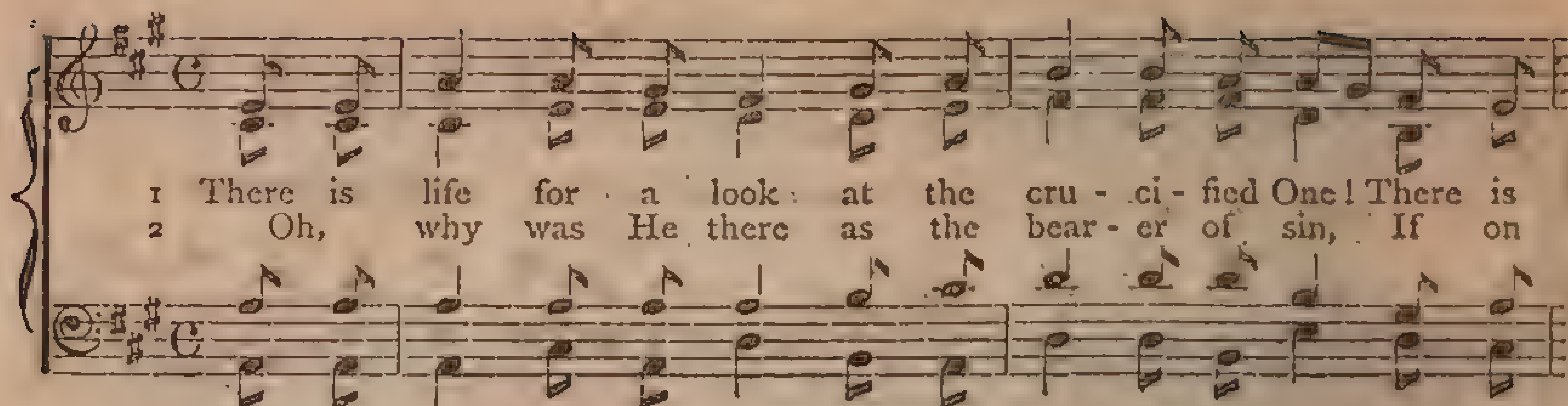
GOD IS NEAR THEE.

1 God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul; He'll de - fend thee When a -
2 Calm thy sad - ness, Look in glad - ness On high; Faint and wea - ry, Pilgrim

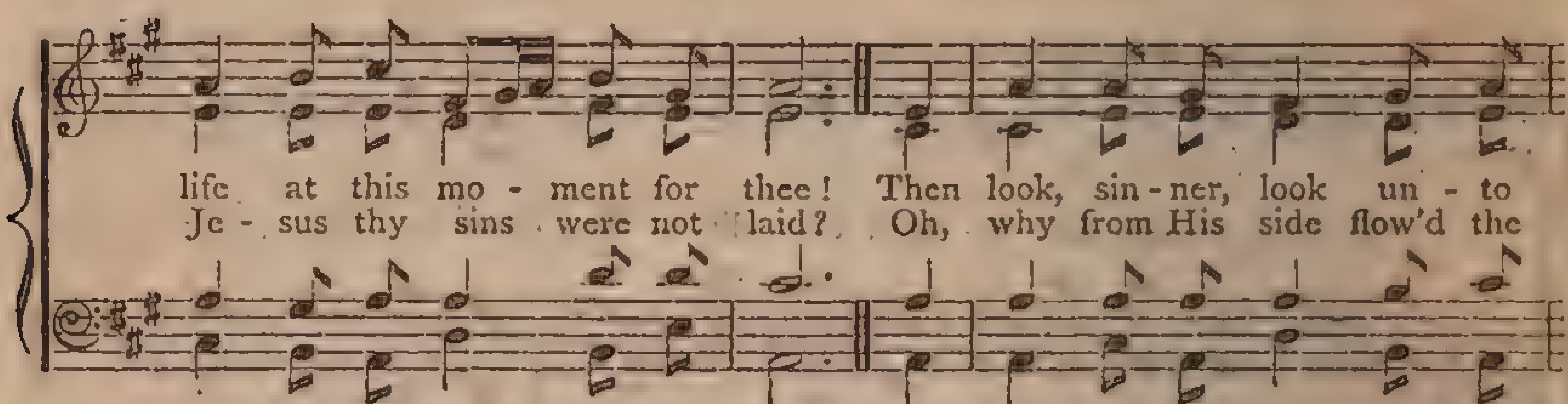
- round thee Bil - lows roll, When a - round thee Bil - lows roll.
cheer thee, Help is nigh, Pil - grim, cheer thee, Help is nigh.

3 Mark the sea-bird,
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies;
God defends him,
God attends him
When he cries.

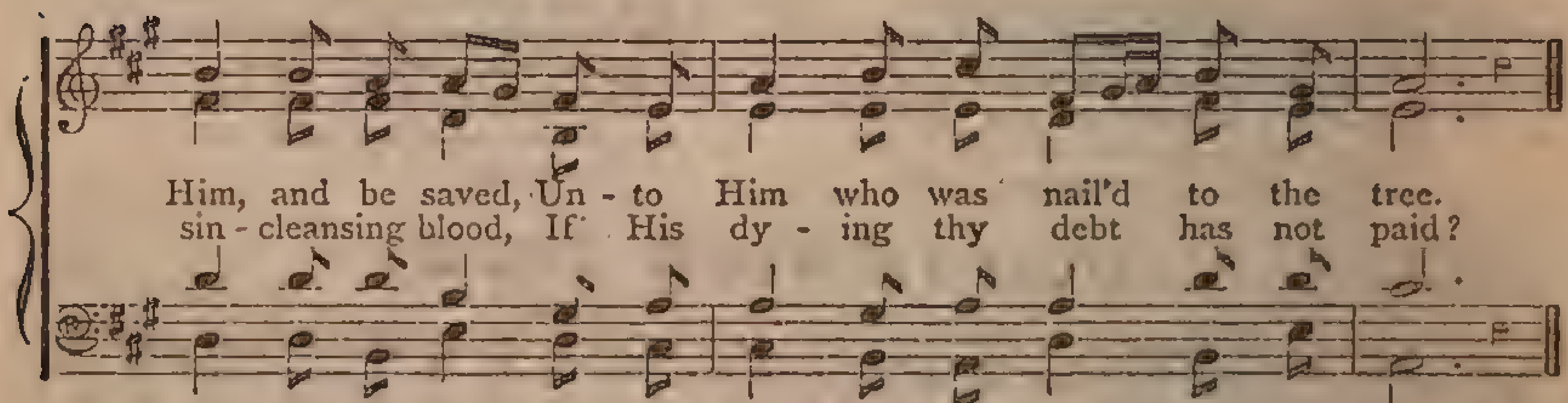
4 God is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul;
He'll defend thee,
When around thee
Billows roll.



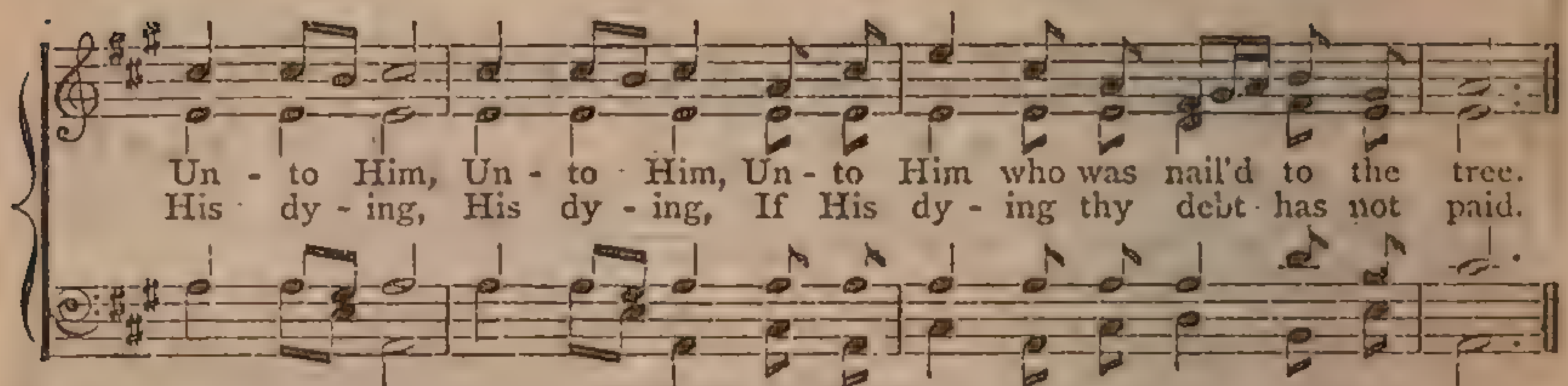
1 There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied One! There is
2 Oh, why was He there as the bear - er of sin, If on



life at this mo - ment for thee! Then look, sin - ner, look un - to
Je - sus thy sins were not laid? Oh, why from His side flow'd the



Him, and be saved, Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree.
sin - cleansing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?



Un - to Him, Un - to Him, Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree.
His dy - ing, His dy - ing, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive,
For His blood now can make thee quite whole.

4 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou
seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He en-
dured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

5 We are healed by His stripes—wouldst
thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put
on,
Oh, couldst thou be better arrayed?

6 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared,
There remaineth no more to be done:
That once in the end of the world He ap-
peared,
And completed the work He begun.

7 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at
once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never
canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

8 There is life for a look at the crucified One!
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be
saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

355

HEARTY SUBMISSION.

MY times are in Thy hand ;
O God, I wish them there :
My life, my soul, my friends
I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or
bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand ;
Why should I doubt or
fear ?

My heavenly Father will not
cause

His child one needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified ;
The hand our many sins have
pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand ;
I'll always trust to Thee,
Till I have left this weary
land,
And all Thy glory see.

356

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

HOW painfully pleasing
the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and
innocent joy,
When blest with parental ad-
vice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies
and peace from on high ;
I still view the chairs of my
father and mother,
The seats of their offspring
as ranged on each hand,

And that richest of books
which excels every other,
The family Bible that lay on
the stand.

CHORUS.

The old-fashioned Bible, the
dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on
the stand.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

2 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long
have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and
my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live
broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a
far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear
Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from His
bountiful hand,
O let me with patience receive
His correction,
And think of the Bible that
lay on the stand.

3 Though age and misfortunes
press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and
trust in the Lord ;
Though darkness may cover
His merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by
the heavenly word.
And now from things earthly
my soul is removing,
I soon shall shout glory
with heaven's bright band
And in raptures of joys be for
ever adoring
The God of the Bible that
lay on the stand.

357

THE ATONING BLOOD.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly
Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

3 Receiving Him by faith,
We feel the curse remove ;
And all who cleave to Him till
death
Shall reign with Him above.

358

HOLY BIBLE.

HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou
art mine ;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am :

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, ac-
quit :

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine to show by living faith
How to triumph over death :

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
Mine to show the sinner's
doom :
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art
mine.

359 THE OTHER SIDE.

WE dwell this side of
Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining
beam.

Across from yonder shore,
Whilst visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph
song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

2 The other side—no sin is there
To stain the robes the blest
ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood ;
No cry of grief nor voice of
woe

Can mar the peace their spi-
rits know,
Their perfect peace with
God.

4 The other side—its shore so
bright
Is radiant with the golden
light
Of Zion's city fair ;

And many dear ones gone be-
fore
Already tread the happy shore :
I seem to see them there.

4 The other side—O cheering
sight !
Upon its banks, arrayed in
white,

For me a loved One waits ;
Over the stream He calls to me,
Fear not, I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gates.

5 The other side—the other side.
Who would not brave the
swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To dwell one day when life is
past,
Over the stream, at home at
last,
With all the loved ones
there?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

360 THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p> O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art ! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me. </p> | <p> 3 God only knows the love of God : O that it were now shed abroad In this poor stony heart ! For love I sigh, for love I pine : This only portion, Lord, be mine ! Be mine this better part ! </p> |
| <p> 2 Stronger His love than death and hell, Its riches are unsearchable : The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see ; They cannot reach the mys- tery, The length and breadth and height. </p> | <p> 4 O that I could for ever sit, With Mary, at the Master's feet ; Be this my happy choice ! My only care, delight, and bliss, My joy, my heaven on earth, To be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice ! </p> |

361 INVITATION TO SINNERS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p> COME, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power. He is able, He is willing, doubt no more. </p> | <p> All the fitness He requirèth, Is to feel your need of Him. This He gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. </p> |
| <p> 2 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream : </p> | <p> 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall ; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all : Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call. </p> |

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo, your Saviour prostrate
 lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold
 Him,
 Hear Him cry before He
 dies,
 It is finish'd !
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascend-
 ing,
 Pleads the merits of His
 blood.
 Venture on Him, venture
 freely,
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners
 good.

362

PRAYER.

WHEN at Thy footstool,
 Lord, I bend,
 And pour my supplications
 there ;
 O, think upon the sinner's
 Friend,
 And for His sake receive my
 prayer.

2 Think not upon my sname and
 guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest
 dye ;
 Think on the blood for sinners
 spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon
 buy.

3 Think not upon my doubts and
 fears,
 My strivings with Thy grace
 divine ;

Think on my Saviour's woes
 and tears,
 And let His merits stand for
 mine.

Think how that I am all Thine
 own,
 A feeble creature of Thine
 hand ;
 Think how to sin my heart is
 prone,
 And what temptations round
 me stand.

4 Thine eye, Thine ear, are not
 too dull,
 Thine arm, it shorten'd cannot
 be :
 O, hear me now, my heart is
 full—
 Behold, Thy mercy is my
 plea.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

363 THERE'S MERCY WITH THE LORD.

COME, every soul by sin
oppressed,
There's mercy with the
Lord;
And He will surely give you
rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him ! only trust
Him !
Only trust Him now !
He will save you ! He will
save you !
He will save you now !

2 For Jesus shed His precious
blood
Rich blessings to bestow ;
Plunge now into the crimson
flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the
way
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy
band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

364 JESUS LOVES ME.

I AM so glad that our Father
in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book
He has given :
Wonderful things in the Bible
I see ;
This is the dearest, that Jesus
loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus
loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves
me, even me.

2 Though I forget Him; and
wander away,
Still He doth love me wher-
ever I stray ;

Back to His dear loving arms
do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus
loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I
can sing,
When in His beauty I see the
great King,
This shall my song in eternity
be,
" Oh, what a wonder that
Jesus loves me ! "

4 Jesus-loves me, and I know I
love Him ;
Love brought Him down my
poor soul to redeem ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Yes, it was love made Him
die on the tree.

Oh, I am certain that Jesus
loves me!

5 If one should ask of me, how
can I tell? [well!

Glory to Jesus, I know very
God's Holy Spirit with mine
doth agree,

Constantly witnessing, Jesus
loves me.

6 In this assurance I find sweet-
est rest,

Trusting in Jesus, I know I
am blest;

Satan, dismayed, from my soul
now doth flee,

When I just tell him that
Jesus loves me.

365. STILL THERE'S MORE TO FOLLOW.

HAVE you on the Lord
believed?

Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you re-
ceived?

Still there's more to follow:
Oh, the grace the Father
shows!

Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

Oh, His matchless, bound-
less love!

Still there's more to fol-
low.

2 Have you felt the Saviour
near?

Does His blessed presence
cheer?

Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Freely He His love bestows.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's
power

Falling like the gentle shower?

Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Freely He His power bestows.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and
more,
Always more to follow;

366

THE WELCOME VOICE.

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to
Thee,

For cleansing in Thy precious
blood
That flowed on Calvary.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord ! coming
now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in
the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength as-
sure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully
cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace
and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed
grace,
Where reigned the power
of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood !
All hail, redeeming grace !
All hail, the Gift of Christ our
Lord,
Our Strength and Right-
eousness !

367

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

COME to the Saviour, make
no delay ;
Here in His word He's shown
us the way ;
Here in our midst He's
standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, " Come ! "

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful, will the meet-
ing be,
When from sin our hearts
are pure and free ;
And we shall gather, Sa-
viour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2 " Suffer the children ! " Oh,
hear His voice !
Let every heart leap forth and
rejoice ;
And let us freely make Him
our choice :
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with
us to-day ;
Heed now His blest com-
mands, and obey ;
Hear now His accents tenderly
say,
" Will you, my children,
come ? "

368

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

KNOCKING, knocking !
who is there ?

Waiting, waiting, oh, how
fair !

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and
kingly,

Never such was seen before !

Ah, my soul, for such a won-
der,

Wilt thou not undo the
door ?

2 Knocking, knocking ; still
He's there !

Waiting, waiting, wondrous
fair ;

But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging
tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking ; what,
still there !

Waiting, waiting, grand and
fair ;

Yes, the piercéd hand still
knocketh,

And beneath the crownéd
hair

Beam the patient eyes, so ten-
der,

Of the Saviour waiting there.

369

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

WHAT means this eager,
anxious throng,

Which moves with busy haste
along—

These wondrous gatherings
day by day ?

What means this strange
commotion, pray ?

In accents hushed the throng
reply,

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth
by.”

2 Who is this Jesus ? Why
should He

The city move so mightily ?
A passing stranger, has He

skill
To move the multitude at will ?

Again the stirring tones reply,
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth

by.”

3 Jesus ! 'tis He who once be-
low

Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain
and woe ;

And burdened ones, where'er
He came,

Brought out their sick, and
deaf, and lame.

The blind rejoiced to hear the
cry,

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth
by.”

4 Again He comes ! From place
to place

His holy footprints we can
trace.

He pauseth at our threshold
—nay,

He enters—condescends to
stay.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Shall we not gladly raise the
cry?—

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth
by.”

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden,
come!

Here's pardon, comfort, rest,
and home.

Ye wanderers from a Father's
face,

Return, accept His proffered
grace.

Ye tempted ones, there's re-
fuge nigh;

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth
by.”

6 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love
abuse,

Soon will He sadly from you
turn,

Your bitter prayer for pardon
spurn.

“Too late! too late!” will
be the cry—

“Jesus of Nazareth *has passed*
by.”

370

GLORY FOR ME.

I KNOW not the hour when
my Lord will come
To take me away to His
own dear home;
But I know that His presence
will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for
me.

CHORUS.

And that will be glory for
me,
Oh, that will be glory for
me!
But I know that His presence
will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for
me.

2 I know not the song that the
angels sing,
I know not the sound of the
harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be men-
tion of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for
me.

And that will be music
for me, etc.

3 I know not the form of my
mansion fair,
I know not the name that I
then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour
will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven
for me.

And that will be heaven
for me, etc.

371

THE LOVE OF GOD.

GOD loved the world of sin-
ners lost
And ruined by the fall ;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-
drous love !
The love of God to me ;
It brought the Saviour from
above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim
Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I
find,
And cleansing through the
blood.

3 Love brings the glorious ful-
ness in,
And to His saints makes
known
The blessed rest from inbred
sin,
Through faith in Christ
alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here be-
low,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's
power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying
hour
Through Christ the Lord,
our King.

372

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ?

SOWING the seed by the
daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-
day glare ;
Sowing the seed by the fading
light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn
night :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or
sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or
sown in our might ;

Gathered in time or eter-
nity,
Sure, ah, sure, will the har-
vest be !

2 Sowing the seed by the way-
side high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks
to die ;
Sowing the seed where the
thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile
soil :
Oh, what shall the harvest
be ?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering
pain,
Sowing the seed of a mad-
dened brain ;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished
name,
Sowing the seed of eternal
shame :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

4 Sowing the seed with an ach-
ing heart,
Sowing the seed while the
teardrops start ;
Sowing in hope till the reapers
come,
Gladly to gather the harvest
home :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

373

THE STRAYING SHEEP.

THERE were ninety and
nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills
away,
Far off from the gates of
gold.
Away on the mountains wild
and bare,
Away from the tender Shep-
herd's care.

2 " Lord, Thou hast here Thy
ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for
Thee ? "
But the Shepherd made an-
swer, " This of mine
Has wandered away from
me ;
And although the road be
rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my
sheep. "

3 But none of the ransomed
ever knew
How deep were the waters
crossed ;

Nor how dark was the night
that the Lord passed
through
Ere He found His sheep
that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard
its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready
to die.

4 " Lord, whence are those
blood-drops all the way
That mark out the moun-
tain's track ? "
" They were shed for one who
had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could
bring him back. "
" Lord, whence are Thy hands
so rent and torn ? "
" They are pierced to-night by
many a thorn. "

5 And all thro' the mountains,
thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky
steep,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

There rose a cry to the gate
of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my
sheep!"

And the angels echoed around
the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings
back His own!"

374

JESUS THE SAVIOUR.

O CHRIST, what burdens
bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's
stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was
shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in
one cup;
O Christ, 'twas full for
Thee!
But Thou hast drained the
last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me;
That bitter cup, love drank it
up;
Now blessing's draught for
me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod;
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of
Thy God;
There's not one stroke for
me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath
it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was
heard;
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my
ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy
visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for
me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword
awake;
O Christ, it woke 'gainst
Thee;
Thy blood the flaming blade
must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must
be:
All for my sake, my peace to
make;
Now sleeps that sword for
me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou
hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt ris'n—my bands are
all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white,
and tried,
Thy glory then for me.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

375 COME TO JESUS.

COME, every soul by sin
oppress'd,
There's mercy with the
Lord ;
And He will surely give you
rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to
Jesus,
Come to Jesus now ;
He will save you, He will
save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious
blood,
Rich blessings to bestow :
Plunge now into the crimson
flood
That washes white as snow.

Come to Jesus, etc.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the
way
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

Come to Jesus, etc.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee ;
Since Thou hast made the
way so clear,
And full salvation free.

Come to Jesus, etc.

5 Come, then, and join this holy
band,
And on to glory go ;
To dwell in that celestial
land,
Where joys immortal flow.

Come to Jesus, etc.

376 O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

O BLISS of the purified,
bliss of the free !
I plunge in the crimson tide
opened for me,
O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
ulting I stand,
And point to the print of the
nails in His hands.

CHORUS.

O sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love.
Mighty to save.

2 O bliss of the purified ! Jesus
is mine ;
No longer in dread con-
demnation I pine,
In conscious salvation I sing
of His grace,
Who lifted upon me the
smiles of His face.

O sing of His mighty
love, etc.

3 O bliss of the purified, bliss
of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that
His blood cannot cure ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

No sorrow-bowed head but
may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them
on Jesus's breast.

O sing of His mighty
love, etc.

- 4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee
will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my
God, and my King ;

My soul fill'd with rapture
shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the
mighty to save,

O sing of His mighty
love, etc.

377 JESUS OUR ALL IN ALL.

SUN of my soul, Thou
Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be
near ;
O may no earth-born cloud
arise,
To hide Thee from Thy ser-
vant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly
sleep
My wearied eyelids gently
steep,
Be my last thought—How
sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's
breast !

- 3 Abide with me from morn
till eve,
For without Thee I cannot
live ;
Abide with me when night is
nigh,
For without Thee I dare not
die.

- 4 Come near, and bless me
when I wake,
Ere through the world my
way I take,
Till in the ocean of Thy
love
I lose myself in heaven
above.

378 LIGHT FOR EACH STEP.

WHAT though before me
it is dark,
Too dark for me to see ?

I ask but light for one step
more,
'Tis quite enough for me.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

CHORUS.

Thus step by step I onward
go,
Not looking far before,
Trusting that I shall always
have,
Just light for one step more.

- 2 Each little humble step I
take,
The gloom clears from the
next :
Lo, though 'tis very dark be-
yond,
I never am perplex'd.

Thus step by step, etc.

- 3 I would not see my further
path,
For mercy veils it so :
My present steps might
harder be,
Did I the future know.
Thus step by step, etc.

- 4 Perhaps my path is very
short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the
thought
Of ending it so soon.

Thus step by step, etc.

- 5 Or if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting I'd think my feeble
powers
Will fail me ere the end.

Thus step by step, etc.

- 6 And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length,
Assured that, through my
Father's love,
Each step will bring its
strength.

Thus step by step, etc.

379

THE NAME OF JESUS.

THE great Physician now
is near,
The sympathizing Jesus ;
He speaks the drooping heart
to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph
song,
Sweetest name on mortal
tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all for-
given ;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
Go on your way in peace to
heaven,
And wear a crown with
Jesus.

- 3 All glory to the risen Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ;
I love the blessed Saviour's
name,
I love the name of Jesus.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

4 His name dispels my guilt
and fear ;
No other name but Jesus :
Oh, how my soul delights to
hear
The precious name of Jesus!

5 Come, brethren, help me sing
His praise,
Oh, praise the name of
Jesus ;
Come, sisters, all your voices
raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 The children too, both great
and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious
call
To work and live for Jesus.

7 And when to the bright world
above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne
of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

380

JESUS THE CRUCIFIED.

OH, bliss of the purified,
bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide
opened for me ;
O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
ulting I stand,
And point to the print of the
nails in His hand.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus
is mine,
No longer in dread condem-
nation I pine ;

In conscious salvation I sing
of His grace,
Who lifted upon me the light
of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss
of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that
His blood cannot cure,
No sorrow-bowed head but
may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them
on Jesus's breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee
will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my
God and my King ;
My soul, filled with rapture,
shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the
"Mighty to Save."

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Grace before Tea.

O THOU source of every
blessing !
Thou hast all our wants sup-
plied :
May we, grateful hearts pos-
sessing,
Ever in Thy love abide.

Grace after Tea.

RAISE to the Lord a grate-
ful song,
Give thanks for blessings
given :
May grace our cheerful hymns
prolong,
Till all shall feast in heaven !

Dismission Hymn.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in one,
All praise be given :
Crown Him in every song ;
To Him your hearts belong ;
Let all His praise prolong
On earth—in heaven.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS.

1

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

We are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We hear Thy gen - tle

voice; We would be Thine for ev - er, And in Thy love re - joice.

CHORUS.

We are com - ing, we are com - ing, we are com - ing, bless - ed

Saviour, We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We hear Thy gen - tle voice.

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them for ever,
And in Thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

2

ARK OF SAFETY.

S. M.

Give to the winds thy fears, — Hope, and be un - dis - may'd ;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, — God shall lift up thy head.

2. O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3. Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
Haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4. There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

3

OUR BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a

home be - yond the skies. Where the fields are robed in

beau - ty, And the sun - light ne - ver dies; Where the fount of
joy is flow - ing

END.

In the val - ley green and fair, We shall
dwell in love to - ge - ther, There will be no part - ing there.

There will be no part - ing there.

D.C.

2. We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard,
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air;
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3. We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them for ever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thou-sand chil-dren stand :
Chil - dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le -

lu - jah, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

2. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, &c.

3. Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, &c.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, &c.

5. In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, &c.

NEVER BE AFRAID.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Ne - ver be a - fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a

word can do; Ne - ver be a - fraid to own your Sa - viour,

CHORUS.

He who loves and cares for you. Ne - ver be a - fraid,

Ne - ver be a - fraid, Ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver, Je - sus

is your lov - ing Sa - viour, There - fore he - ver be a - fraid.

2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day;
Labour with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, &c.

3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial—
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

4. Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5. Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

NEVERMORE BE SAD OR WEARY.

Words by BONAR.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a ci - ty yet to come;

On-ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Ne - ver-more, Ne - ver-more, Ne - ver-more be sad or wea - ry,

Ne - ver-more, Ne - ver-more, Ne - ver-more to sin a - gain.

2. In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse has passed away.
Nevermore, &c.

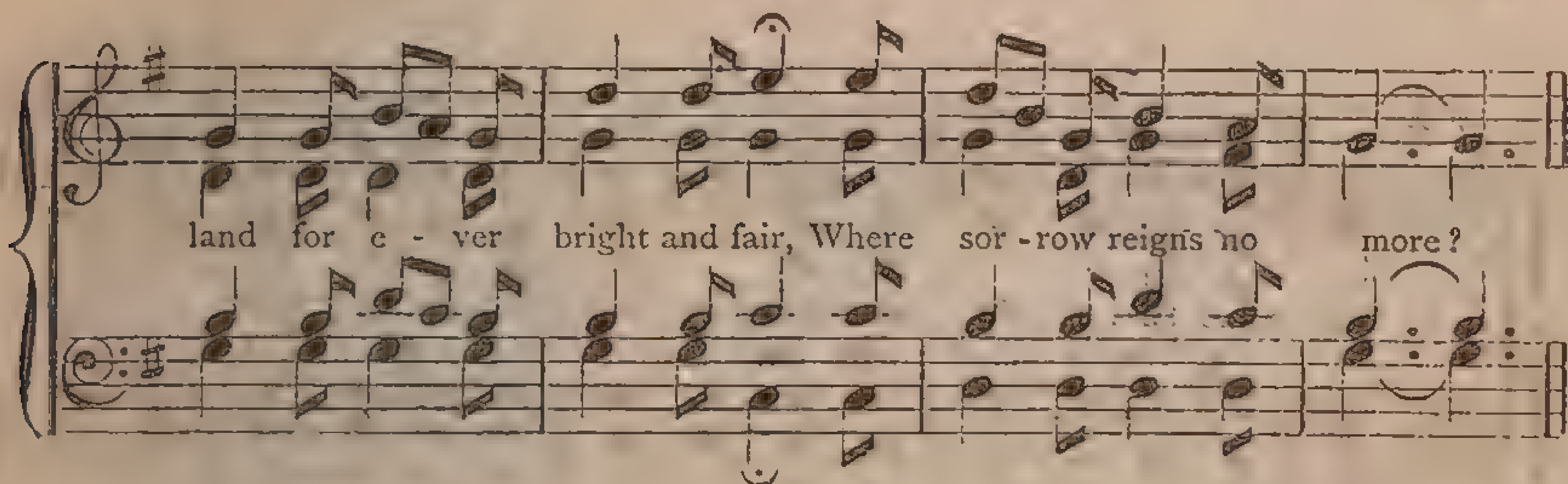
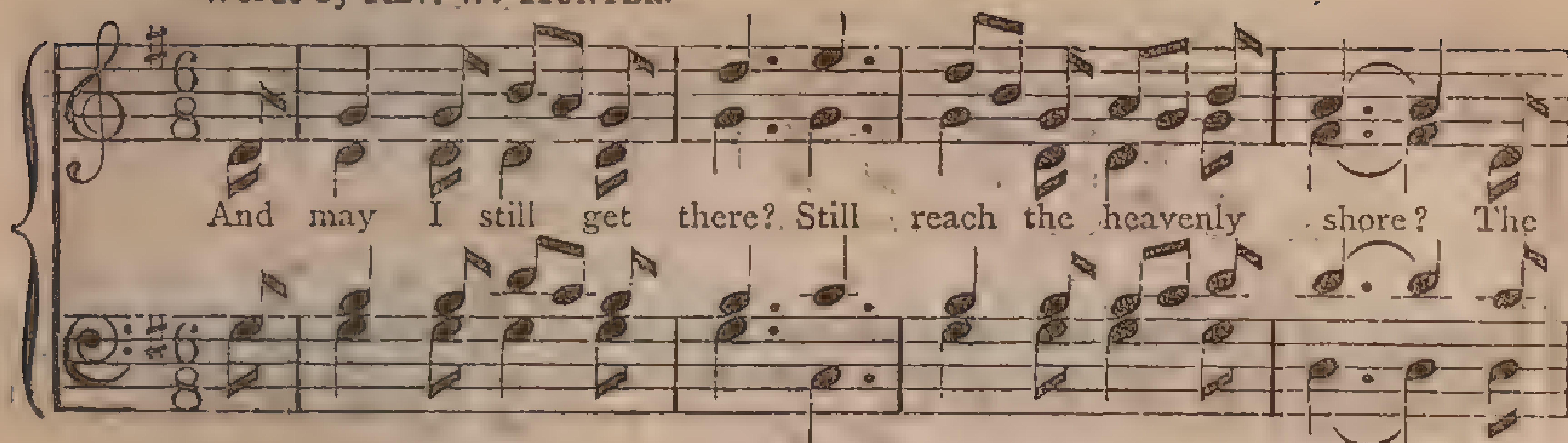
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd,
leads us,
By the streams of life along,

On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Nevermore, &c.

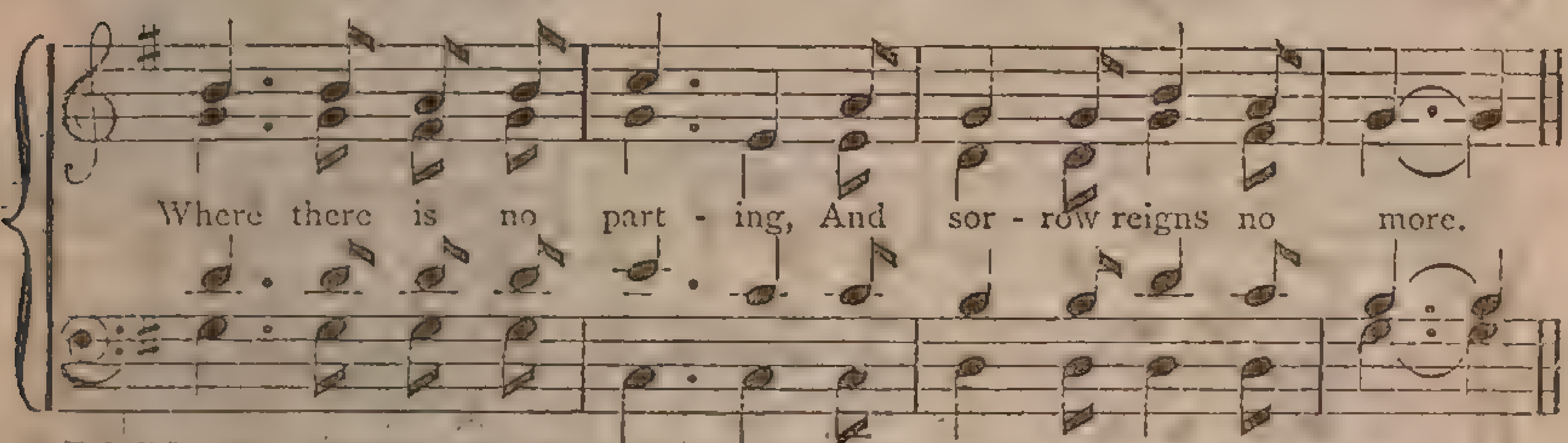
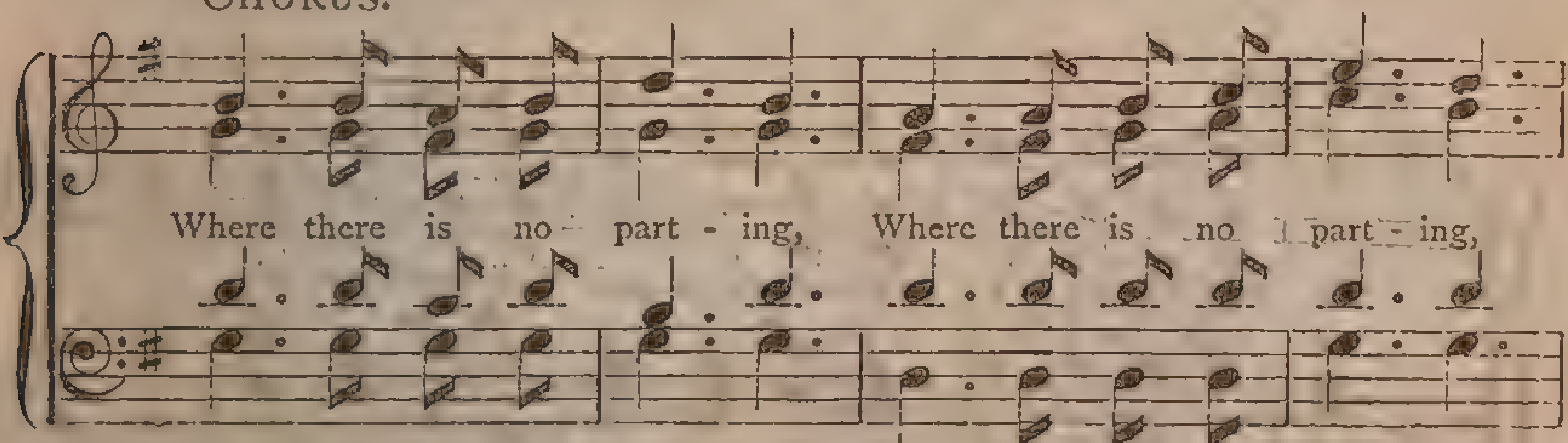
4. Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.
Nevermore, &c.

WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING.

Words by REV. W. HUNTER.



CHORUS.



2. Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy
fly.
On angels wings to heaven.
Where there is, &c.

3. Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!

My hopes are bright, and now
secure,
Upborne by faith I rise.
Where there is, &c.

4. I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am His at last.
Where there is, &c.

There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in hea-ven,

The name be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ, the Sa-viour gi-ven.

CHORUS.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus;

For there's no word ear e-ver heard, So dear, so sweet as Je-sus;

His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they called Him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed Him.—*Chorus.*

And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote His name above Him,

That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—*Cho.*

So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us,
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—*Cho.*

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

I will sing for Je - sus, With His blood He bought me; And

all a - long my pil - grim way His lo - ving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of

Him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

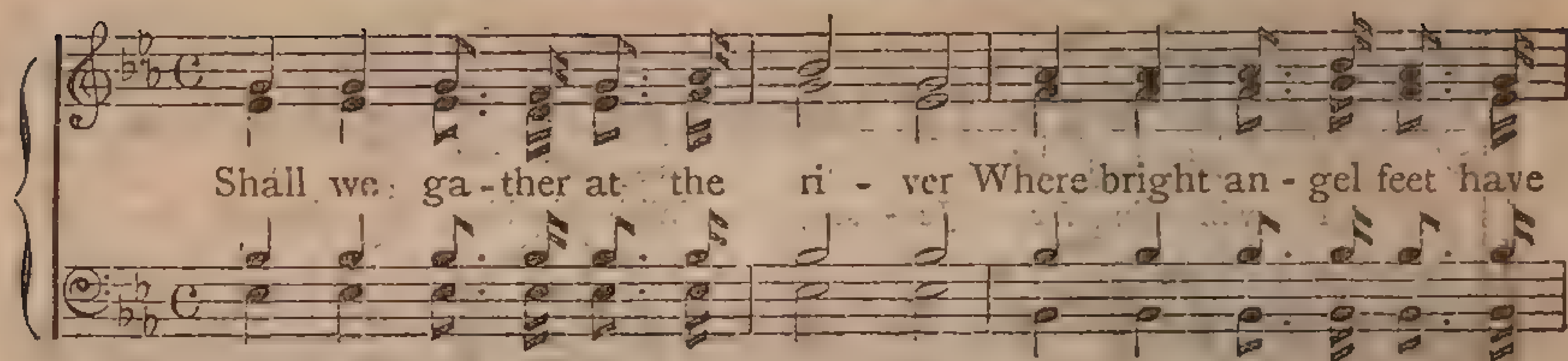
2. I will sing for Jesus!

His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are fail-
ing.—*Chorus.*

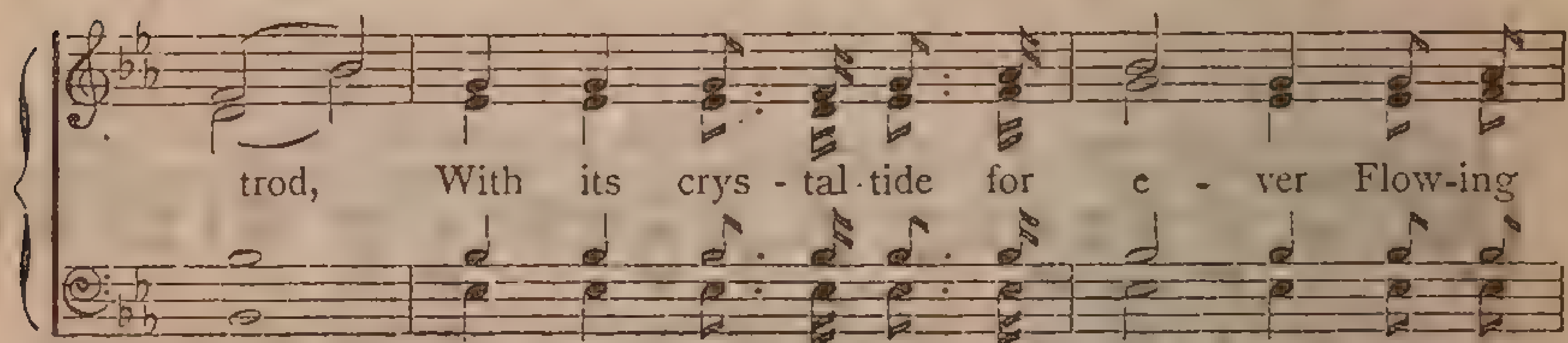
3. Still I'll sing for Jesus!

O! how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before
Him?—*Chorus.*

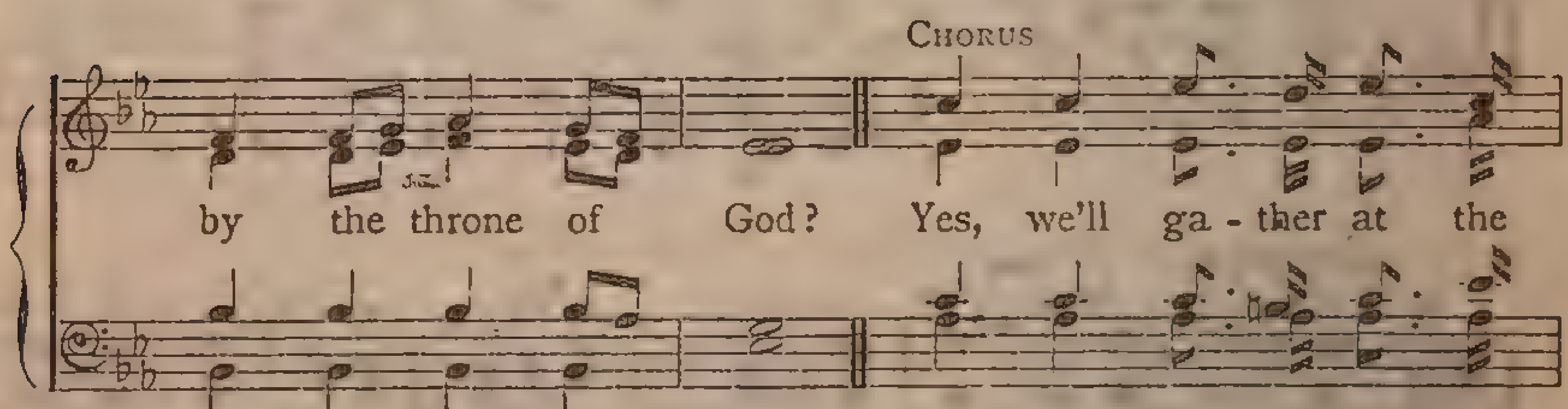
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?



Shall we ga - ther at the ri - ver Where bright an - gel feet have

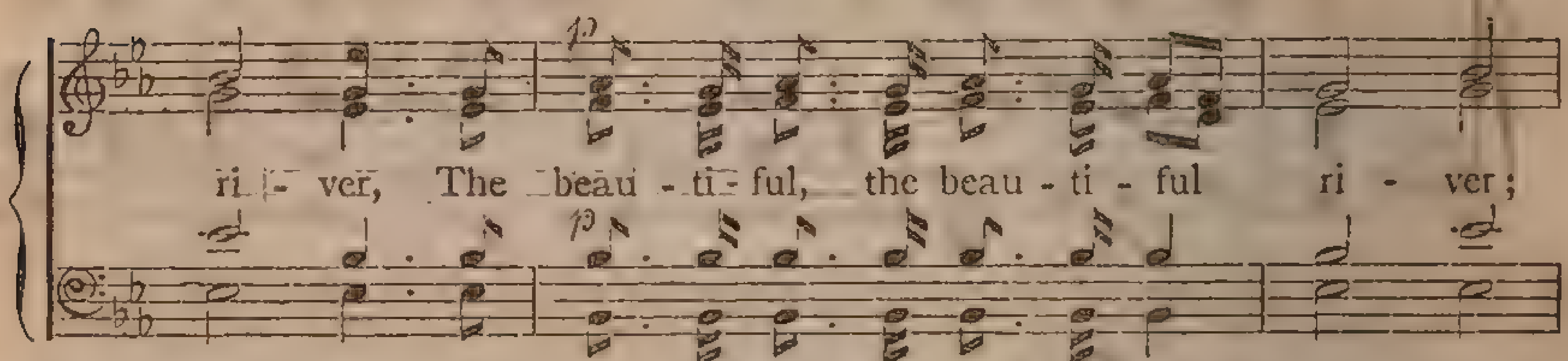


trod, With its crys - tal tide for e - ver Flow-ing

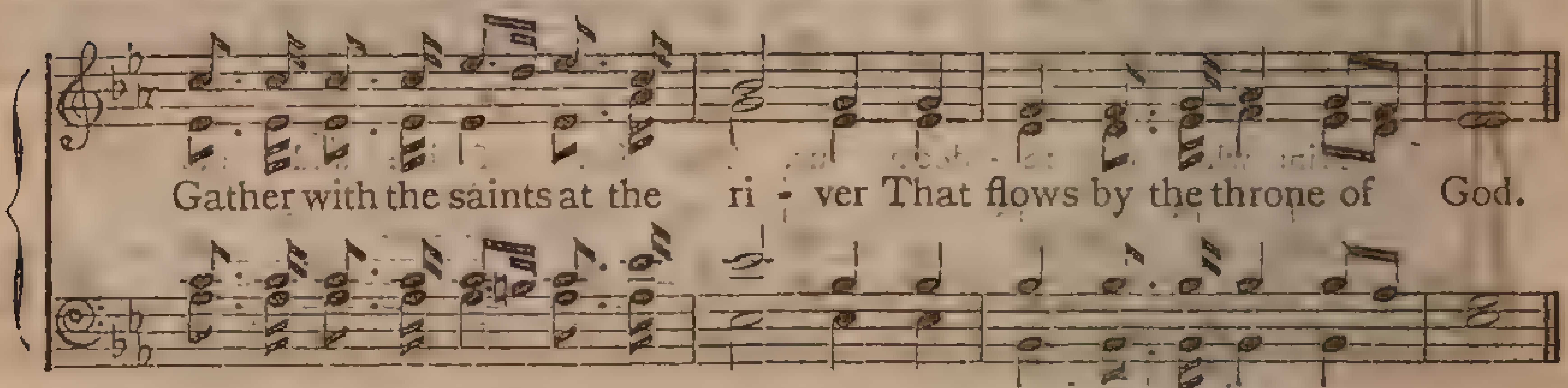


by the throne of God? Yes, we'll ga - ther at the

CHORUS



ri - ver, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful ri - ver;

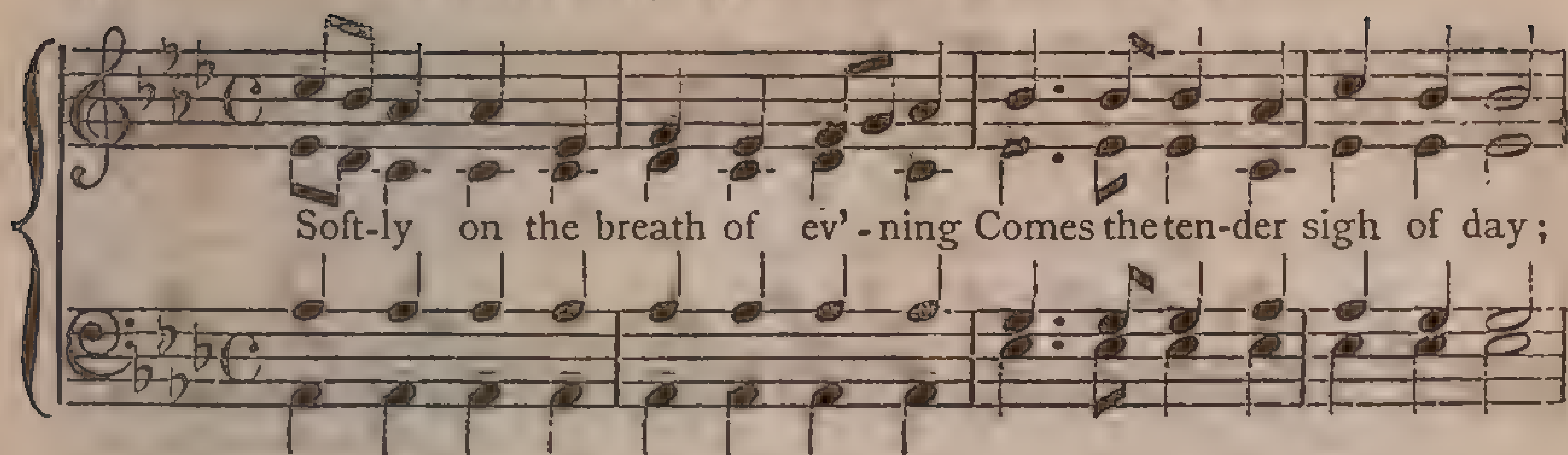


Gather with the saints at the ri - ver That flows by the throne of God.

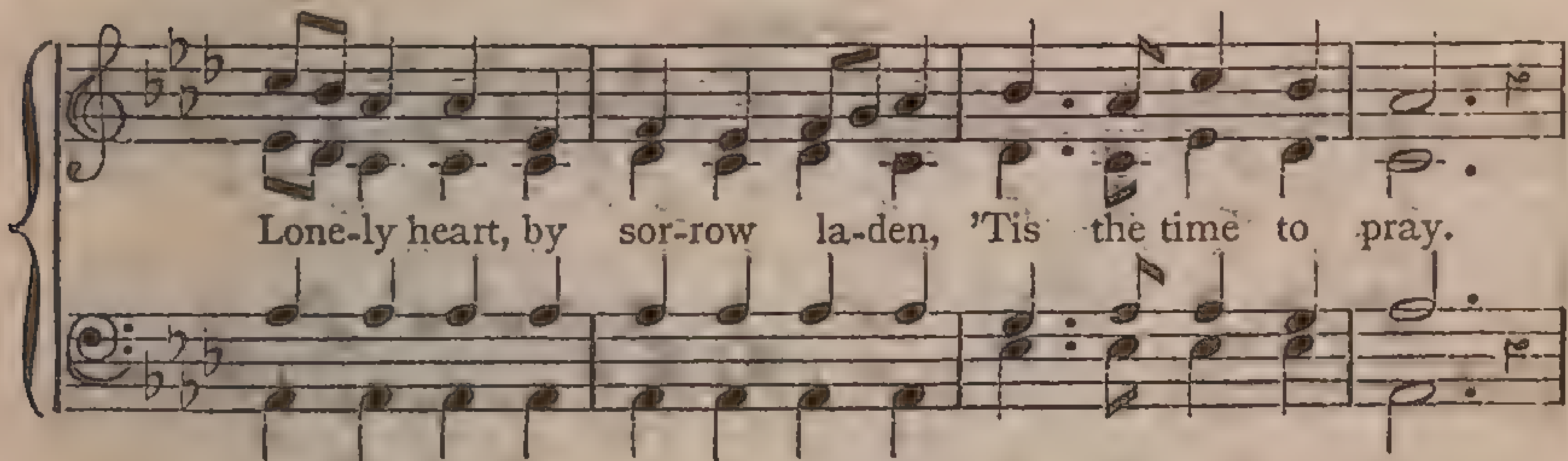
2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

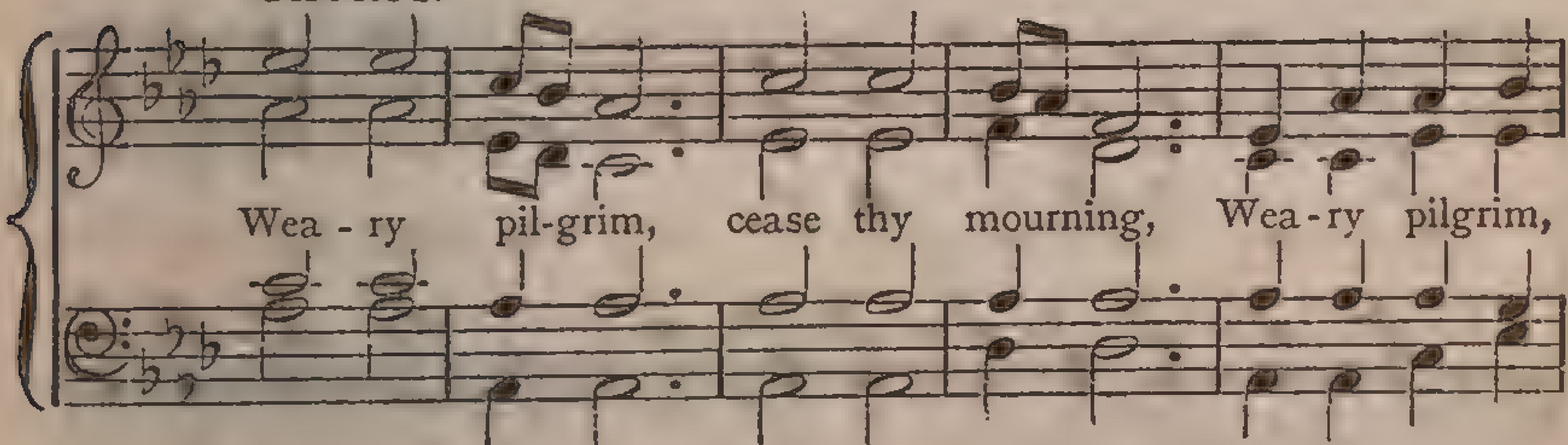


Soft-ly on the breath of ev'-ning Comes the ten-der sigh of day;

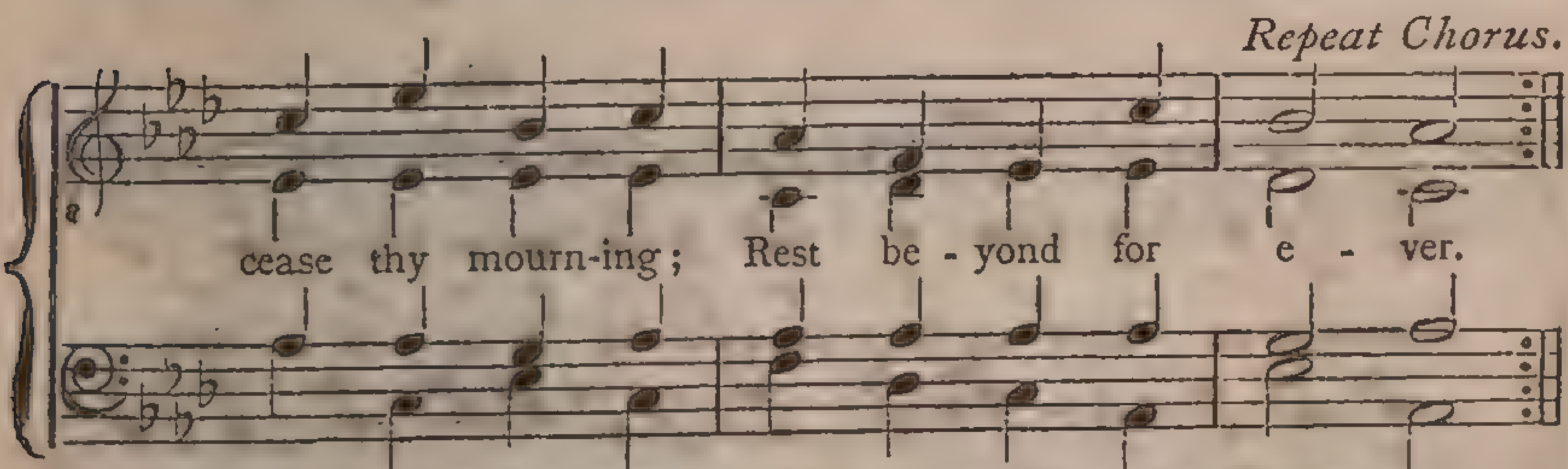


Lone-ly heart, by sor-row la-den, 'Tis the time to pray.

CHORUS.



Wea-ry pil-grim, cease thy mourning, Wea-ry pilgrim,



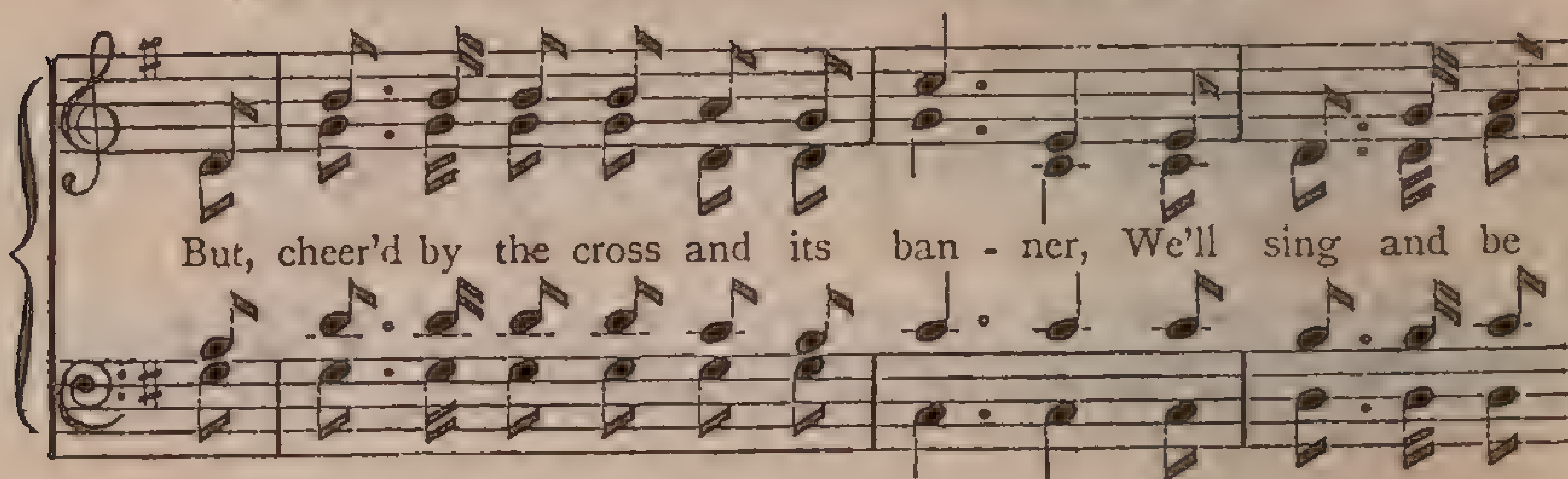
cease thy mourn-ing; Rest be-yond for e-ver.

Repeat Chorus.

2. Pearly dew, like tears, are falling
Gently on the sleeping flowers;
Stars, like angel-eyes, are beaming
From celestial bowers.
Weary pilgrim, &c.
3. 'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,

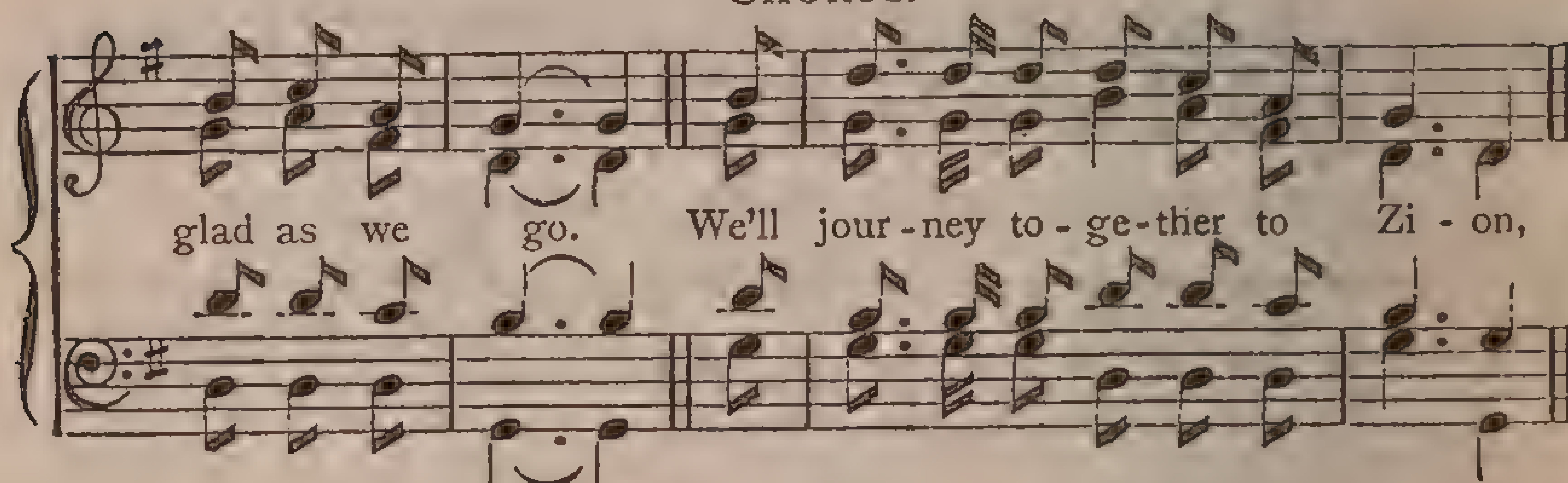
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, &c.

4. Though temptations dark oppress
thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper;
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, &c.

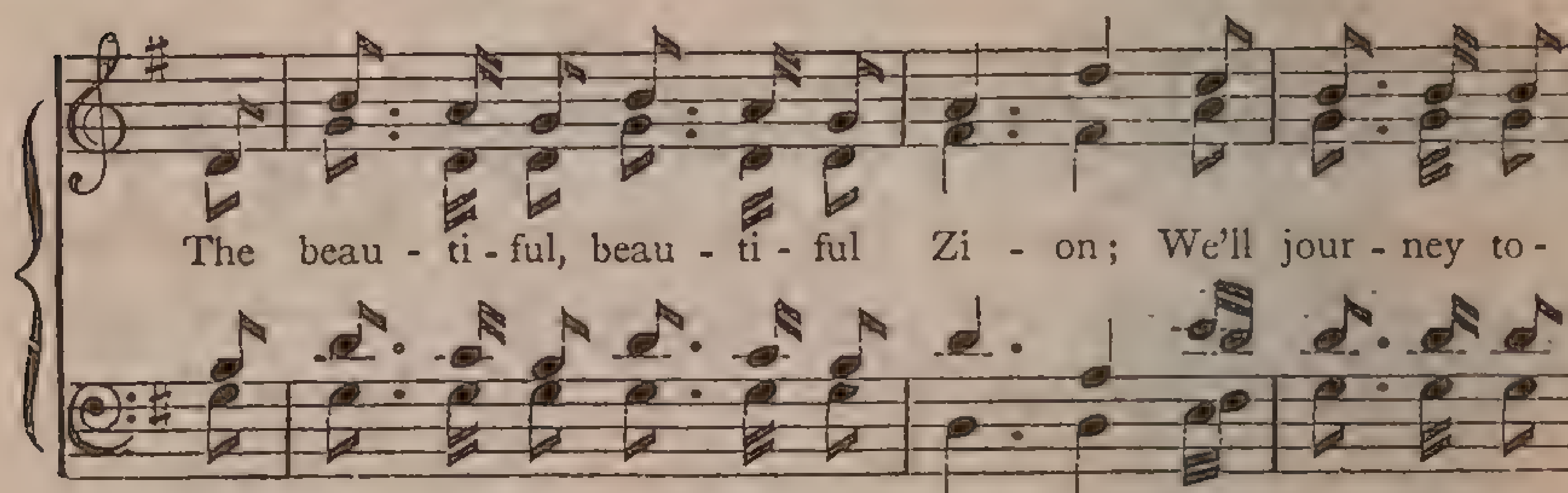


But, cheer'd by the cross and its ban - ner, We'll sing and be

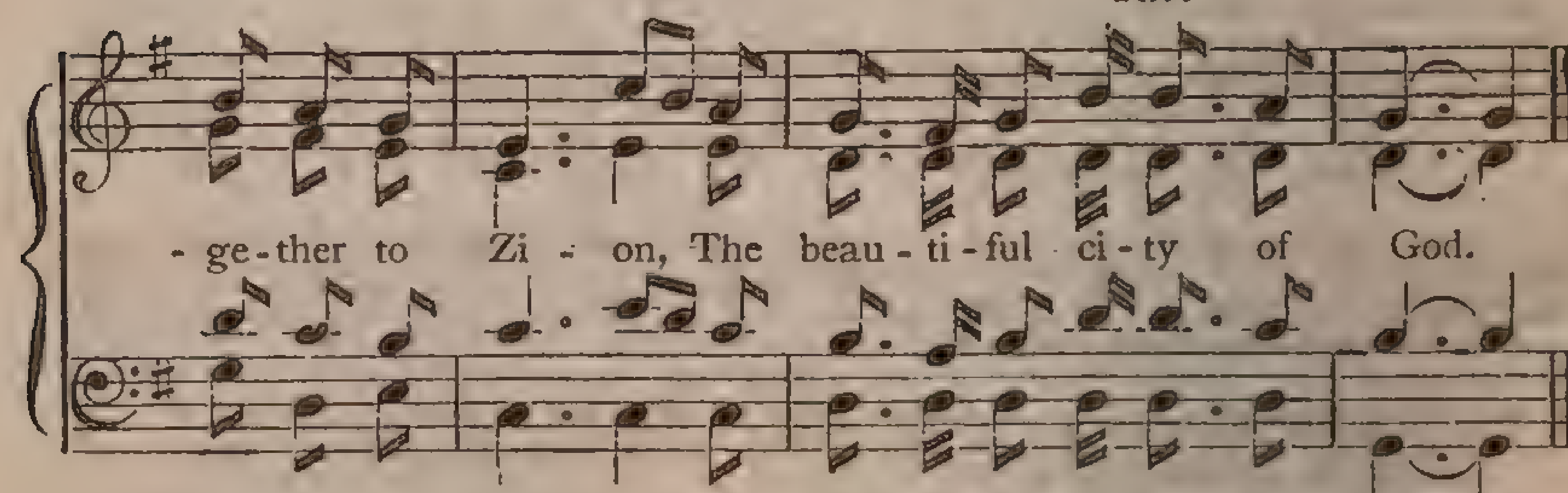
CHORUS.



glad as we go. We'll jour - ney to - ge - ther to Zi - on,



The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We'll jour - ney to -

Rit.


- ge - ther to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.

2. We'll journey together to Zion,
Where all who are faithful may share
A place in the mansion of glory
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
His flock He will feed like a Shepherd,
And guard them by night and by day.
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy
And tell of His love by the way.
We'll journey, &c.

3. We'll journey together to Zion;
With rapture we soon shall behold
The saints who have reached it before us,
The prophets and martyrs of old.
We'll learn the new song of redemption,
Which only the ransomed can sing,
Ascribing all honour and glory
To Jesus our Saviour and King.
We'll journey, &c.

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER TO ZION.

We'll jour - ney to - ge - ther to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "We'll jour - ney to - ge - ther to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful".

ci - ty of light; Whose sky is un-cloud-ed for e - ver,

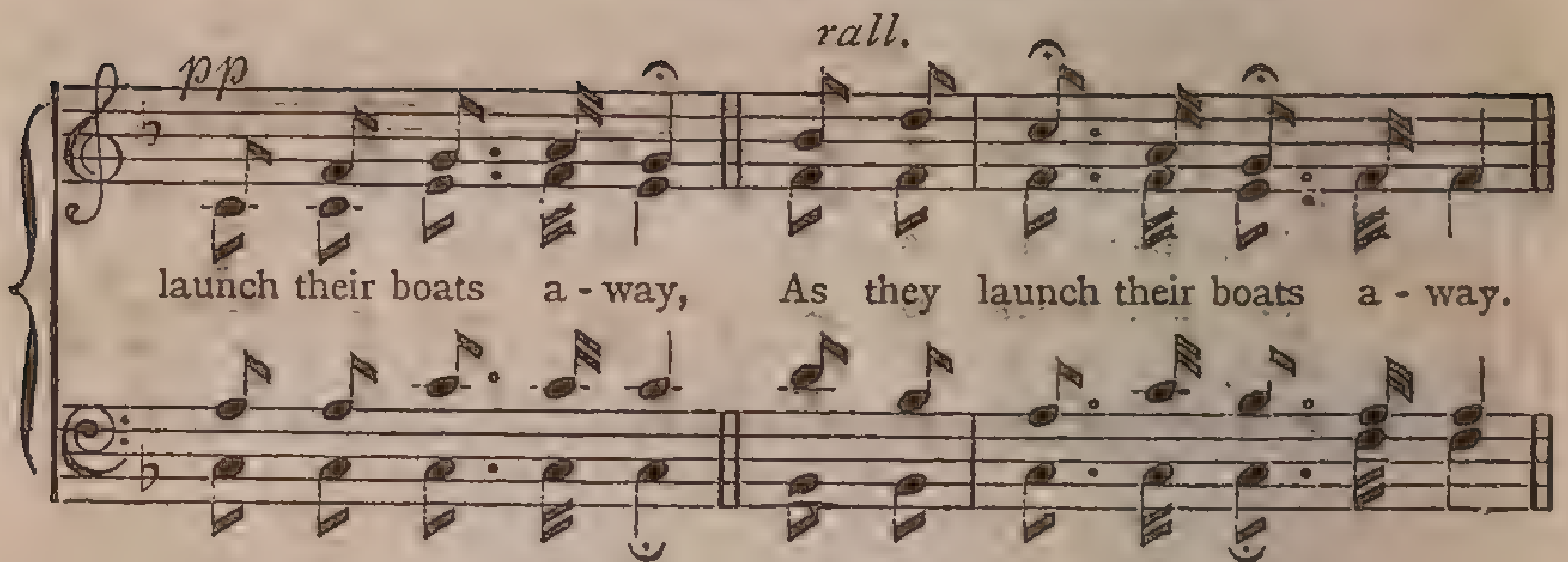
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ci - ty of light; Whose sky is un-cloud-ed for e - ver,".

Nor veil'd by a sha-dow of night: We'll stay not to

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Nor veil'd by a sha-dow of night: We'll stay not to".

drink of the wa - ter, Nor rest in the val-ley be - low;

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "drink of the wa - ter, Nor rest in the val-ley be - low;".



2. If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and
high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the
singer,
They will not forget the song.
3. If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot t'ward the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
4. If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and
golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall.
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
5. If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are
thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
6. Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a fickle goddess,—
She may never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

YOUR MISSION.

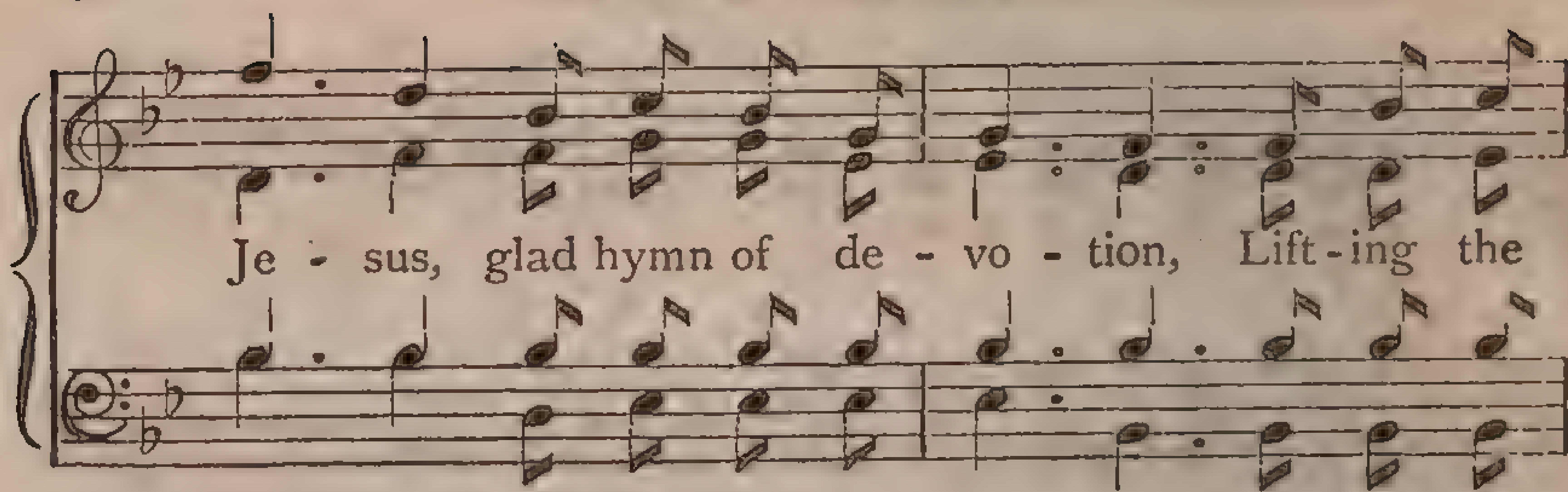
If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a

mong the swift - est fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing

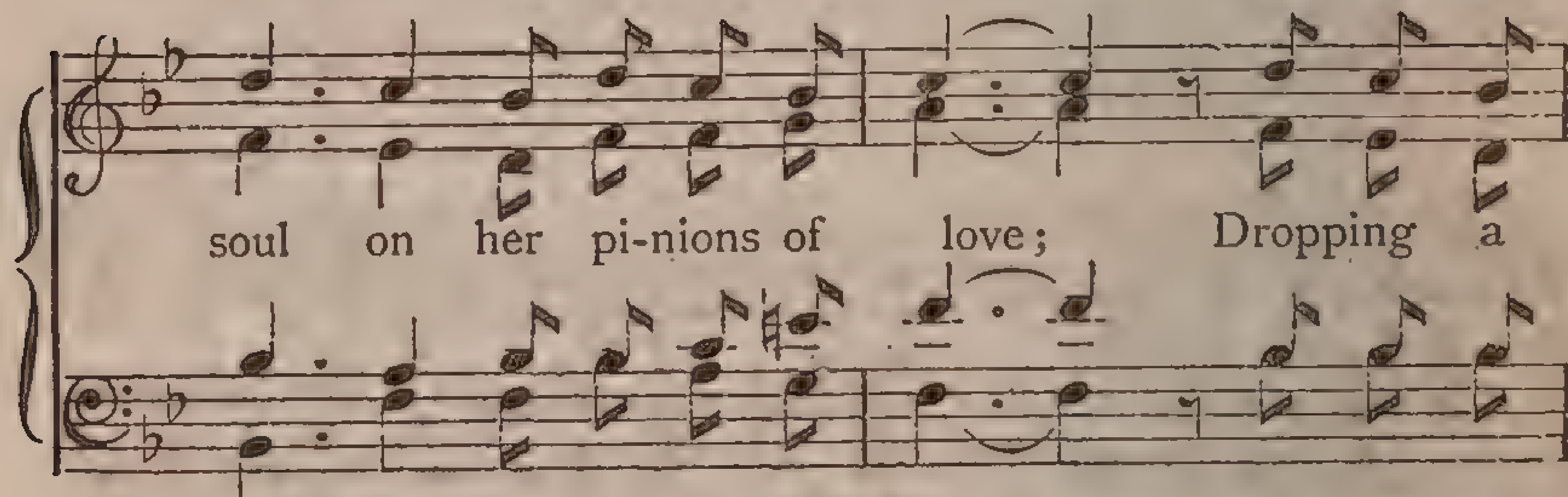
at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors Anchor'd

ritard.

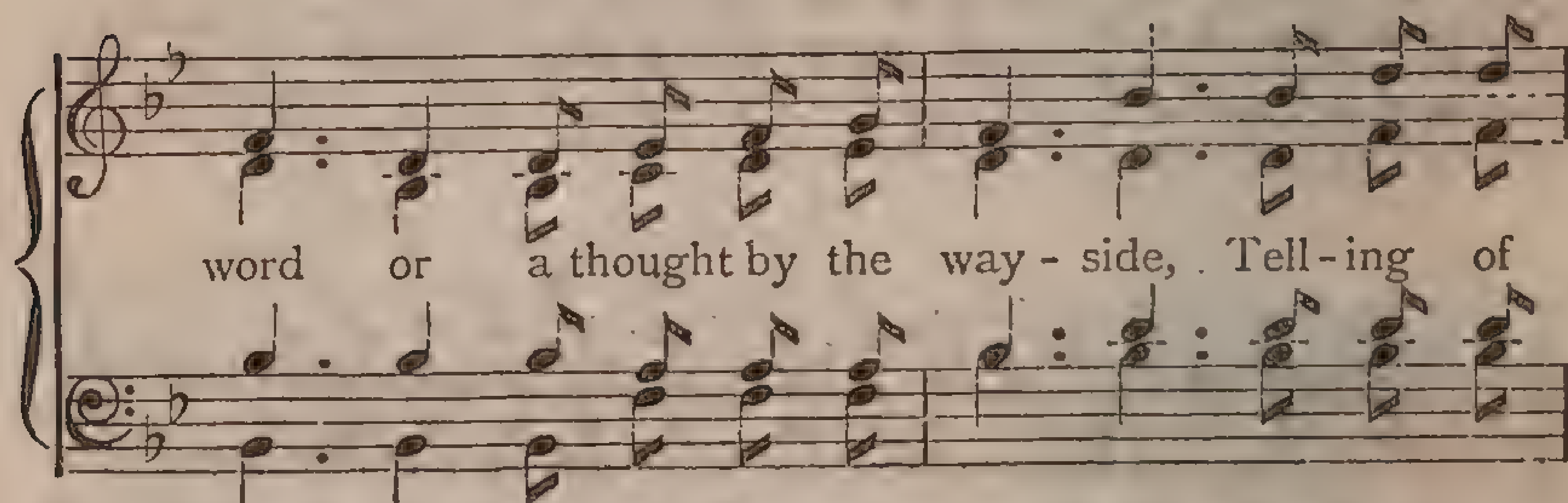
yet with - in the bay, You can lend a hand to help them As they



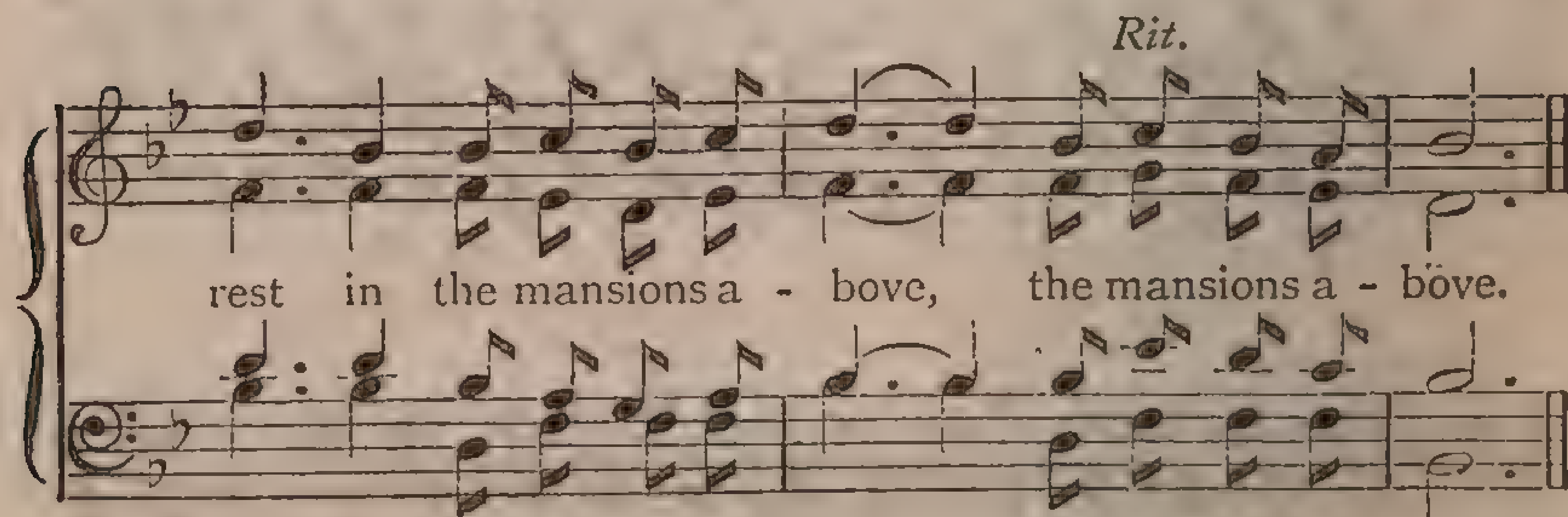
Je - sus, glad hymn of de - vo - tion, Lift - ing the



soul on her pi-nions of love; Dropping a



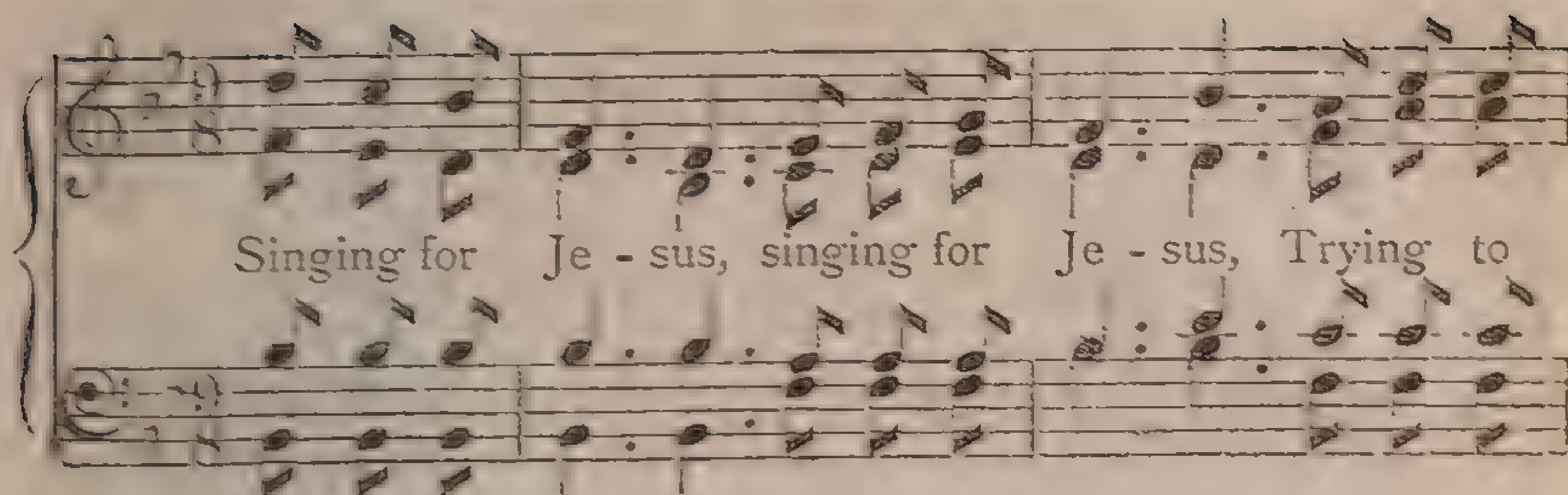
word or a thought by the way - side, Tell - ing of



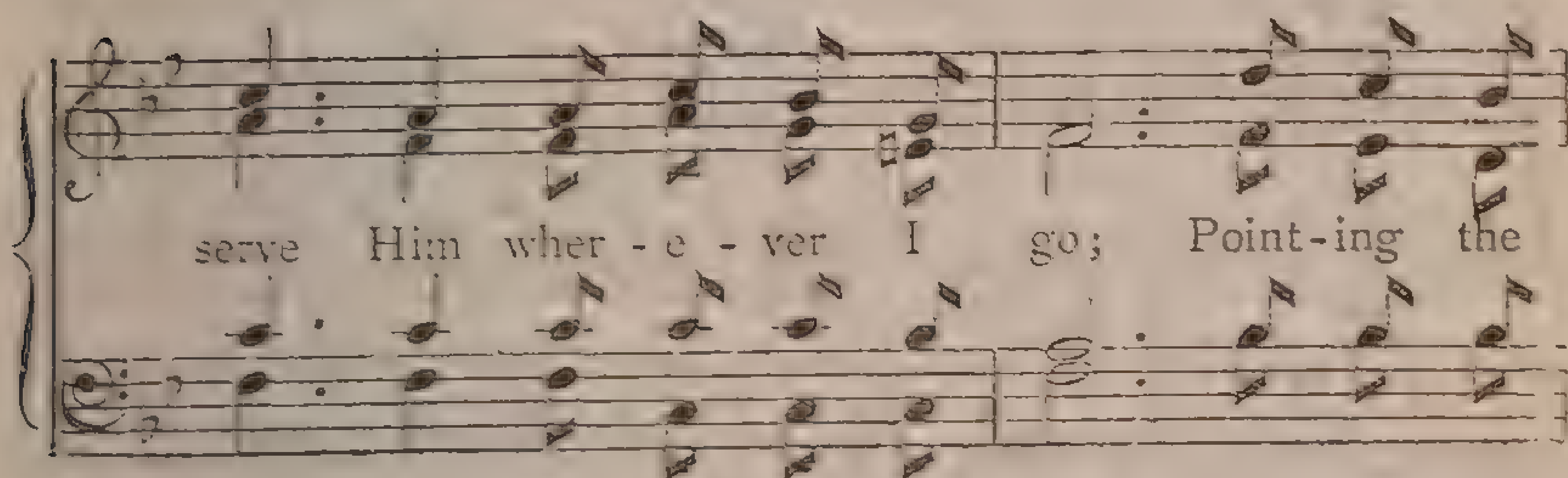
rest in the mansions a - bove, the mansions a - bove.

2. Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
 God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
 When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
 Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
 Glory to God for the prospect before me,
 Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
 Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
 Loud hallelujahs that never will end,

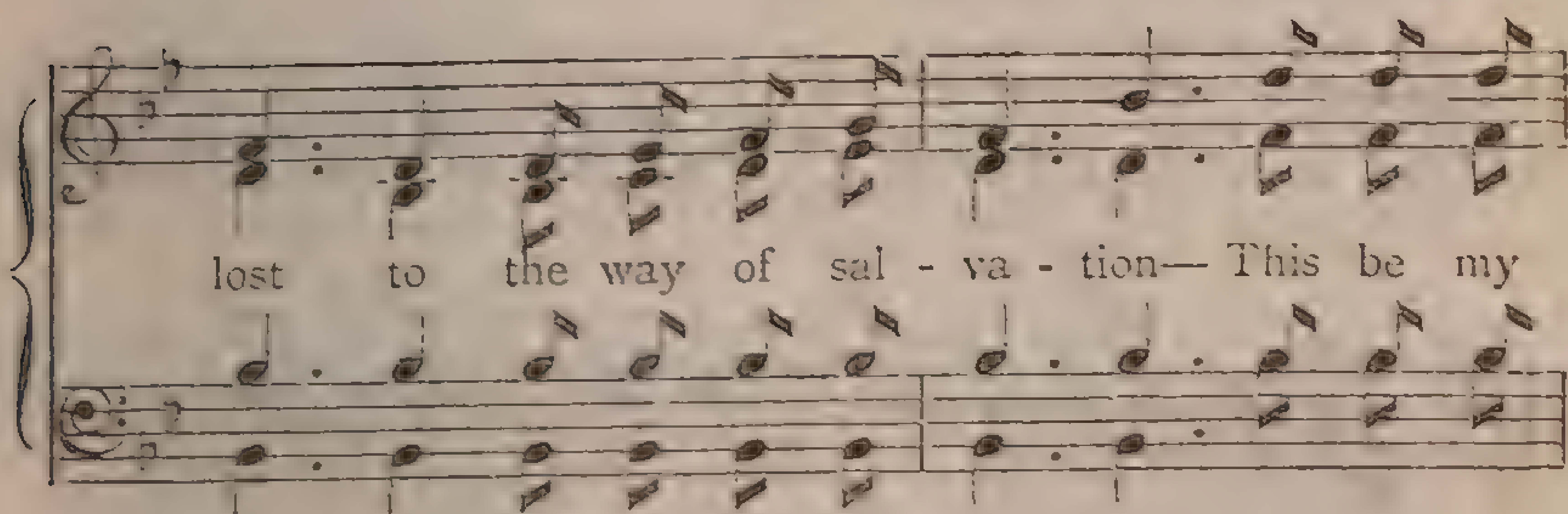
SINGING FOR JESUS.



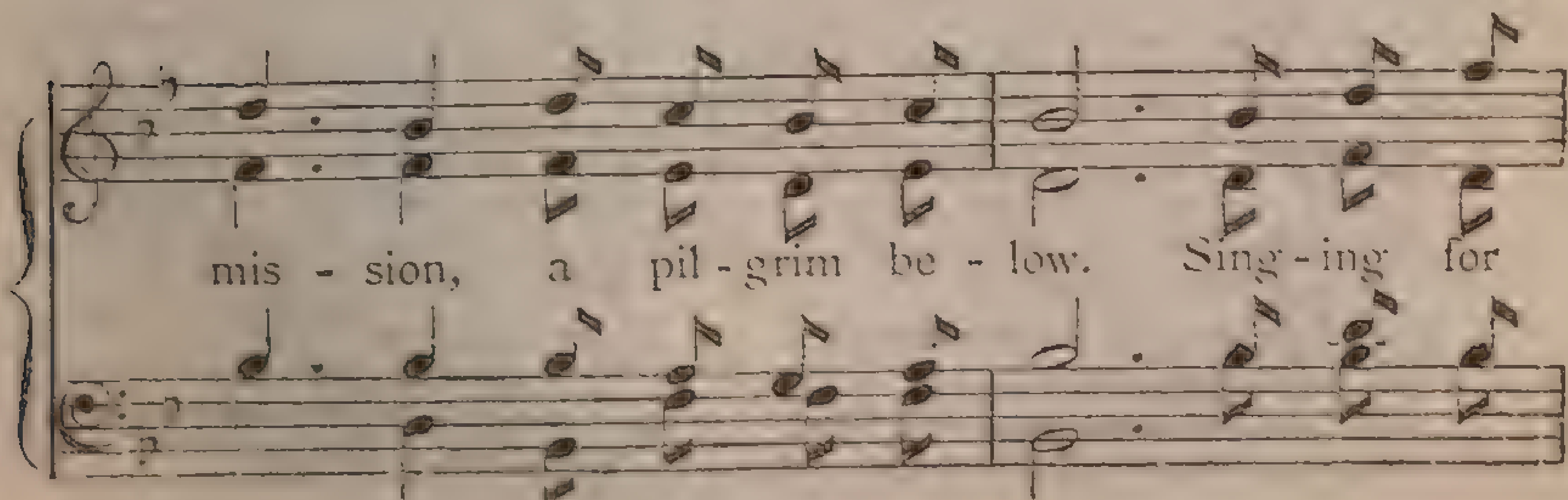
Singing for Je - sus, singing for Je - sus, Trying to



serve Him wher - e - ver I go; Point-ing the



lost to the way of sal - va - tion— This be my



mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low. Sing - ing for

Dear Sa-viour, e - ver at my side, How lo - ving Thou must be,

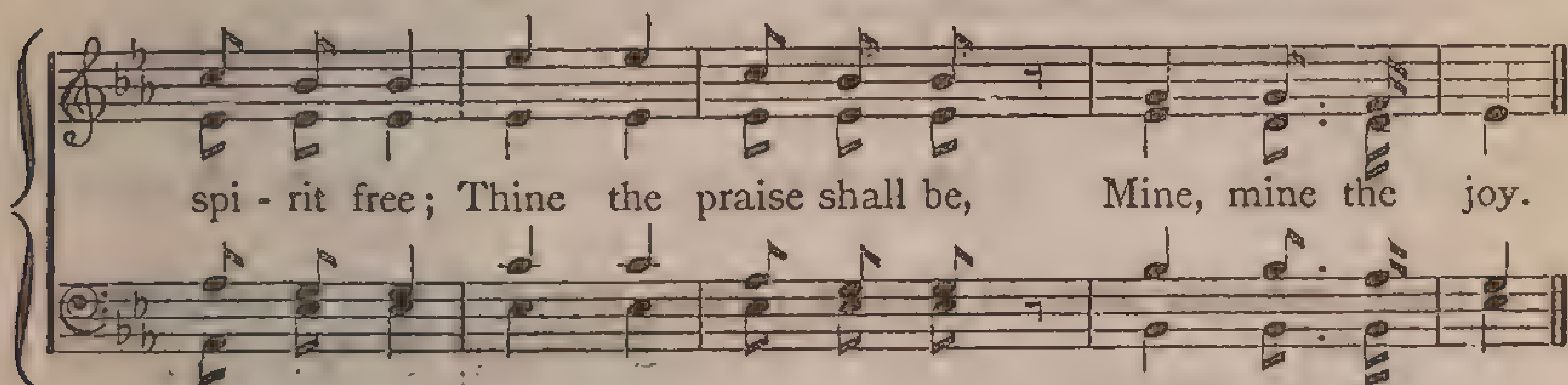
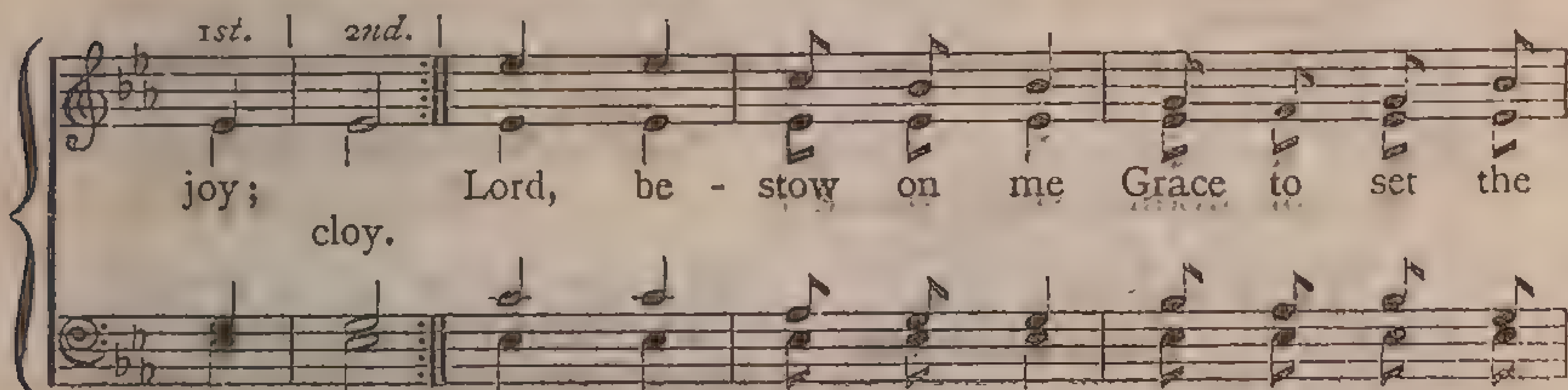
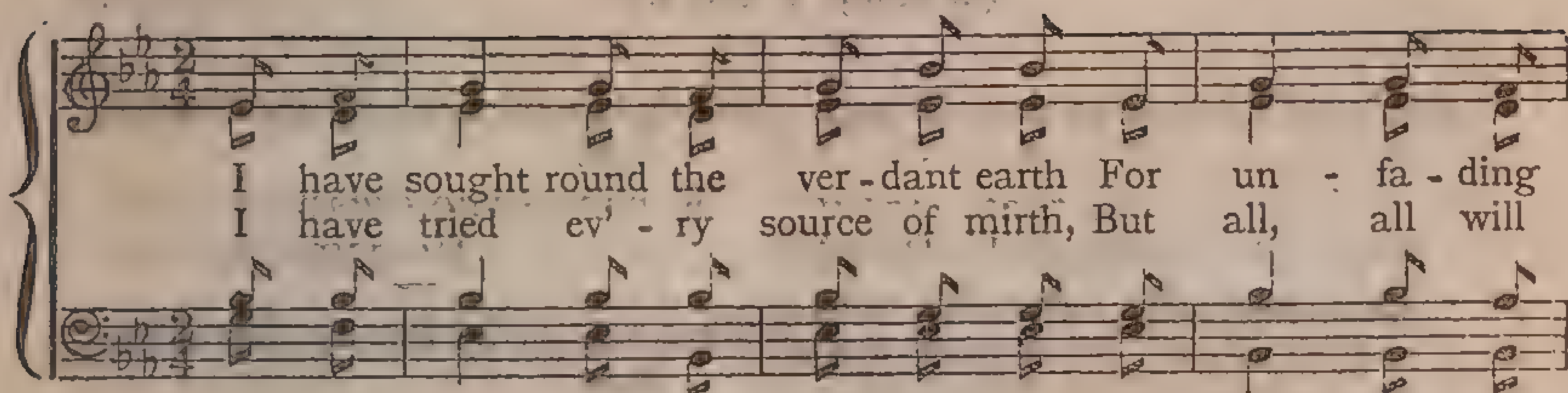
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near,

The sweet-ness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

2. I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me as my mother did,
 When I was but a child;
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from Thee.

3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
 Morning and night to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart,
 Which tells me Thou art there.
 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
 Thy prayer is all for me,
 But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.



2. I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress,
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief,
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief,
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?
3. I then turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted Thy holy word
That taught me to pray.
Here I found release—
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.
4. I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by Thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

Second Hymn.

1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring
For evermore.
2. Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest evermore.
3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

TUNE 17.]

REMEMBER ME.

[2ND HYMN.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred
For such a worm as I? [head
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, Thy dying
groans,
And then remember me.

Was it for crimes that I have
He hung upon the tree? [done
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
Remember, etc.

Well might the sun in darkness
And shut his glories in, [hide,

When Christ, the mighty Maker,
died
For man, the creature's, sin.
Remember, etc.

Thus might I hide my blushing
face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankful-
ness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
Remember, etc.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
Remember, etc.

TUNE 17.]

EVENING HYMN.

[3RD HYMN.

Hail, tranquil hour of closing
day!
Begone disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth
away
To Him who heareth prayer.

How sweet the tear of peni-
tence
Before His throne of grace,
While to the contrite spirit's
sense
He shows His smiling face!

How sweet through long-re-
membered years
His mercies to recall;

And, pressed with wants and
griefs and fears,
To trust His love for all!

How sweet to look in thought-
ful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children
up
To His fair home on high!

Calmly the day forsakes our
heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last
even,
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